Evening News Review.

18TH YEAR. NO. 159. EAST LIVERPOOL, O., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1901—TWENTY-FOUR PAGES. TWO CENTS.

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While taking out the fourth load of sagger shorts to the dump, he was struck by the car while crossing the street railway tracks and knocked down, the car passing over his body and dragging it for a distance of probably 50 feet and badly mangling it. To release the body it was necessary for the car to be "jacked up," and while this was being done the unfortunate man died. The ambulance was summoned and the body removed to the undertaking rooms of Burns & McQuilkin.

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"The Secret of Character Building" was dwelt upon at length by the speaker during the latter part of the lecture, which was very interesting in the extreme.

CAN TAKE HER PICK

Steubenville Colored Heiress Has Many Admirers, Including One in East Liverpool.

Miss Lottie Stewart, the comely negro girl of Steubenville, who has come into a sum of money lately, has received nearly a hundred letters from Afro-American admirers in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. They all profess to have read of her good fortune and hope for further and better acquaintance, which may ripen into marriage.

She is thus quoted: "Hush, honey, you ought to see one I got from a 40-year-old barber at East Liverpool. It was a warm one. Show them to you? I guess I won't; I am going to have some fun with some of them."

FIRE IN A CAR CAUSED TERROR

IT GOT OUT ON THE FLOOR AMONG THE PASSENGERS.

Ladies Screamed And a Panic Almost Resulted Ere It Was Put Out.

There was a real fire on one of the East Liverpool and Wellsville street cars last night. The car was No. 2. Many reasons could be given for the unusual occurrence, but probably the most feasible explanation is that the conductor had accidentally placed some hot coals in the stove and then forgot to warn the motorman about jolting the car. At any rate the burning coals became uneasy, and as the car turned an abrupt curve near the Jethro switch, they all tumbled out on to the floor.

For a few minutes confusion reigned supreme. Women uttered screams of terror, while the men did little less. The conductor signaled the car to stop and with the aid of a shovel and a quantity of snow extinguished the fire.

SADLY NEGLECTED

FEEBLE OLD HORSE LEFT DYING IN THE STREET.

Hours Later Passers-by Put the Beast Out of Its Misery.

One of the worst cases of neglect that has been called to the notice of the authorities in a long time was brought to light last evening, and if the humane society fails to do its duty there are residents of the West End who propose to see the matter aired.

George Seibert, who engaged in express delivery some time ago, was the owner of a fairly good horse. A few days ago the animal became sick. Yesterday the owner became alarmed lest the horse should die upon his hands, and gave it to a small boy. The latter, about 4:30 p. m., started to lead the animal to his home in the West End.

The animal fell and was left lying. Appeals to the humane society and to the local authorities to have the animal killed brought no response.

About 9:30 several pedestrians took the matter in hand, and procuring a revolver, dispatched the sufferer. It is claimed the humane officer will be sued for neglecting his duties.

CRANTED A DIVORCE

Mrs. Cora Cuthbert, of East Liverpool, Separated From Her Husband.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—Cora Cuthbert was granted a divorce yesterday from Andrew Cuthbert, of East Liverpool. Abuse and cruelty were charged in the petition. Cuthbert is an operative potter. Mrs. Cuthbert is allowed to resume her maiden name.

Marriage Licenses.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—Marriage licenses were issued to William Kenyon and Miss Rilla Elizabeth Wallace and William H. Conner and Olene Birnie, all of East Liverpool; John W. Joseph and Ida Story, of Lisbon.

John T. Wheeler's Will

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—The will of John T. Whalen, of East Liverpool, has been admitted to probate. Helen Wheeler is executor with $2,000 bond.

New Trial Granted.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—A new trial is granted in the case of Owen Smith against Adolph Herper. The verdict of the jury was for $600. The plaintiff asked for $900.

A SENTENCE OF TWO YEARS GIVEN DR. W. L. THOMPSON

But Stay of Execution Is Granted Until January Court Convenes.

A BILL OF EXCEPTIONS

Will In the Meantime Be Prepared to Take Case to Circuit Court.

THE AGED DOCTOR'S ATTORNEYS

Made a Strong Plea in His Behalf, But Judge Hole Could See No Ground for Setting Aside the Verdict—$2,000 Bail Furnished.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—Dr. W. L. Thompson, of East Liverpool, has been sentenced to the Ohio penitentiary for two years. The argument on the motion for a new trial occupied the attention of court most of yesterday afternoon.

Judge Moore and Congressman R. W. Tayler advanced strong arguments in favor of the motion and Prosecuting Attorney Brookes and C. S. Speaker argued against the proposition.

The testimony of Robert Winnett, convicted with the doctor of complicity in the operation that is alleged to have resulted in Miss Lou Ada Moore's death, was gone into in detail. His failure to identify Dr. Thompson positively made a strong point for the defense. Winnett testified on the stand that he had not seen Dr. Thompson since the fateful day and that he did not then see in the court room any one that resembled Thompson.

Judge Hole thought that this failure to identify was not sufficient to justify a reversal of the verdict.

The penalty for the crime is from one to seven years in the penitentiary. Perhaps the doctor's advanced age—74—caused the judge to make the sentence light.

Congressman Tayler plead for a suspension of the execution of the sentence until January 13, the first day of the next term of court, in order that a bill of exceptions might be filed with the circuit court.

The request was allowed and the execution of the sentence will be suspended until then.

Dr. Thompson gave $2,000 bail for his appearance January 13.

During the arguments the doctor was not observed to change expression or to show any emotion or regret at the verdict. When Judge Hole was about to sentence him Congressman Tayler called attention to the fact that Winnett had been treated rather leniently by the court. The accomplice, Mr. Tayler said, was as guilty and as deserving of a severe penalty as the doctor, who committed the deed.

In reply Prosecuting Attorney Brookes said that in his opinion the boy who had helped to commit the crime was not as guilty as the physician, whose only motive in doing the work was to gain $60.

At this point Thompson was observed to nod his head several times.

GREATER THAN LAST YEAR

The Adams Express Company Expects More Holiday Business Than Ever.

Route Agent Davidson, of the Adame Express company, stationed at Alliance, was in the city yesterday afternoon. Mr. Davidson stated that the business the company expected to handle this season would be much greater than that of last year, and that additional help is being placed in many offices along the Cleveland & Pittsburg road, in anticipation of this holiday rush.

Mr. Davidson went to Pittsburg last evening to remain until after Christmas.

Rev. W. A. Curfman to Speak.

During the thirty-fifth annual convention of the Hancock County Sunday School association, which will be held in the Presbyterian church at New Cumberland January 8 and 9, Rev. William A. Curfman, of this city, pastor of the Nessley M. P. church chapel, will speak, "Bible Class Work" is the theme assigned him.

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She is thus quoted: "Hush, honey, you ought to see one I got from a 40-year-old barber at East Liverpool. It was a warm one. Show them to you? I guess I won't; I am going to have some fun with some of them."

FIRE IN A CAR CAUSED TERROR

IT GOT OUT ON THE FLOOR AMONG THE PASSENGERS.

Ladies Screamed And a Panic Almost Resulted Ere It Was Put Out.

There was a real fire on one of the East Liverpool and Wellsville street cars last night. The car was No. 2. Many reasons could be given for the unusual occurrence, but probably the most feasible explanation is that the conductor had accidentally placed some hot coals in the stove and then forgot to warn the motorman about jolting the car. At any rate the burning coals became uneasy, and as the car turned an abrupt curve near the Jethro switch, they all tumbled out on to the floor.

For a few minutes confusion reigned supreme. Women uttered screams of terror, while the men did little less. The conductor signaled the car to stop and with the aid of a shovel and a quantity of snow extinguished the fire.

SADLY NEGLECTED

FEEBLE OLD HORSE LEFT DYING IN THE STREET.

Hours Later Passers-by Put the Beast Out of Its Misery.

One of the worst cases of neglect that has been called to the notice of the authorities in a long time was brought to light last evening, and if the humane society fails to do its duty there are residents of the West End who propose to see the matter aired.

George Seibert, who engaged in express delivery some time ago, was the owner of a fairly good horse. A few days ago the animal became sick. Yesterday the owner became alarmed lest the horse should die upon his hands, and gave it to a small boy. The latter, about 4:30 p. m., started to lead the animal to his home in the West End.

The animal fell and was left lying. Appeals to the humane society and to the local authorities to have the animal killed brought no response.

About 9:30 several pedestrians took the matter in hand, and procuring a revolver, dispatched the sufferer. It is claimed the humane officer will be sued for neglecting his duties.

GRANTED A DIVORCE

Mrs. Cora Cuthbert, of East Liverpool, Separated From Her Husband.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—Cora Cuthbert was granted a divorce yesterday from Andrew Cuthbert, of East Liverpool. Abuse and cruelty were charged in the petition. Cuthbert is an operative potter. Mrs. Cuthbert is allowed to resume her maiden name.

Marriage Licenses.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—Marriage licenses were issued to William Kenyon and Miss Rilla Elizabeth Wallace and William H. Conner and Olene Birnie, all of East Liverpool; John W. Joseph and Ida Story, of Lisbon.

John T. Wheeler's Will

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—The will of John T. Whalen, of East Liverpool, has been admitted to probate. Helen Wheeler is executor with $3,000 bond.

New Trial Granted.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—A new trial is granted in the case of Owen Smith against Adolph Herper. The verdict of the jury was for $600. The plaintiff asked for $900.

A SENTENCE OF TWO YEARS GIVEN DR. W. L. THOMPSON

But Stay of Execution Is Granted Until January Court Convenes.

A BILL OF EXCEPTIONS

Will In the Meantime Be Prepared to Take Case to Circuit Court.

THE AGED DOCTOR'S ATTORNEYS

Made a Strong Plea in His Behalf, But Judge Hole Could See No Ground for Setting Aside the Verdict—$2,000 Bail Furnished.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—Dr. W. L. Thompson, of East Liverpool, has been sentenced to the Ohio penitentiary for two years. The argument on the motion for a new trial occupied the attention of court most of yesterday afternoon.

Judge Moore and Congressman R. W. Tayler advanced strong arguments in favor of the motion and Prosecuting Attorney Brookes and C. S. Speaker argued against the proposition.

The testimony of Robert Winnett, convicted with the doctor of complicity in the operation that is alleged to have resulted in Miss Lou Ada Moore's death, was gone into in detail. His failure to identify Dr. Thompson positively made a strong point for the defense. Winnett testified on the stand that he had not seen Dr. Thompson since the fateful day and that he did not then see in the court room any one that resembled Thompson.

Judge Hole thought that this failure to identify was not sufficient to justify a reversal of the verdict.

The penalty for the crime is from one to seven years in the penitentiary. Perhaps the doctor's advanced age—74—caused the judge to make the sentence light.

Congressman Tayler plead for a suspension of the execution of the sentence until January 13, the first day of the next term of court, in order that a bill of exceptions might be filed with the circuit court.

The request was allowed and the execution of the sentence will be suspended until then.

Dr. Thompson gave $2,000 bail for his appearance January 13.

During the arguments the doctor was not observed to change expression or to show any emotion or regret at the verdict. When Judge Hole was about to sentence him Congressman Tayler called attention to the fact that Winnett had been treated rather leniently by the court. The accomplice, Mr. Tayler said, was as guilty and as deserving of a severe penalty as the doctor, who committed the deed.

In reply Prosecuting Attorney Brookes said that in his opinion the boy who had helped to commit the crime was not as guilty as the physician, whose only motive in doing the work was to gain $60.

At this point Thompson was observed to nod his head several times.

GREATER THAN LAST YEAR

The Adams Express Company Expects More Holiday Business Than Ever.

Route Agent Davidson, of the Adame Express company, stationed at Alliance, was in the city yesterday afternoon. Mr. Davidson stated that the business the company expected to handle this season would be much greater than that of last year, and that additional help is being placed in many offices along the Cleveland & Pittsburg road, in anticipation of this holiday rush.

Mr. Davidson went to Pittsburg last evening to remain until after Christmas.

Rev. W. A. Curfman to Speak.

During the thirty-fifth annual convention of the Hancock County Sunday School association, which will be held in the Presbyterian church at New Cumberland January 8 and 9, Rev. William A. Curfman, of this city, pastor of the Nessley M. P. church chapel, will speak. "Bible Class Work" is the theme assigned him.

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Railroad bonds were dull and steady. Total sales, par value, $2,145,000.

U. S. 3s, coupon, and the 5s, coupon, advanced ¼ and the old 4s, coupon, declined ⅛ per cent on the last call.

New style opera mufflers this week, at 159-i
THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

A nice two of three strap slipper for a lady. Patent leather or kid, $1.00 and $1.50 a pair. 158-h
R. W. SAMPLE & CO.

Turkeys! Turkeys!! Turkeys!!!
Ducks, geese and chickens, live and dressed, at Schmidt's Cash Grocery for Christmas. 159-h

Sewing Machines — A very useful present sold at reasonable prices at The Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-a

Holly Christmas baskets, all sizes, at Frank M. Foutts'. 159-h

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SUCCESSFUL USE OF OIL ON A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER.

Philadelphia, Dec. 20.—The first steamship to cross the Atlantic ocean with steam not generated by coal has arrived here. She is the British tanker Clam. Her voyage was a success, but she had little of her fuel oil left when she reached her destination. The Clam left Gravesend Nov. 28, with 4,500 tons of oil as cargo and about 450 tons of fuel oil for her own consumption.

FIRE DESTROYED BLOCK AT HUNTINGDON, PA.

Huntingdon, Pa., Dec. 20.—Fire destroyed the opera house block, including the stores of A. S. Mullin, dry goods; C. C. Read, druggist; E. Y. Yoder, novelties; J. B. Port, confectioner, and the Acme department store. Loss, $150,000; partially insured.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Ohio and West Virginia—Fair and cold today. Tomorrow fair; light, variable winds.

Western Pennsylvania—Generally fair and cold today and tomorrow; fresh westerly winds.

Nuts, candies, pop-corn, Christmas tree decorations, holly, Christmas trees; poultry and everything to make a good time at E. Kelsey Bennett's. 159-h

Handsome smoking sets at
159-a J. J. ROSE'S.

Brownie Kodaks—We have them at The Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-a

Wright's health underwear this week, at 159-i
THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

SMALL CALIBER RIFLES.

How They May Be Kept Clean With a Squirt of Water.

"Now, I'll tell you something that will save you the trouble and expense of bringing this gun to me again," said the expert gunsmith to the owner of a .22 caliber magazine rifle, the barrel of which had become so foul that it would not shoot true.

"The rifles of this gun are not leaded. They are simply caked up with powder. All small caliber rifles get that way when ordinary, soft bullets are shot out of them. This caked powder is as hard as steel, and if I were to try to get it out with instruments I would ruin several dollars' worth of tools. Water is the thing to use. Water is the greatest solvent known, but very few people, particularly people who handle guns, seem to appreciate it. They nearly always try to clean their gun barrels with oil when water will do the work twice as well.

"You use this rifle mostly for shooting frogs, don't you? I thought so. That is what most men use a .22 caliber for. And you sometimes shoot it several hundred times a day, and you find it too much trouble to wipe it out every few shots. Ain't I right? I knew it. Now, let me tell you what to do. Get a small syringe that you can carry in your vest pocket, and after every ten or twelve shots squirt a syringeful of water into the barrel of your gun from the breech, then shoot a cartridge out of it while it is wet. If you will follow this plan, you can shoot your gun 10,000 times and never need to clean it. The water softens the powder that has accumulated in the rifles and the bullet forces it out.

"Use plenty of water in the barrel of your rifle, very little oil in the lock, and never under any circumstances put coal oil in the works, and you will save yourself much vexation and always have a smooth working gun."—St. Louis Republic.

Anecdote of Sims Reeves.

An operatic singer tells the following little known anecdote relating to the late Mr. Sims Reeves: About the middle of the sixties, while the eminent tenor was living in a hotel of a town on the south coast, he made a wager with another guest that he would black his face, proceed to the beach and sing a few of the songs which had made him famous without recognition. Sims Reeves duly disguised himself and rendered to a sparse audience "Tom Bowling," "My Pretty Jane," etc.; but, strange to say, he did not receive much in the way of appreciation or financial tributes from the beach loungers. Hat in hand the tenor approached an elderly gentleman who was standing apart and requested a trifling honorarium, but the stranger had recognized the great vocalist despite his ebon hued skin, and he replied with decision:

"Not this time, Mr. Sims Reeves! My wife is mad about your performances, and you have cost me many a guinea. You have just treated me to the luxury of listening to you without any ruinous expense being attached."

"Confound you," said Reeves, "you have made me lose my bet! Come to my hotel and have a drink."

The stranger accepted the hospitable invitation.

Fine job work—News Review office.

Store Open Every Evening Until Xmas.

SLIPPER OR SHOE GIFTS ARE ALWAYS DESIRABLE.

Your Judgment cannot go wrong if you give a pair of Slippers or Shoes, your Purse cannot go wrong if you make your selection at our Store. You have more than Ten Thousand Pairs to select from.

W. H. GASS **220 Diamond.** **W. H. GASS**

P. S. Free: A Handsome Picture Book, "worth reading," with each sale.

A Large Line to Select

Christmas Presents

From.

Lamps,	Hobby Horses,
China,	Game Boards,
Art Ware,	Games,
Cut Glass,	Go-Carts,
Pocket Books,	Pianos,
Bibles,	Toys,
Books,	Dolls,
Shoo Flys,	Etc.

An Elegant Line of

Candy

TO RETAIL AT

10c per lb.

Visit us and be convinced that we can supply your needs.

Hill & Yates,

In the Diamond.

THE HANDY FOLDING RULE.

An Old Standby of the Mechanic In Greater Demand Than Ever.

"There are about a million different kinds of rules," said a dealer in hardware and tools, "the rules being something of well nigh universal use in one form or another in pretty much all trades, but here's one old standby that we sell more of now than ever, this being the folding rule.

"There are plenty of rules that fold, the commonly known two foot rule being a familiar example, but this particular old rule that I speak of is known by name as the folding rule.

"It is made in foot long sections, in various lengths, ranging from two to ten feet and over ten, if required, but three feet, five feet, any number of feet, the rule, whatever its total length, folds up completely into a bundle a foot long. The slats are thin and folded up, and even a ten foot rule takes up little room. It can be quite conveniently carried in the pocket.

"Lots of people use folding rules—plumbers, for instance, in measuring pipes and in measuring places for pipes. In measuring a distance greater than the spread of the arms with a tape two men are required, but one man can measure with a folding rule as far as the rule can reach, and with such a rule he can, single handed, measure around corners or in the angles of wall and ceiling or in any other bend or crevice. We sell lots of them nowadays to electricians, who use them in measuring for wiring houses, and we sell them to various other users, the six foot rule being the one most commonly sold.

"Such rules, of whatever length, are sold by the foot, at 8 cents a foot."—New York Sun.

Ladies, tell your sweetheart to see our fine umbrellas for a Christmas gift. 159-i
THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

Those $5.00 enamel shoes for men turn water, keep the feet warm and don't crack. 158-h
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Children's Meals.

Children should be taught to be regular at their meals and to take nothing between meals. This rule applies to infants as well as to older children. The practice of feeding the little one every time it cries is a most serious injury to its weak digestive organs. An infant's stomach, though it needs food at more frequent intervals—two to four hours, according to its age—requires the same regularity which is essential to the maintenance of healthy digestion in older persons. The irregularity usually practiced is undoubtedly one of the greatest causes of the fearful mortality of infants from disorders of the digestive organs, as appears in our mortuary reports.

Cornmeal.

Before using cornmeal in a bread always scald it to soften its starch. There is not time enough during the baking for this to be done properly. Do this by scalding half of the milk or water you use, then pour it hot over the cornmeal. Next add the eggs, the rest of the cold liquid, then the flour and baking powder sifted together.—Good Housekeeping.

Esteem cannot be where there is no confidence, and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.—Giles.

The straight tree is the first to be cut down. The well of sweet water is the first to be exhausted.

They come. They see. They buy our tempting holiday slippers.
159-h FRANK, SHUMAKER & CO.

Colonial slippers for ladies. Kid and patent leather $1.50 and $2.00. Nice Christmas presents. 158-h
R. W. SAMPLE & CO.

Celery, cranberries, fresh oysters, at Schmidt's Cash Grocery. 159-h

Kodaks—See Eastman's new Plate Cameras at the Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-r

The Best Brands of Cigars

THE KIND SMOKERS LIKE—IN BOXES OF 12, 25 OR 50.

Tobacco Jars, Ash Trays, Card Cases, Pocket Books, Military Brush Sets, Hat and Cloth Brushes.

HODSON'S DRUG STORE,

Corner Fifth and Broadway.

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New York, Dec. 20.—Amalgamated Copper almost broke stock exchange records for the erratic character of its fluctuations Thursday. So great was the uncertainty over the action to be taken by the directors on the dividend and the consequent effect on the general market that dealings in other stocks than Amalgamated Copper were practically suspended. The stock broke several times during the morning, going down immediately after the opening to 63⅝, which wiped out the sudden gain at the close Wednesday. From that point it began an irregular recovery, with frequent halts and reactions. A story got afloat that the full 1½ per cent dividend was to be declared, to be paid in scrip for such proportion as was represented by the dividends of subsidiary companies which have been tied up by injunction. The outstanding short interest became frightened at this rumor and bought to cover. The stock touched 69½ before the directors had assembled at the dividend meeting. It was only a few minutes after the hour of assembling when the price slumped to 64½ under a torrent of offers. The rebound was to 67½, and the stock then tended to equilibrium and closed with a net loss of ⅝. The action on the dividend had not been announced when market closed. Undertone of general market was firm, but there were sharp declines in several leading stocks when the cut in copper was announced and also when Amalgamated Copper commenced its wild movement in the last half hour. Very few stocks attained a movement of as much as a point in either direction from Wednesday night's close. Tone of coalers was good and there was the coalers was good and there was some talk of a coming advance in the price of anthracite. The principal movements were in the specialties. There was a good demand for Peoples Gas, and the Pressed Steel Car stocks rallied sharply from their recent weakness. United States Rubber and Rubber Goods stocks were weakened by the reports of the formation of a large corporation to compete in that trade. There was no apparent uneasiness over the money situation, although the sub-treasury continues to drain supplies from the banks. There was a deposit of $350,000 at the subtreasury for transfer to New Orleans Thursday. The reports of the extraordinary level of prosperity maintained in the iron trade and the weekly gross earnings of railroads which came to hand encouraged the firm holding of stocks. The cut in sugar and signs of renewed disturbance in that trade were without notable effect. The market closed irregular and very dull.

Railroad bonds were dull and steady. Total sales, par value, $2,145,000.

U. S. 3s, coupon, and the 5s, coupon, advanced ¼ and the old 4s, coupon, declined ⅛ per cent on the last call.

New style opera mufflers this week, at 159-i
THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

A nice two of three strap slipper for a lady. Patent leather or kid, $1.00 and $1.50 a pair. 158-h
R. W. SAMPLE & CO.

Turkeys! Turkeys!! Turkeys!!!
Ducks, geese and chickens, live and dressed, at Schmidt's Cash Grocery for Christmas. 159-h

Sewing Machines — A very useful present sold at reasonable prices at The Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-a

Holly Christmas baskets, all sizes, at Frank M. Foutts'. 159-h

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SUCCESSFUL USE OF OIL ON A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER.

Philadelphia, Dec. 20.—The first steamship to cross the Atlantic ocean with steam not generated by coal has arrived here. She is the British tanker Clam. Her voyage was a success, but she had little of her fuel oil left when she reached her destination. The Clam left Gravesend Nov. 28, with 4,500 tons of oil as cargo and about 450 tons of fuel oil for her own consumption.

FIRE DESTROYED BLOCK AT HUNTINGDON, PA.

Huntingdon, Pa., Dec. 20.—Fire destroyed the opera house block, including the stores of A. S. Muilin, dry goods; C. C. Read, druggist; E. Y. Yoder, novelties; J. B. Port, confectioner, and the Acme department store. Loss, $150,000; partially insured.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Ohio and West Virginia—Fair and cold today. Tomorrow fair; light, variable winds.

Western Pennsylvania—Generally fair and cold today and tomorrow; fresh westerly winds.

Nuts, candies, pop-corn, Christmas tree decorations, holly, Christmas trees; poultry and everything to make a good time at E. Kelsey Bennett's. 159-h

Handsome smoking sets at 159-a J. J. ROSE'S.

Brownie Kodaks—We have them at The Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-a

Wright's health underwear this week, at 159-i
THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

SMALL CALIBER RIFLES.

How They May Be Kept Clean With a Squirt of Water.

"Now, I'll tell you something that will save you the trouble and expense of bringing this gun to me again," said the expert gunsmith to the owner of a .22 caliber magazine rifle, the barrel of which had become so foul that it would not shoot true.

"The rifles of this gun are not leaded. They are simply caked up with powder. All small caliber rifles get that way when ordinary, soft bullets are shot out of them. This caked powder is as hard as steel, and if I were to try to get it out with instruments I would ruin several dollars' worth of tools. Water is the thing to use. Water is the greatest solvent known, but very few people, particularly people who handle guns, seem to appreciate it. They nearly always try to clean their gun barrels with oil when water will do the work twice as well.

"You use this rifle mostly for shooting frogs, don't you? I thought so. That is what most men use a .22 caliber for. And you sometimes shoot it several hundred times a day, and you find it too much trouble to wipe it out every few shots. Ain't I right? I knew it. Now, let me tell you what to do. Get a small syringe that you can carry in your vest pocket, and after every ten or twelve shots squirt a syringeful of water into the barrel of your gun from the breech, then shoot a cartridge out of it while it is wet. If you will follow this plan, you can shoot your gun 10,000 times and never need to clean it. The water softens the powder that has accumulated in the rifles and the bullet forces it out.

"Use plenty of water in the barrel of your rifle, very little oil in the lock, and never under any circumstances put coal oil in the works, and you will save yourself much vexation and always have a smooth working gun."—St. Louis Republic.

Anecdote of Sims Reeves.

An operatic singer tells the following little known anecdote relating to the late Mr. Sims Reeves: About the middle of the sixties, while the eminent tenor was living in a hotel of a town on the south coast, he made a wager with another guest that he would black his face, proceed to the beach and sing a few of the songs which had made him famous without recognition. Sims Reeves duly disguised himself and rendered to a sparse audience "Tom Bowling," "My Pretty Jane," etc.; but, strange to say, he did not receive much in the way of appreciation or financial tributes from the beach loungers. Hat in hand the tenor approached an elderly gentleman who was standing apart and requested a trifling honorarium, but the stranger had recognized the great vocalist despite his ebon hued skin, and he replied with decision:

"Not this time, Mr. Sims Reeves! My wife is mad about your performances, and you have cost me many a guinea You have just treated me to the luxury of listening to you without any ruinous expense being attached."

"Confound you," said Reeves, "you have made me lose my bet! Come to my hotel and have a drink."

The stranger accepted the hospitable invitation.

Fine job work—News Review office.

Store Open Every Evening Until Xmas.

SLIPPER OR SHOE GIFTS ARE ALWAYS DESIRABLE.

Your Judgment cannot go wrong if you give a pair of Slippers or Shoes, your Purse cannot go wrong if you make your selection at our Store. You have more than Ten Thousand Pairs to select from.

W. H. GASS 220 Diamond. W. H. GASS

P. S. Free: A Handsome Picture Book, "worth reading," with each sale.

A Large Line to Select

Christmas Presents

From.

Lamps,	Hobby Horses,
China,	Game Boards,
Art Ware,	Games,
Cut Glass,	Go-Carts,
Pocket Books,	Pianos,
Bibles,	Toys,
Books,	Dolls,
Shoo Flys,	Etc.

An Elegant Line of

Candy

TO RETAIL AT

10c per lb.

Visit us and be convinced that we can supply your needs.

Hill & Yates,

In the Diamond.

THE HANDY FOLDING RULE.

An Old Standby of the Mechanic In Greater Demand Than Ever.

"There are about a million different kinds of rules," said a dealer in hardware and tools, "the rules being something of well nigh universal use in one form or another in pretty much all trades, but here's one old standby that we sell more of now than ever, this being the folding rule.

"There are plenty of rules that fold, the commonly known two foot rule being a familiar example, but this particular old rule that I speak of is known by name as the folding rule.

"It is made in foot long sections, in various lengths, ranging from two to ten feet and over ten, if required, but three feet, five feet, any number of feet, the rule, whatever its total length, folds up completely into a bundle a foot long. The slats are thin and folded up, and even a ten foot rule takes up little room. It can be quite conveniently carried in the pocket.

"Lots of people use folding rules—plumbers, for instance, in measuring pipes and in measuring places for pipes. In measuring a distance greater than the spread of the arms with a tape two men are required, but one man can measure with a folding rule as far as the rule can reach, and with such a rule he can, single handed, measure around corners or in the angles of wall and ceiling or in any other bend or crevice. We sell lots of them nowadays to electricians, who use them in measuring for wiring houses, and we sell them to various other users, the six foot rule being the one most commonly sold.

"Such rules, of whatever length, are sold by the foot, at 8 cents a foot."—New York Sun.

Ladies, tell your sweetheart to see our fine umbrellas for a Christmas gift. 159-i
THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

Those $5.00 enamel shoes for men turn water, keep the feet warm and don't crack. 158-h
R. W. SAMPLE & CO.

Children's Meals.

Children should be taught to be regular at their meals and to take nothing between meals. This rule applies to infants as well as to older children. The practice of feeding the little one every time it cries is a most serious injury to its weak digestive organs. An infant's stomach, though it needs food at more frequent intervals—two to four hours, according to its age—requires the same regularity which is essential to the maintenance of healthy digestion in older persons. The irregularity usually practiced is undoubtedly one of the greatest causes of the fearful mortality of infants from disorders of the digestive organs, as appears in our mortuary reports.

Cornmeal.

Before using cornmeal in a bread always scald it to soften its starch. There is not time enough during the baking for this to be done properly. Do this by scalding half of the milk or water you use, then pour it hot over the cornmeal. Next add the eggs, the rest of the cold liquid, then the flour and baking powder sifted together.—Good Housekeeping.

Esteem cannot be where there is no confidence, and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.—Giles.

The straight tree is the first to be cut down. The well of sweet water is the first to be exhausted.

They come. They see. They buy our tempting holiday slippers.
159-h FRANK, SHUMAKER & CO.

Colonial slippers for ladies. Kid and patent leather $1.50 and $2.00. Nice Christmas presents. 158-h
R. W. SAMPLE & CO.

Celery, cranberries, fresh oysters, at Schmidt's Cash Grocery. 159-h

Kodaks—See Eastman's new Plate Cameras at the Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-r

The Best Brands of Cigars

THE KIND SMOKERS LIKE—IN BOXES OF 12, 25 OR 50.

Tobacco Jars, Ash Trays, Card Cases, Pocket Books, Military Brush Sets, Hat and Cloth Brushes.

HODSON'S DRUG STORE,

Corner Fifth and Broadway.

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WHAT TO BUY.

Neckwear. The very latest. **Handkerchiefs.** Linen, Silk, hemmed and initial. **Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Silk Suspenders Garters** For ladies and gentlemen. **Fine Jewelry,** Brilliant ideas. Gold and filled goods.	**Trunks, Satchels, Suit Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Umbrellas, Night Robes, Full Dress and Negligee Shirts.**	**Sweaters** For men and boys. **Cardigan Jackets, Smoking Gowns Mufflers, Toques, Fur, Cloth and Plush Caps,** Latest styles. **Hats.**	**Our line of men's and boys' suits and overcoats for winter are unsurpassed for style and quality, all of which are sold at the very lowest of prices.**

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Hosiery,	Suit Cases,	Smoking Gowns	
Underwear,	Collar and Cuff Boxes,	Mufflers,	
Gloves,	Umbrellas,	Toques,	
Silk Suspenders	Night Robes,	Fur, Cloth and Plush Caps,	
Garters For ladies and gentlemen.	Full Dress and Negligee Shirts.	Latest styles. Hats.	
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THE EAST LIVERPOOL PUBLISHING COMPANY

LOUIS H. BRUSH, Manager.

The News Review, Daily, established 1884 By mail, one year, $5.00; six months, $3.00, three months, $1.75; by carrier, $5.00; ten cents per week.

The Saturday Review, Weekly, established 1879. By mail, one year, $1.00 in advance six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents.

Official Papers of the city of East Liverpool and Columbiana County.

OFFICE 196 WASHINGTON STREET.

Bell Telephone.

Business Office.....No. 122
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TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

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Turkeys, chickens and everything for a Christmas dinner at The American Cash Grocery. 159-r

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Boston Candy Kitchen

Mixed Candy
Mixed Taffy

5c lb.

Boston Candy Kitchen

BENDHEIM'S

We wish you all

"A Merry Christmas"

And call your attention to the most complete assortment, the most reliable and the most up-to-date

FOOTWEAR

In town, priced so low that you'll find it to your interest to favor us with your patronage.

Christmas SUGGESTIONS

For Men.

Stetson shoes, $5 and $6.
Walk-Over-Shoes, $3.50 and $4.
Box calf and vici kid shoes, $2, $2.50 and $3.
Slippers of all descriptions, 50c to $2.
Rubber and felt boots at popular prices.

For Women.

Patent leather, enamel and patent kid shoes, $2 to $5.
Vici kid shoes, with extension soles, $2 to $4.
Fancy dress and house slippers $1 to $2.50.
The celebrated Dolge felt slippers, $1 to $2.

For Big Girls.

Skating boots, $2 to $3.50
Fine kid and patent leather shoes, $1.50 to $2.50.
School shoes, $1 to $2.

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Patent leather and enamel shoes, $1.75 to $3.
Extra quality school and dress shoes, $1.25 to $2.
Slippers for dancing and house wear, 50c to $1.50
Rubber boots, $1 to $2.

For Children.

Fine kid and patent leather shoes, 50c to $1.50.
High top shoes, $1.25 and $1.50.
Felt slippers, 50c to $1.
Infants' moccasins and soft sole shoes, kid, patent leather and felt, 50 styles, 15c to 75c.

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FRIENDS AND VISITORS

Miss Anna Morrison is visiting relatives at Erie, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Johnson have returned from Beaver Falls.

James Arnold left this morning for Harrisburg and York, Pa.

Raymond Howser and wife are visiting relatives at Sandusky.

J. W. Wisner has returned from a business trip to Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Lawson are spending a few days at Cincinnati.

Miss Ella Rice is visiting relatives at Washington, Pa., during the holidays.

N. S. Newberg left last evening for Pohtsmouth to be absent for two weeks.

Mrs. Philip Morton is spending a few days with relatives at Youngstown.

C. A. Trainer has returned from Jefferson county, where he purchased a herd of cattle.

Mrs. Lewis Nicholson and children left this morning for a visit with relatives in Allegheny.

Wm. Householder, superintendent of the Chester tin mill, left last evening for Beaver and Pittsburg.

Charles Gardner has returned to his home in Chester from the Ohio State university at Columbus for the holidays.

J. P. Fitch, of Martin's Ferry, was in the city on business yesterday. They formerly resided near East Liverpool.

Mrs. Nancy Fisher has returned to Steubenville, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Wynn, No. 154 Second street.

Sale of Page Property.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—In the assignment of J. H. Page, of East Liverpool, property at the foot of Market street is to be sold at less than the appraised value.

Fine underwear for holiday gifts, at THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

SKATING THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT WEST END PARK. 158-tf

Oysters any style at "The Stag." 159-h

A beautiful line of silk handkerchiefs, plain white, fancy borders, with initial, for Christmas gifts, at 159-i

THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

Allowed to Mortgage.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—The United Presbyterian church of Salineville has been authorized to mortgage the church property for $1,500.

Look over Joseph Bros.' list for presents. 159-h

Ladies' plush trimmed slippers, 50c, at FRANK, SHUMAKER & CO.

Buy Chase & Sanborn's Coffees and have the best. Frank E. Oyster & Co. 159-h

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Fine selection of bottle goods at Frank M. Foutts'. 159-h

Apples, celery, cranberries and oysters; fresh country butter 25 cents per pound; creamery, 25 cents per pound; butterine, 20 cents per pound; eggs, 25 cents per dozen, at Schmidt's Cash Grocery. 159-h

The German Police.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At first you cannot believe that he is really after you, and then your mind runs back guiltily over your past. He takes out his little book—one of a small library of little books which he carries in his blouse—and inquires your age, your nationality and how long you intend to stay.

You learn subsequently that a record of every person in the empire is carefully kept, with full details as to his occupation, material wealth and social standing. If you move into a new house, you must notify the police; if you move out, you must notify the police; if you hire a servant girl, you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact, the girl also making a report. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going and so on.

If you fail in any of these multitudinous requirements of the government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as 2 cents.—Independent.

The Mayor Ill—Mayor Davidson is indisposed with a very lame back. He spent a few mintes at his office this morning. He has been afflicted for several days with lumbago.

Malaga grapes for Saturday only 10 cents per pound. Frank E. Oyster & Co. 159-h

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Fancy box of cigars for the holidays at J. J. ROSE'S.

Kodaks—See Eastman's new Stereo Kodak, at The Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-a

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A fine sweater for your husband or boy, makes a nice Christmas gift.

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The News Review for all the news.

Boston Candy Kitchen

Chocolate Drops
Cocoanut Bon Bons

10c

Boston Candy Kitchen

Boston Candy Kitchen

Candy
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All Styles and Prices.

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CHAS. F. CRAIG

Has an elegant assortment of ladies' and gents'

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CORNER MARKET AND FIFTH STREET.

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J. P. Fitch, of Martin's Ferry, was in the city on business yesterday. They formerly resided near East Liverpool.

Mrs. Nancy Fisher has returned to Steubenville, after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Wynn, No. 154 Second street.

Sale of Page Property.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—In the assignment of J. H. Page, of East Liverpool, property at the foot of Market street is to be sold at less than the appraised value.

Fine underwear for holiday gifts, at THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

SKATING THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT WEST END PARK. 158-tf

Oysters any style at "The Stag." 159-h

A beautiful line of silk handkerchiefs, plain white, fancy borders, with initial, for Christmas gifts, at 159-i
THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE.

Allowed to Mortgage.

Lisbon, December 20.—(Special)—The United Presbyterian church of Salineville has been authorized to mortgage the church property for $1,500.

Look over Joseph Bros.' list for presents. 159-h

Ladies' plush trimmed slippers, 50c, at FRANK, SHUMAKER & CO.

Buy Chase & Sanborn's Coffees and have the best. Frank E. Oyster & Co. 159-h

---

Fine selection of bottle goods at Frank M. Foutts'. 159-h

Apples, celery, cranberries and oysters; fresh country butter 25 cents per pound; creamery, 25 cents per pound; butterine, 20 cents per pound; eggs, 25 cents per dozen, at Schmidt's Cash Grocery. 159-h

The German Police.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At first you cannot believe that he is really after you, and then your mind runs back guiltily over your past. He takes out his little book—one of a small library of little books which he carries in his blouse—and inquires your age, your nationality and how long you intend to stay.

You learn subsequently that a record of every person in the empire is carefully kept, with full details as to his occupation, material wealth and social standing. If you move into a new house, you must notify the police; if you move out, you must notify the police; if you hire a servant girl, you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact, the girl also making a report. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going and so on.

If you fail in any of these multitudinous requirements of the government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as 2 cents.—Independent.

The Mayor Ill—Mayor Davidson is indisposed with a very lame back. He spent a few mintes at his office this morning. He has been afflicted for several days with lumbago.

Malaga grapes for Saturday only 10 cents per pound. Frank E. Oyster & Co. 159-h

---

Fancy box of cigars for the holidays at J. J. ROSE'S.

Kodaks—See Eastman's new Stereo Kodak, at The Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-a

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A fine sweater for your husband or boy, makes a nice Christmas gift.
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Boston Candy Kitchen

Chocolate Drops
Cocoanut Bon Bons

10c

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Candy Canes

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CHAS. F. CRAIG

Has an elegant assortment of ladies' and gents'

Pocket Books, Perfumes, Cigars and Cigar Cases and Toilet Articles in great variety.

CORNER MARKET AND FIFTH STREET.

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59c a Box.

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THE LEADER

Washington Street.

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The News Review for all the news.

Starring in the West.

Mr. and Mrs. James Durkin of this city are starring with Tim Murphy in the west, playing "Capital Comedy." The company is playing in Burlington, Ia., this week, and so far this season their business has been large. Mrs. Durkin was formerly Miss Jeanette Ashbaugh, of Lincoln avenue.

Ferguson has the finest line of holiday provisions. 159-h

List of presents in Joseph Bros.' ad. 159-h

Christmas

Gifts and Presents

Is the topic of the day

Save Time, Worry and Money.

Our line is larger in every department.

LOOK OVER THE LIST

And see what you can buy for men boys and children at our store for Gifts and Presents.

For the Men.

- **Suits,** all styles.
- **Overcoats,** the latest styles.
- **Trousers.**
- **Smoking Jackets.**
- **Cravenettes,** or rain proof coats.
- **Hats,** all the late styles we are showing.
- **Caps,** cloth or plush.
- **Shirts,** stiff bosom, white or colored.
- **Mufflers,** Harvards, Oxfords and Squares.
- **Gloves,** dress or undressed kids, lined or unlined, woolen, knit and golf.
- **Handkerchiefs,** silk and linen.
- **Neckwear,** tecks, Four-in-hands, De Jomvilles, Ascots, Bows and Strings.
- **Suspenders,** special, 75c and $1.
- **Umbrellas,** plain natural wood, gold mounted and tourist detachable handles.

For the Boys.

- **Suits,** long pants suits, 13 to 19 years.
- **Overcoats.**
- **Trousers.**
- **Mufflers,** Squares and Oxfords.
- **Handkerchiefs,** silk and linen.
- **Neckwear,** Four-in-hand, De Jomvilles, Ascots, Shield, Bows and Strings.
- **Shirts,** white and colored.
- **Gloves,** dress or undressed kid and fancy golf.
- **Hats,** Panama and Crushed
- **Caps,** Polo, Brighten, Golf, and Yacht styles.

Notice.

Store open this evening until 10 p. m.
Saturday evening until 11 p. m.
Monday evening until 11 p m.
Tuesday evening until 12 p. m.

For the Children.

- **Suits,** Reefer, Vestee Norfolk Yoke and Junior styles.
- **Overcoats,** Yoke and Reefer styles.
- **Knee Pants,** 3 years to 16.
- **Mufflers,** Oxfords. Muffler special at 50c.
- **Toques,** fancy stripe and plain colors.
- **Caps,** Polo and Brighton shades to pull over the ears.
- **Gloves,** kids, plain and fur tops, and fancy golf.
- **Little Sweaters,** 2 years to 7, special value, $1.00.

A Merry Christmas

LADIES You can make the men and boys happy by purchasing one of the above articles at our store and you will be sure of making for them

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

JOSEPH BROS.

Boston Candy Kitchen

Candy Canes

All Styles and Prices.

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"BISSELL'S MEANS SUPERIOR."





$3.00 Buys Bissell's "Superior" Carpet Sweeper.

Your wife need not wear dust cap and apron when using the "Superior."

It makes no dust.

"Cyco" bearings make it run easy and as a labor saver it has no equal. Push Dump---opens one side at a time.

Handsomely nickled plated.

Beautifully finished woods in great variety.

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- Gloves, dress or undressed kid and fancy golf.
- Hats, Panama and Crushed
- Caps, Polo, Brighten, Golf, and Yacht styles.

Notice.
Store open this evening until 10 p. m.
Saturday evening until 11 p. m.
Monday evening until 11 p m.
Tuesday evening until 12 p. m.

For the Children.
- Suits, Reefer, Vestee Norfolk Yoke and Junior styles.
- Overcoats, Yoke and Reefer styles.
- Knee Pants, 3 years to 16.
- Mufflers, Oxfords. Muffler special at 50c.
- Toques, fancy stripe and plain colors.
- Caps, Polo and Brighton shades to pull over the ears.
- Gloves, kids, plain and fur tops, and fancy golf.
- Little Sweaters, 2 years to 7, special value, $1.00.

A Merry Christmas

LADIES You can make the men and boys happy by purchasing one of the above articles at our store and you will be sure of making for them

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

JOSEPH BROS.

Starring in the West.

Mr. and Mrs. James Durkin of this city are starring with Tim Murphy in the west, playing "Capital Comedy." The company is playing in Burlington, Ia., this week, and so far this season their business has been large. Mrs. Durkin was formerly Miss Jeanette Ashbaugh, of Lincoln avenue.

Ferguson has the finest line of holiday provisions. 159-h

List of presents in Joseph Bros.' ad. 159-h

Boston Candy Kitchen
Candy Canes
All Styles and Prices.
Boston Candy Kitchen

"BISSELL'S MEANS SUPERIOR."





$3.00 Buys Bissell's "Superior" Carpet Sweeper.

Your wife need not wear dust cap and apron when using the "Superior."

It makes no dust.

"Cyco" bearings make it run easy and as a labor saver it has no equal. Push Dump---opens one side at a time.

Handsomely nickled plated.

Beautifully finished woods in great variety.

Such a Sweeper will make an appreciated present. We sell them.

HARD'S. THE BIG STORE.

..THE..
BEE HIVE
DRY GOODS
CO.

GRAND
HOLIDAY
SALE.

WE have made big preparations this season for Xmas and have filled our store with many useful and handsome things suitable for an Xmas present for young and old. We invite you to come and inspect our stock while the stock is complete. Below we suggest a few things that make suitable Xmas gifts.

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The Kiplings Sailed For Africa.

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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Furnishing Dining Rooms.

Don't have an overmantel of looking glass with little wooden brackets and pillars at the sides. It has a fidgety appearance, and mirrors seem to be somewhat out of keeping in a dining room.

A pretty engraving in a plain deal frame stained to represent the same wood as the furniture is in far better taste and not nearly so expensive, considering that really artistic engravings if good pictures can be bought so cheap.

A still cheaper method is to have a valance of stamped velveteen or some oriental tapestry gathered to a little rod which shall be fixed to the wall about two feet above the mantel board, and just above the valance there should be a stained deal shelf to hold pottery.

Don't have only linoleum on the floor. It has such a chilly effect.

Don't have a medley of colors in a dining room, and let those which you decide upon be deep and rich in tone. The reds, blues and greens of the old fashioned Turkey carpets give the three best shades to work with, taking one or at least two for a room.

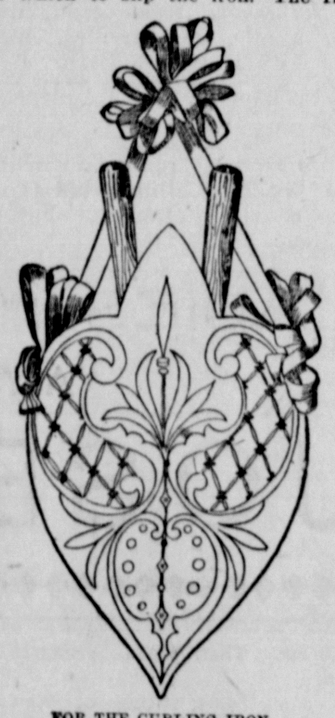
In a small room wall paper, curtains and tablecloths should be of the same color, and the carpet should either be a darker tone of the same or of oriental design.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Christmas Doughnuts.

A necessity of the colonial Christmas table was a generous plate of raised doughnuts. A formula for these which is contributed by a famous New England housekeeper is as follows: One cupful of lard or butter, two cupfuls of milk, a cupful of yeast, three cupfuls of sugar, four or five eggs, nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Warm together the milk and lard, then add the yeast; stir in flour enough to make a batter and let it stand over night; then add the other ingredients. Knead soft and let it rise again; then roll, cut out and let rise before frying. Sprinkle with sugar and spread, not pile, on a platter over which a napkin has first been laid.—Harper's Bazar.

A Dainty Holder.

An especially dainty curling iron holder is shown in the illustration. This is made from buff linen drawn smoothly over a shaped cardboard. A ribbon across the back affords a place in which to slip the iron. The front



FOR THE CURLING IRON.

is embroidered with dainty colors, blue, delicate green, and a touch here and there of black to give character to the whole. The baby ribbon, made into full rosettes at the sides and at the top where it is hung, is of old rose. The combination of colors is soft and artistic.—Housekeeper.

A Firm Paste.

Take a tablespoonful of dry flour and half a teaspoonful of powdered alum, mix slowly with half a teaspoonful of cold water, set on the back of the stove and pour into it another tablespoonful or two of boiling water; stir briskly and cook but a short time. Pour into a wide mouthed bottle while warm and use a wooden paddle to take it out with. The paste may be perfumed and will keep indefinitely. I used this to fasten hanging cords on celluloid picture frames, putting a square piece of stiff white paper over each end of the cord, and it holds as firmly as would a screw on a wooden frame.

Everything For Use.

That dear old lady, Julia Ward Howe, bids the young homemaker to have nothing for show. She says in Good Housekeeping: "Let your rooms look as if they were lived in. Provide convenient cases for your books, comfortable chairs to sit in, tables or desks at which one can write with comfort, pleasant pictures or engravings to look at. Do not envy the melancholy splendor of superfluous apartments rarely opened and full of ghostly shadows. The time and money expended in the care of these possessions are out of all proportion to any pleasure that can be derived from them."

Dyed Carpets.

It is not generally known that carpets can be successfully dyed and thus enter into new life. Almost any style of weave can be so treated; but, of course, ingrain must have no cotton thread on the surface. It is best always to select for the new color something quiet in both color and tone. A dead leaf brown is excellent, while an olive green or dull red is almost as good. Of course the dyed carpet must be a solid color, and this is why only the quietest shades should be chosen.

Special for Saturday!

Butterscotch, 10c; Peanut Brittle, 10c; Cocoanut Crisp, 10c; Chewing Candy, 15c; Mixed Taffies, three pounds for 25c; Fine Home Made Box Candy from 25c to 50c per pound; Fine Chocolates, in one pound boxes, 35c.

FINE CHRISTMAS BOX CANDIES At Lowest Prices.

HASSEY'S

KINDNESS RETURNED

By H. I. Cleveland.

"I don't suppose I ever told you the story of how a prisoner of war showed his gratitude?"

"No. Let us have it."

"It was toward the close of the civil war that I was placed in charge of the officers' hospital at Hampton, Va., and just back of Fortress Monroe. I found a good many invalid Union officers in the hospital, and there were between fifty and sixty Confederate officers there, all ill and all prisoners. My instructions in regard to the care and feeding of them were to take the same care of their living as was given to the Union men. I attempted to carry out these instructions in spirit as well as letter.

"There was another Chicago surgeon at the hospital besides myself, but he was under me. My work was agreeable, and I found the Confederates a gentlemanly set of fellows who had done their duty as they saw it, suffered and were now about ready to begin to prepare for a better kind of living than making war. Among them was a young lieutenant, Ellis Lewis, to whom I took quite a fancy.

"One day in making my rounds and on reaching the Confederates I found them pale, trembling, unnerved. In endeavoring to ascertain what was wrong with them I found that they had not had meat for more than a week, that their rations were being kept from them. Lieutenant Lewis said this had been going on for some time.

"'Still,' said I, 'I have given explicit orders that you shall be fed the same as the Union officers here, and I have given no orders that meat shall be kept from you.'

"'But we get no meat,' answered Lewis.

"I called up the Chicago man who was in charge of the feeding of the prisoners and who is now a prominent citizen, and I asked him if he was responsible for depriving the Confederate officers of meat. He said he was. I asked him why he did this when I had given contrary orders.

"'Do you suppose,' he asked, 'I am going to give these men any more than I can help when their government is starving our people in Libby and Andersonville?'

"'That has nothing to do with this case,' I said. 'You will feed these men as I have directed or one of us will leave this hospital. Charges will be preferred against you, and I will make them. We will have humanity here or I will know why.'

"The meat came after that.

"Shortly after this incident took place I learned that charges had been preferred against me to General Butler. I was accused of favoring the Confederates. That was a pretty serious charge in those days, but I was compelled to laugh when I found out that the charges were based upon my having required that Confederate and Union sick should be fed alike.

"Colonel Schaeffer of General Butler's staff was directed to visit me with a board of inquiry and investigate the matter. I saw Schaeffer before the board commenced work, and he said to me:

"'This is very serious business, doctor. You are charged with favoring the Confederates, and General Butler wants all the facts.'

"'My instructions,' I replied, 'have been to discriminate against none in this hospital. I do not understand that I am to feed Union men and starve Confederates. I do not understand that course is justified by any rules of warfare. What the Confederates themselves are doing does not concern me so far as the conduct of this hospital is concerned. I am not here to slaughter prisoners. You go back and ask General Butler if it is desired by him that I shall make this hospital a halfway ground between a battlefield and a graveyard. By ——, if it is I'll fight the proposition!'

"Colonel Schaeffer posted off to General Butler at once and told him what I had said and also my detailing the circumstances of the meat order. Old Ben was a pretty shrewd man and sagacious in many things. When Schaeffer had finished, he looked up and remarked:

"'I guess we had better let Rush alone.'

"And they did.

"Some time after this a new batch of prisoners was brought to us and lodged in the same part of the hospital the other Confederates were in. They had only been there a short time when one rainy night Lieutenant Lewis, sick, barefooted, hatless, made his way to my headquarters and roused me.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'you have been right with us, and we wish to show you that we can reciprocate. The new prisoners that have come in are armed. They purpose in the night to overcome the guard, kill him and get away. I come to warn you, but you must protect me, for if they know I had betrayed them they would kill me.'

"I had only a single guard at the hospital, and an escape meant the ruin of my reputation. I got Lewis into a safe place and telegraphed Fortress Monroe for troops to be sent as fast as they could come. I made it a rush message, and I got them fast. The hospital was surrounded, and in due time the new prisoners were disarmed and the escape prevented.

"I shivered through until I had enough soldiers on hand to save myself. It was too close a call. If the prisoners had escaped, I could never have explained the matter, especially in view of the fact that I had stood out for treating them with humanity at a time when most sane men were strongly prejudiced against acting toward the south with any mercy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

ENGLAND'S SEA GYPSIES.

A Strange Little Tribe That Lives Always on Boats.

A strange and almost unknown part of the population (if it can be called that) of the British Isles is the queer semiwild folk known as sea gypsies. Real gypsies they are, differing from their fellow gypsies in the fact that they always live on the sea and that, never having mingled with landsmen, their type is much purer and more nearly resembles the original.

There are about 500 sea gypsies in Britain. They cruise along the coast, seldom touching the land, but always close to it, in old and weatherbeaten craft that may have carried their grandfathers.

When the tide is out, the old craft will often drop anchor by a sand bank island far out at sea, and her crew will grub for cockles with their hands, filling a score of baskets, but saying nothing to each other, for they are almost out of the habit of speech. They find fifty shellfish where the ordinary fisherman finds one, but they rarely do the same thing two days running, and in the next hour they may be snaring rabbits on a headland miles away.

The sea gypsies are wild eyed and thickset. Their hair is always either jet black or golden. They are still of almost pure Norse or Danish descent, never having used the land and mixed with the shore folk to any extent. Their hands seem to be all thumbs instead of fingers, so powerful and stubby are the digits, because they have done nothing but haul ropes and dig in the wet sand.—New York Press.

CARE OF LACES.

Iron lace on the right side first, then on the wrong side to throw up the pattern.

When putting lace away, fold as little as possible. A good plan is to wind it round a card, as they do in the shops.

When ironing laces, cover them with clean, white tissue paper. This prevents the shiny look seen on washed lace.

Use cornflour instead of ordinary starch for stiffening laces. This makes them firm and does not detract from the lacy appearance.

Laces and other delicate trifles should be placed in a muslin bag before being boiled. This prevents their getting lost and torn in the wash.

After "getting up" laces do not leave them to air in a damp place—round the fire when the kettle is boiling, for instance. This robs them of their freshness and makes them look limp.

All laces before being ironed should be carefully pulled out, each point receiving attention. You will be repaid for your trouble, as the lace will look twice as nice and last clean a much longer time.

Early Electricity.

In the early machines electricity was generated by turning a large glass wheel which rubbed against a silken band or cloth.

A Lancashire Superstition.

Among the fishing population of the Lancashire coast there exists a strong prejudice against learning to swim, the belief being that swimming only serves to prolong the agony of death by drowning.

HAIR OF THE SLOTH.

It Is Green In Color and For a Peculiar Reason.

It is a very curious fact that certain plants grow and thrive on the hair of sloths. Apart from its extremely coarse and brittle nature, the most striking peculiarity of the outer hair of the sloth is its more or less decidedly green tinge. Now, green is a very rare color among mammals, and there ought, therefore, to be some special reason for its development in the sloth, and, as a matter of fact, the means by which this coloration is produced is one of the most marvelous phenomena in the whole animal kingdom, so marvelous, indeed, that it is at first almost impossible to believe that it is true.

The object of this peculiar type of coloration is, of course, to assimilate the animal to its leafy surroundings and thus to render it as inconspicuous as possible, and when hanging in its usual position from the underside of a bough its long, coarse and green tinged hair is stated to render the sloth almost indistinguishable from the bunches of gray green lichens among which it dwells. In the outer sheath of the hairs of the animal there are a number of transverse cracks, and in these cracks grows a primitive type of plant—namely, a one celled alga.

And for the benefit of nonbotanical readers it may be well to mention here that algæ, among which seaweeds are included, form a group of flowerless plants related on the one hand to the fungi and on the other to the lichens. In the moist tropical forests forming the home of the sloths the algæ in the cracks of their hairs grow readily and thus communicate to the entire coat that general green tint which, as already said, is reported to render them almost indistinguishable from the clusters of lichen among which they hang suspended.—Knowledge.

THE FATE OF CORONETS.

Lord Brougham's Became G. W. Childs' Fruit Dish.

Peers and their coronets are soon parted when the ceremonial use has been served. The fate of one coronet is told by a correspondent of M. A. P. He writes: "When I was staying some years ago in Philadelphia with G. W. Childs, the well known proprietor of The Ledger newspaper there, I noticed at dinner one evening a peculiarly shaped gilt stand used as a support for a china dish containing grapes. My host, observing that I was scanning it rather closely, said: 'Oh, that is the coronet Lord Brougham wore at the queen's coronation. I have taken out the velvet cap and turned it upside down. The golden balls form excellent feet, and it makes a most elegant dish stand.' Which it certainly did."

But what is the fate of coronets compared with the fate of coronation robes? A large portion of George IV.'s wardrobe, including the coronation robes, was put at public auction in the summer of 1831. There were 120 lots disposed of, and some of the items are interesting. A pair of fine kid trousers, of ample dimensions and lined with white satin, was sold for 12 shillings. The sumptuous crimson velvet coronation mantle, with silver star, embroidered with gold, which cost originally, according to the auctioneer, £500, was knocked down for 47 guineas; a richly embroidered silver tissue coronation waistcoat and trunk hose, £13. The purple velvet coronation robe, embroidered with gold, of which it was said to contain 200 ounces, brought only £55, although it cost his late majesty £300. An elegant and costly green velvet mantle, lined with ermine of the finest quality, presented by the Emperor Alexander to George IV., which cost 1,000 guineas, was sold for £125.

Paris Rats.

In Paris rats destroy each year food worth $1,000,000, and the value of the food destroyed by these animals yearly all over the world is estimated to amount in the aggregate to $70,000,000.

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Chocolate Drops
Cocoanut Bon Bons
10c
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Furnishing Dining Rooms.

Don't have an overmantel of looking glass with little wooden brackets and pillars at the sides. It has a fidgety appearance, and mirrors seem to be somewhat out of keeping in a dining room.

A pretty engraving in a plain deal frame stained to represent the same wood as the furniture is in far better taste and not nearly so expensive, considering that really artistic engravings of good pictures can be bought so cheap.

A still cheaper method is to have a valance of stamped velveteen or some oriental tapestry gathered to a little rod which shall be fixed to the wall about two feet above the mantel board, and just above the valance there should be a stained deal shelf to hold pottery.

Don't have only linoleum on the floor. It has such a chilly effect.

Don't have a medley of colors in a dining room, and let those which you decide upon be deep and rich in tone. The reds, blues and greens of the old fashioned Turkey carpets give the three best shades to work with, taking one or at least two for a room.

In a small room wall paper, curtains and tablecloths should be of the same color, and the carpet should either be a darker tone of the same or of oriental design.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Christmas Doughnuts.

A necessity of the colonial Christmas table was a generous plate of raised doughnuts. A formula for these which is contributed by a famous New England housekeeper is as follows: One cupful of lard or butter, two cupfuls of milk, a cupful of yeast, three cupfuls of sugar, four or five eggs, nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Warm together the milk and lard, then add the yeast; stir in flour enough to make a batter and let it stand over night; then add the other ingredients. Knead soft and let it rise again; then roll, cut out and let rise before frying. Sprinkle with sugar and spread, not pile, on a platter over which a napkin has first been laid.—Harper's Bazar.

A Dainty Holder.

An especially dainty curling iron holder is shown in the illustration. This is made from buff linen drawn smoothly over a shaped cardboard. A ribbon across the back affords a place in which to slip the iron. The front



FOR THE CURLING IRON.

is embroidered with dainty colors, blue, delicate green, and a touch here and there of black to give character to the whole. The baby ribbon, made into full rosettes at the sides and at the top where it is hung, is of old rose. The combination of colors is soft and artistic.—Housekeeper.

A Firm Paste.

Take a tablespoonful of dry flour and half a teaspoonful of powdered alum, mix slowly with half a teaspoonful of cold water, set on the back of the stove and pour into it another tablespoonful or two of boiling water; stir briskly and cook but a short time. Pour into a wide mouthed bottle while warm and use a wooden paddle to take it out with. The paste may be perfumed and will keep indefinitely. I used this to fasten hanging cords on celluloid picture frames, putting a square piece of stiff white paper over each end of the cord, and it holds as firmly as would a screw on a wooden frame.

Everything For Use.

That dear old lady, Julia Ward Howe, bids the young homemaker to have nothing for show. She says in Good Housekeeping: "Let your rooms look as if they were lived in. Provide convenient cases for your books, comfortable chairs to sit in, tables or desks at which one can write with comfort, pleasant pictures or engravings to look at. Do not envy the melancholy splendor of superfluous apartments rarely opened and full of ghostly shadows. The time and money expended in the care of these possessions are out of all proportion to any pleasure that can be derived from them."

Dyed Carpets.

It is not generally known that carpets can be successfully dyed and thus enter into new life. Almost any style of weave can be so treated; but, of course, ingrain must have no cotton thread on the surface. It is best always to select for the new color something quiet in both color and tone. A dead leaf brown is excellent, while an olive green or dull red is almost as good. Of course the dyed carpet must be a solid color, and this is why only the quietest shades should be chosen.

Special for Saturday!

Butterscotch, 10c; Peanut Brittle, 10c; Cocoanut Crisp, 10c; Chewing Candy, 15c; Mixed Taffies, three pounds for 25c; Fine Home Made Box Candy from 25c to 50c per pound; Fine Chocolates, in one pound boxes, 35c.

FINE CHRISTMAS BOX CANDIES At Lowest Prices.

HASSEY'S

KINDNESS RETURNED

By H. I. Cleveland.

"I don't suppose I ever told you the story of how a prisoner of war showed his gratitude?"

"No. Let us have it."

"It was toward the close of the civil war that I was placed in charge of the officers' hospital at Hampton, Va., and just back of Fortress Monroe. I found a good many invalid Union officers in the hospital, and there were between fifty and sixty Confederate officers there, all ill and all prisoners. My instructions in regard to the care and feeding of them were to take the same care of their living as was given to the Union men. I attempted to carry out these instructions in spirit as well as letter.

"There was another Chicago surgeon at the hospital besides myself, but he was under me. My work was agreeable, and I found the Confederates a gentlemanly set of fellows who had done their duty as they saw it, suffered and were now about ready to begin to prepare for a better kind of living than making war. Among them was a young lieutenant, Ellis Lewis, to whom I took quite a fancy.

"One day in making my rounds and on reaching the Confederates I found them pale, trembling, unnerved. In endeavoring to ascertain what was wrong with them I found that they had not had meat for more than a week, that their rations were being kept from them. Lieutenant Lewis said this had been going on for some time.

"'Still,' said I, 'I have given explicit orders that you shall be fed the same as the Union officers here, and I have given no orders that meat shall be kept from you.'

"'But we get no meat,' answered Lewis.

"I called up the Chicago man who was in charge of the feeding of the prisoners and who is now a prominent citizen, and I asked him if he was responsible for depriving the Confederate officers of meat. He said he was. I asked him why he did this when I had given contrary orders.

"'Do you suppose,' he asked, 'I am going to give these men any more than I can help when their government is starving our people in Libby and Andersonville?'

"'That has nothing to do with this case,' I said. 'You will feed these men as I have directed or one of us will leave this hospital. Charges will be preferred against you, and I will make them. We will have humanity here or I will know why.'

"The meat came after that.

"Shortly after this incident took place I learned that charges had been preferred against me to General Butler. I was accused of favoring the Confederates. That was a pretty serious charge in those days, but I was compelled to laugh when I found out that the charges were based upon my having required that Confederate and Union sick should be fed alike.

"Colonel Schaeffer of General Butler's staff was directed to visit me with a board of inquiry and investigate the matter. I saw Schaeffer before the board commenced work, and he said to me:

"'This is very serious business, doctor. You are charged with favoring the Confederates, and General Butler wants all the facts.'

"'My instructions,' I replied, 'have been to discriminate against none in this hospital. I do not understand that I am to feed Union men and starve Confederates. I do not understand that course is justified by any rules of warfare. What the Confederates themselves are doing does not concern me so far as the conduct of this hospital is concerned. I am not here to slaughter prisoners. You go back and ask General Butler if it is desired by him that I shall make this hospital a halfway ground between a battlefield and a graveyard. By ——, if it is I'll fight the proposition!'

"Colonel Schaeffer posted off to General Butler at once and told him what I had said and also my detailing the circumstances of the meat order. Old Ben was a pretty shrewd man and sagacious in many things. When Schaeffer had finished, he looked up and remarked:

"'I guess we had better let Rush alone.'

"And they did.

"Some time after this a new batch of prisoners was brought to us and lodged in the same part of the hospital the other Confederates were in. They had only been there a short time when one rainy night Lieutenant Lewis, sick, barefooted, hatless, made his way to my headquarters and roused me.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'you have been right with us, and we wish to show you that we can reciprocate. The new prisoners that have come in are armed. They purpose in the night to overcome the guard, kill him and get away. I come to warn you, but you must protect me, for if they know I had betrayed them they would kill me.'

"I had only a single guard at the hospital, and an escape meant the ruin of my reputation. I got Lewis into a safe place and telegraphed Fortress Monroe for troops to be sent as fast as they could come. I made it a rush message, and I got them fast. The hospital was surrounded, and in due time the new prisoners were disarmed and the escape prevented.

"I shivered through until I had enough soldiers on hand to save myself. It was too close a call. If the prisoners had escaped, I could never have explained the matter, especially in view of the fact that I had stood out for treating them with humanity at a time when most sane men were strongly prejudiced against acting toward the south with any mercy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

ENGLAND'S SEA GYPSIES.

A Strange Little Tribe That Lives Always on Boats.

A strange and almost unknown part of the population (if it can be called that) of the British Isles is the queer semiwild folk known as sea gypsies. Real gypsies they are, differing from their fellow gypsies in the fact that they always live on the sea and that, never having mingled with landsmen, their type is much purer and more nearly resembles the original.

There are about 500 sea gypsies in Britain. They cruise along the coast, seldom touching the land, but always close to it, in old and weatherbeaten craft that may have carried their grandfathers.

When the tide is out, the old craft will often drop anchor by a sand bank island far out at sea, and her crew will grub for cockles with their hands, filling a score of baskets, but saying nothing to each other, for they are almost out of the habit of speech. They find fifty shellfish where the ordinary fisherman finds one, but they rarely do the same thing two days running, and in the next hour they may be snaring rabbits on a headland miles away.

The sea gypsies are wild eyed and thickset. Their hair is always either jet black or golden. They are still of almost pure Norse or Danish descent, never having used the land and mixed with the shore folk to any extent. Their hands seem to be all thumbs instead of fingers, so powerful and stubby are the digits, because they have done nothing but haul ropes and dig in the wet sand.—New York Press.

CARE OF LACES.

Iron lace on the right side first, then on the wrong side to throw up the pattern.

When putting lace away, fold as little as possible. A good plan is to wind it round a card, as they do in the shops.

When ironing laces, cover them with clean, white tissue paper. This prevents the shiny look seen on washed lace.

Use cornflour instead of ordinary starch for stiffening laces. This makes them firm and does not detract from the lacy appearance.

Laces and other delicate trifles should be placed in a muslin bag before being boiled. This prevents their getting lost and torn in the wash.

After "getting up" laces do not leave them to air in a damp place—round the fire when the kettle is boiling, for instance. This robs them of their freshness and makes them look limp.

All laces before being ironed should be carefully pulled out, each point receiving attention. You will be repaid for your trouble, as the lace will look twice as nice and last clean a much longer time.

Early Electricity.

In the early machines electricity was generated by turning a large glass wheel which rubbed against a silken band or cloth.

A Lancashire Superstition.

Among the fishing population of the Lancashire coast there exists a strong prejudice against learning to swim, the belief being that swimming only serves to prolong the agony of death by drowning.

HAIR OF THE SLOTH.

It Is Green In Color and For a Peculiar Reason.

It is a very curious fact that certain plants grow and thrive on the hair of sloths. Apart from its extremely coarse and brittle nature, the most striking peculiarity of the outer hair of the sloth is its more or less decidedly green tinge. Now, green is a very rare color among mammals, and there ought, therefore, to be some special reason for its development in the sloth, and, as a matter of fact, the means by which this coloration is produced is one of the most marvelous phenomena in the whole animal kingdom, so marvelous, indeed, that it is at first almost impossible to believe that it is true.

The object of this peculiar type of coloration is, of course, to assimilate the animal to its leafy surroundings and thus to render it as inconspicuous as possible, and when hanging in its usual position from the underside of a bough its long, coarse and green tinged hair is stated to render the sloth almost indistinguishable from the bunches of gray green lichens among which it dwells. In the outer sheath of the hairs of the animal there are a number of transverse cracks, and in these cracks grows a primitive type of plant—namely, a one celled alga.

And for the benefit of nonbotanical readers it may be well to mention here that algæ, among which seaweeds are included, form a group of flowerless plants related on the one hand to the fungi and on the other to the lichens. In the moist tropical forests forming the home of the sloths the algæ in the cracks of their hairs grow readily and thus communicate to the entire coat that general green tint which, as already said, is reported to render them almost indistinguishable from the clusters of lichen among which they hang suspended.—Knowledge.

THE FATE OF CORONETS.

Lord Brougham's Became G. W. Childs' Fruit Dish.

Peers and their coronets are soon parted when the ceremonial use has been served. The fate of one coronet is told by a correspondent of M. A. P. He writes: "When I was staying some years ago in Philadelphia with G. W. Childs, the well known proprietor of The Ledger newspaper there, I noticed at dinner one evening a peculiarly shaped gilt stand used as a support for a china dish containing grapes. My host, observing that I was scanning it rather closely, said: 'Oh, that is the coronet Lord Brougham wore at the queen's coronation. I have taken out the velvet cap and turned it upside down. The golden balls form excellent feet, and it makes a most elegant dish stand.' Which it certainly did."

But what is the fate of coronets compared with the fate of coronation robes? A large portion of George IV.'s wardrobe, including the coronation robes, was put at public auction in the summer of 1831. There were 120 lots disposed of, and some of the items are interesting. A pair of fine kid trousers, of ample dimensions and lined with white satin, was sold for 12 shillings. The sumptuous crimson velvet coronation mantle, with silver star, embroidered with gold, which cost originally, according to the auctioneer, £500, was knocked down for 47 guineas; a richly embroidered silver tissue coronation waistcoat and trunk hose, £13. The purple velvet coronation robe, embroidered with gold, of which it was said to contain 200 ounces, brought only £55, although it cost his late majesty £300. An elegant and costly green velvet mantle, lined with ermine of the finest quality, presented by the Emperor Alexander to George IV., which cost 1,000 guineas, was sold for £125.

Paris Rats.

In Paris rats destroy each year food worth $1,000,000, and the value of the food destroyed by these animals yearly all over the world is estimated to amount in the aggregate to $70,000,000.

Boston Candy Kitchen
Chocolate Drops
Cocoanut Bon Bons
10c
Boston Candy Kitchen



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Why didn't you have

TONSILINE

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SORE THROAT

Cures promptly and effectually. A simple, efficient remedy for any mouth and throat disorder. Aborts Quinsy. Prevents Diphtheria and contagion. Cures sore mouth, hoarseness, croup. 25 and 50c. at your druggists.

THE TONSILINE CO., Canton, O.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

One of the Tricks Performed by the Fakirs of India.

The fakirs of India perform some remarkable tricks. The following one was witnessed by an Englishman who was himself an excellent prestidigitateur:

The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body.

She then began to move around and around, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this, and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillarlike form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned and began to mold the light with her hand, and, though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs all molded and finally the face and headgear. She next called for a light, and, the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly, evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand. His hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit.

After he had talked and drunk a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about. The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few minutes the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time before the eyes of at least 50 people and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward.

THE MARKETS.

Pittsburg, Dec. 19.

WHEAT—No. 2 red winter, 71@72c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow shelled, 74½@75c; high mixed, 73@74c; No. 2 mixed, 72@73c; No. 2 yellow ear, 74½@75c; high mixed, 73@74c; No. 2 mixed, 72@73c.

OATS—No. 2 white, 54½@55c; extra No. 3 white, 53½@54c; regular No. 3, 52½@53c.

HAY—Choice timothy, $15.00@15.50; No. 1 do, $14.50@15.00; No. 2 do, $13.25@14.00; No. 1 mixed, $11.50@12.00; No. 1 clover, $11.25@11.75; prairie, $10.50@11.00; packing, $8.00@10.00; loose from wagon, $16.00@17.00.

BUTTER—Elgin creamery prints, 27½@28c; do tubs, 26½@27c; Ohio and Pennsylvania creamery, 24½@25c; dairy butter, 18@19c; fresh country roll, 16@17c; cooking butter, 14@16c.

CHEESE—New York, full cream, 11½@12c; Ohio, 11½c; ¾ cream, Ohio, 9½@10c; Ohio Swiss, tubs, 13@14c; Wisconsin Swiss, tubs, 15@15½c; 20-lb blocks, Swiss, new, 15@15½c; 5-lb brick cheese, 13@13½c; limberger, 13c.

EGGS—Fresh candled, doz., 26@28c; storage, 20@22c.

POULTRY—Chickens, live hens, per lb, 8@8½c; springers, 8½@9c; roosters, 5@6c per lb; turkeys, old, per lb, 8@9c; turkeys, spring, 9@9½c; old turkeys, dressed, 14@15c; spring turkeys, dressed, 14@15c; hens, dressed, per lb, 12½@13c; fresh spring, dressed, per lb, 13@14c; geese, 8@9c; ducks, spring, 10@11c; dressed, 15@16c.

Pittsburg, Dec. 19.

CATTLE — Choice, $6.00@6.30; prime, $5.70@5.90; good, $5.20@5.50; tidy butchers', $4.50@5.00; fair, $4.00@4.50; common, $2.75@3.75; heifers, $3.50@4.75; fat cows, $1.50@4.00; bulls and stags, $2.05@4.25; good fresh cows, $40.00@60.00; fair to fresh cows, $25.00@35.00.

HOGS—Prime heavies, $6.45@6.55; heavy mediums, $6.25@6.35; light mediums, $6.15@6.20; heavy Yorkers, $6.05@6.10; light Yorkers, $5.70@5.95; pigs, $5.50@5.60; roughs, $4.50@5.90.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Best wethers, $3.75@4.00; good, $3.25@3.60; mixed, $2.50@3.10; culls and common, $1.00@2.00; yearlings, $3.00@4.10; lambs, $3.00@3.35; veal calves, $6.50@7.50.

NEXT YEAR'S CAPTAINS

Men Chosen to Lead Various College Football Teams.

CAREER OF KERNAN, HARVARD.

G. B. Chadwick, Who Is to Guide the Yale Eleven, Is a Brother of Charley, the Former New Haven Star. R. T. Davis of Princeton.

Most of the large colleges have elected their football captains for next year. The selection of the man who is to lead the gridiron squad is always an important feature of college life and usually the man that wins in the contest of ballets is one of reputation, experience and pleasing personality.

The newly elected captain must start immediately to map out plans for the next season's play. Dozens of details pop up to engage his attention, and he finds, much to his surprise, that during eight months out of the twelve he must remain a partial slave to the requirements of his office.

Yale, Princeton and Harvard have picked out splendid men for football leaders. Their reputations and actual accomplishments have been such as to invite the confidence of their pigskin associates.

The New Haven kickers have placed themselves under the guidance of G. B. Chadwick. Chadwick is the only member of the Yale eleven who has played more than one season. For three years he has been right halfback. He prepared for Yale at the Brooklyn High school. He is a brother of Charley Chadwick, the famous Yale guard and intercollegiate strong man. Chadwick says that he will not announce his head coach and his policy for several months.

Robert P. Kernan of Brooklyn is the new captain of the Harvard varsity football team. Kernan is now a junior in the academic department of the college and is one of the most popular men in his class. He has been prominent in three branches of college athletics and this fall distinguished himself on the gridiron both by his phenomenal punting and by his clever work as an end runner.

Kernan prepared for college at the Brooklyn Polytechnic school. When he went to Harvard, he did not at once distinguish himself as a football player, but was looked upon as more of a baseball man. In his freshman year he played substitute halfback on his class team, and in what games he played in he did most of the kicking. In the spring he was second pitcher on the varsity ball nine and relieved Stillman in several of the big games.

After playing with the baseball squad most of last season Kernan went on



R. P. KERNAN, HARVARD'S NEW CAPTAIN.

to the track team, but could not get into condition to do much in the Yale games. He was taken on the Harvard squad, however, to compete with Yale against Oxford and Cambridge and in the international games tied Spraker of Yale for first place, but was finally beaten out in the jump off, the bar standing at 6 feet 1 inch.

This fall he was at once picked as the first man for left halfback on the football team and all through the season has been considered the most valuable man on the team, particularly on account of his kicking ability.

Ralph Tipton Davis of Blossburg, Pa., has been elected captain of the Princeton football team for the season of 1902. Davis prepared at the Andover (Mass.) school, where he played tackle and captained the team. While at Andover he was considered a star at the tackle position, but on entering Princeton in the fall of 1900 he was placed by the coaches at end. Before the Yale game, however, he was changed to right tackle and held up his previous reputation. This year he has been playing end all season, and his uniformly brilliant work, which was especially evident in the game against Yale at New Haven, has won for him the reputation of being one of the best ends on the gridiron. The new captain is twenty-one years old, weighs 168 pounds and measures 5 feet 7 inches.

Motor Tour of the World.

The first project of touring the world in an automobile has been made. An English resident of Paris would make the journey in a gasoline machine of five horsepower if the French Automobile club will furnish him with the requisite gasoline at the stations on the route. He guarantees to make the trip within a year.

FAVORITE OLD HYMN

Proposed Elimination of "Sweet Hour of Prayer" From Methodist Collections.

Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mt. Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

Vigorous protests are being made by members and pastors of the Methodist Episcopal church over the action of the committee appointed at the last meeting of the general conference to revise the present hymnal, in excluding the old Methodist hymn quoted above from the proposed new hymnal. The committee objected to the last line of the verse, namely "Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r."

Dr. Clark Crawford, of the First M E. church, when asked for an opinion on the action of the committee said: "I do not want to see this old hymn excluded from the new hymnal. It is inspiring, and the objections raised by the committee are, to my mind, far fetched. In its literal meaning the writer of the poem tried to convey the meaning in the last line as being the place of worship, and not the idea of future prayer. Congregational singing is essential to a good service, and to eliminate such hymns from the new book as this one is a pity."

It is said the committee is considering the advisability of also dropping from the new book the hymn, "He Lead Me, Oh Blessed Thought."

Fancy box of cigars, all prices, for the holiday trade, at J. J. ROSE.S. 159-a

THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE. invites you to an inspection of their large and varied line of Xmas goods, consisting of fine umbrellas, hats, suits, ties, sweaters, mufflers, shirts, fancy hosiery, overcoats, etc. 159-i

Warm overshoes that defy zero weather. All styles, at 159-h FRANK, SHUMAKER & CO.

An excellent enamel or patent colt skin shoe for young men; extension sole; not the kind that cracks, at $3.40 and $4.00. 150-h R. W. SAMPLE & CO.

General layout of all kinds of nuts and candies. 159-h T. B. MURPHY.

The swell thing in fancy box papers for Christmas. Anderson's Diamond Pharmacy. 154-t

Everything in the vegetable line for a good Christmas dinner. Schmidt's Cash Grocery. 159-h

Kodaks—See Eastman's new Plate Cameras at the Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-r

Too Suggestive.

An English clergyman had married a young woman with a reputed dowry of about £10,000, while he himself had "great expectations." Needless to say, every soul in the village knew about it. It was the first Sunday after their return from the honeymoon, and when the sermon was finished the parson proceeded, as usual, to give out the hymn, verse for verse, to his rustic congregation.

All went well until the fifth verse was reached, and the parson began, "Forever let my grateful heart," when suddenly and with some confusion he exclaimed, "Omit the fifth verse!" and immediately began to recite aloud the sixth verse instead. Those who had hymnbooks promptly read the fifth verse:

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now
And bids me hope for more.

Pursuing an Elephant.

Any one who has once followed a traveling elephant will not show any undue haste to repeat the amusement. They sail along at an average pace of six miles an hour, regardless of the country, and stop for a bath or a short siesta perhaps once every three days. Anything more exasperating than following very fresh spoor at a dog trot, hour after hour in a blazing sun, only to find at a late hour in the afternoon that one was 40 miles from camp, with no food or water, and that the elephant had increased his lead from one mile to ten, it would be difficult to imagine.—Everybody's Magazine.

Four Good Habits.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second mistakes the most hurtful to your own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done, and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

It is a curious fact that mayonnaise dressing will disagree with delicate people, whereas the same ingredients put together without an egg (French dressing) will be easily digested.

Get the best—the Evening News Review.

THE STAR BARGAIN STORE

Is the Place to Buy Your Christmas Presents at Great Saving Prices.

Come, Look Around and See Our Stock of Useful Christmas Presents and Learn Our Prices.

Fur Scarfs.

We are selling lots of them. It makes a very nice and useful Christmas present. We are offering our entire line at great saving prices.

Umbrellas.

50 new ladies' umbrellas cheap at $2 for $1.49.

Solid silver handled ladies' umbrellas, $3.50 grade for $2.49.

A beautiful line of ladies' umbrellas at $2.98, $3.49, $3.98, $4.50 and up to $6.98. Every one worth from $1.00 to $2.00 more.

A great line of men's umbrellas at $1.49, $1.98, $2.49, $2.98 and up to $5.00.

Linens.

Special values in bleached table linens at 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.25.

A great line of napkins, beautiful designs, from $1.00 to $4.00 a dozen.

A new line of fringed table cloths in plain white and colored borders at $1.25, $1.49 and $1.98.

Hemstitched table cloths worth $2.50 for $1.75.

Hemstitched table cloths worth $3 for $2.49.

Large size towels with open work or hemstitched for 25c.

A beautiful line of towels at 30c, 39c, 50c, 69c and 98c.

A full line of hemstitched linen doilies, stand covers and dresser scarfs, plain and stamped at saving prices.

Pocket Books.

Special values in pocket books at 25c, 50c, 65c, and up to $1.25.

Leather chatelaines from 25c to $1.25.

Silver chatelaines from 50c to $1.25.

Bead chatelaines from 75c to $4.98 which you cannot match in town.

Fascinators and Shawls.

We show the greatest line of wool and ice wool fascinators and Shetland wool circular shawls at the lowest prices.

In Our Cloak Department.

We offer our entire line of coats, 42 inch jackets, raglans and newmarkets at prices you will not get other places even after Christmas. If you want to get one for yourself or for a Christmas present, come at once as they are going very fast, and save from $2.50 to $6.00.

Our entire line of children's coats from 2 to 14 years at great reduced prices.

Capes.

Every cloth and plush cape must go now and we put prices on them to sell them quick. Do not miss this chance.

Tailor-Made Suits.

The balance of our stock to be closed out and we put prices on them to move them quick. Come now while you can get your size.

Silk Waists.

Colored silk waists worth $4.50, reduced to $2.98.

The best $5.00 colored silk waists reduced to $3.98.

At **$5.00**

A few high class silk waists sold at $8.00 and $9.00, your choice for $5.00. Our entire stock of black silk waists at greatly reduced prices.

Men's Furnishings.

A full line of colored, white and black mufflers at saving prices.

Men's and boys' shirts, suspenders, neck ties, kid and golf gloves at the lowest prices.

Large silk initial handkerchiefs worth 39c for 25c, 50c silk initial handkerchiefs for 39c, and 69c grade for 50c.

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Men's and boys' wool sweaters and chest protectors.

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FOLLOW THE CROWDS TO THE

STAR BARGAIN STORE

138 and 140 Fifth Street.

OUR HORSE PILOTS RETURN IN TRIUMPH.

American Jockeys Who Electrified the Turfmen of All Europe. Work of Trainers.

Nowhere in the field of American endeavor in foreign lands have more signal victories been won than by the American boys who crossed the sea to win fame and money as jockeys and who have achieved success in England, in Germany, in Russia, in Austria, in Hungary, in France, in Belgium—in every land in which they have striven for the mastery.

Danny Maher, the clever little lad who first saw the light in Hartford, Conn., became England's leading jockey; "Cash" Sloane, the elder brother of the more famous "Tod," is the champion jockey of Russia; Fred Taral, once the most popular of American jockeys, is the champion rider of Austria-Hungary; Patsy Freeman is a leader in France, Eddie Ross and Nate Hill are among the foremost riders in Germany, and when there is racing at Ostend and American riders go over there from England or France American supremacy is unquestioned.



FRED TARAL.

Thus far Italy and Spain seem to be the only countries of continental Europe in which the American jockey has failed to establish the fact of his supremacy, and in those countries he has failed only for the very good reason that he has not sought to win fame or money there. With the coming of the day when the American jockey's ambition leads him to seek Italian or Spanish glory and gold Italy and Spain will fall before him just as England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Belgium have fallen before him.

Back of these boys who have triumphed in foreign lands there are other American riders who have distinguished themselves. In addition to Maher, who leads all her jockeys in percentage of winning mounts, England has the Reiff brothers, Lester and Johnnie; Clement Jenkins, J. H. ("Skeets") Martin, Charlie Thorpe and the Waldo brothers, Robert and Jed. Taral's compatriots in Austria-Hungary were Sam Doggett and "Indian" Morgan, the Montana half breed, who rode Marcus Daly's horses three years ago. France has Patsy Freeman, Archie McIntyre and J. Buchanan. Germany has Eddie Ross, Nate Hill and H. Sherrer, the latter rider a brother of Joe Sherrer, who was a jockey of note some years ago and who is now acting as the manager of Jockey Spencer, who is riding in California.

Many of the prominent riders have returned home from abroad during the last six weeks, but there are other Americans still on the other side of the big pond who are not so well known as the boys already named. Mitchell and Bergen did not go to Russia until near the close of the racing season there, so that they did not do much. In Russia Hamilton, the colored rider, was incapacitated early in the season by a kick from a horse which came dangerously close to destroying his sight, and in Austria Doggett, who returned to this country more than a month ago and has been riding fair races here, seemed to be unfortunate from the outset. Nor did the Waldo brothers achieve much, but Maher, the Reiffs, Taral, Jenkins, Martin, Sloane, Thorpe, Freeman, Ross and Hill have had a most successful season.

While all the world is talking of the marvelous achievements born of American business foresight, daring and enterprise—of the building of Yankee bridges in England and Yankee office buildings and street railways in London, practically of the carrying of Yankee coal to Newcastle and Yankee steel to Sheffield—what shall be said of the wonders wrought by the once despised American jockey? Only the man who is acquainted with the turf conditions and the turf opinions which obtained even in this country as recently as a decade ago can begin to understand or to appreciate the tremendous task accomplished and the revolution worked by the American rider who by sheer force of skill has topped a barrier of prejudice mountain high and obstacles that seemed to be as numerous as the sands on the seashore, has gone into England, the home of the thoroughbred, and shattered the traditions of two centuries, has made the Englishman forget his dead idol, Archer, whom until the coming of the American he believed to be the greatest jockey in the history of racing. The American jockey has revolutionized race riding in England and on the continent, and the American trainer, who has won a conspicuous place for himself in England, is fast driving the English trainer from the turf.

Discretion the Better Part.

Miss Gushington—But were you never frightened, captain, when you saw the enemy advancing?

Captain Kandor—No; I felt safe so long as I had a couple of life preservers with me.

Miss Gushington—Life preservers?

Captain Kandor—Yes; my legs.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Figure It Out.

Since the force exerted by the human heart every twenty-four hours is sufficient to lift 120 tons one foot high, when a man tells his sweetheart that "he loves her with all his heart," can it be that he means 10,000 pounds an hour?—New York Times.

A Suggestion.

The Angry Father—What do you expect me to do—send you all the money you ask for or calmly allow you to get into debt?

The Son—You might do both.—Life.

Tree Belting.

Belting a tree—that is, killing it by destroying the bark in a circle around the trunk—injures it for lumber.



Got It In The Neck?

Why didn't you have

TONSILINE

where you could use it the moment you first felt the

SORE THROAT

Cures promptly and effectually. A simple, efficient remedy for any mouth and throat disorder. Aborts Quinsy. Prevents Diphtheria and contagion. Cures sore mouth, hoarseness, croup. 25 and 50c. at your druggists.

THE TONSILINE CO., Canton, O.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

One of the Tricks Performed by the Fakirs of India.

The fakirs of India perform some remarkable tricks. The following one was witnessed by an Englishman who was himself an excellent prestidigitateur:

The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body.

She then began to move around and around, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this, and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillarlike form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned and began to mold the light with her hand, and, though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs all molded and finally the face and headgear. She next called for a light, and, the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly, evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand. His hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit.

After he had talked and drunk a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about. The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few minutes the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time before the eyes of at least 50 people and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward.

THE MARKETS.

Pittsburg, Dec. 19.

WHEAT—No. 2 red winter, 71@72c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow shelled, 74½@75c; high mixed, 73@74c; No. 2 mixed, 72@73c; No. 2 yellow ear, 74½@75c; high mixed, 73@74c; No. 2 mixed, 72@73c.

OATS—No. 2 white, 54½@55c; extra No. 3 white, 53½@54c; regular No. 3, 52½@53c.

HAY—Choice timothy, $15.00@15.50; No. 1 do, $14.50@15.00; No. 2 do, $13.25@14.00; No. 1 mixed, $11.50@12.00; No. 1 clover, $11.25@11.75; prairie, $10.50@11.00; packing, $8.00@10.00; loose from wagon, $16.00@17.00.

BUTTER—Elgin creamery prints, 27½@28c; do tubs, 26½@27c; Ohio and Pennsylvania creamery, 24½@25c; dairy butter, 18@19c; fresh country roll, 16@17c; cooking butter, 14@16c.

CHEESE—New York, full cream, 11½@12c; Ohio, 11½c; ¾ cream, Ohio, 9½@10c; Ohio Swiss, tubs, 13@14c; Wisconsin Swiss, tubs, 15@15½c; 20-lb blocks, Swiss, new, 15@15½c; 5-lb brick cheese, 13@13½c; limberger, 13c.

EGGS—Fresh candled, doz., 26@28c; storage, 20@22c.

POULTRY—Chickens, live hens, per lb, 8@8½c; springers, 8½@9c; roosters, 5@6c per lb; turkeys, old, per lb, 8@9c; turkeys, spring, 9@9½c; old turkeys, dressed, 14@15c; spring turkeys, dressed, 14@15c; hens, dressed, per lb, 12½@13c; fresh spring, dressed, per lb, 13@14c; geese, 8@9c; ducks, spring, 10@11c; dressed, 15@16c.

Pittsburg, Dec. 19.

CATTLE — Choice, $6.00@6.30; prime, $5.70@5.90; good, $5.20@5.50; tidy butchers', $4.50@5.00; fair, $4.00@4.50; common, $2.75@3.75; heifers, $3.50@4.75; fat cows, $1.50@4.00; bulls and stags, $2.05@4.25; good fresh cows, $40.00@60.00; fair to fresh cows, $25.00@35.00.

HOGS—Prime heavies, $6.45@6.55; heavy mediums, $6.25@6.35; light mediums, $6.15@6.20; heavy Yorkers, $6.05@6.10; light Yorkers, $5.70@5.95; pigs, $5.50@5.60; roughs, $4.50@5.90.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Best wethers, $3.75@4.00; good, $3.25@3.60; mixed, $2.50@3.10; culls and common, $1.00@2.00; yearlings, $3.00@4.10; lambs, $3.00@3.35; veal calves, $6.50@7.50.

NEXT YEAR'S CAPTAINS

Men Chosen to Lead Various College Football Teams.

CAREER OF KERNAN, HARVARD.

G. B. Chadwick, Who Is to Guide the Yale Eleven, Is a Brother of Charley, the Former New Haven Star. R. T. Davis of Princeton.

Most of the large colleges have elected their football captains for next year. The selection of the man who is to lead the gridiron squad is always an important feature of college life and usually the man that wins in the contest of ballets is one of reputation, experience and pleasing personality.

The newly elected captain must start immediately to map out plans for the next season's play. Dozens of details pop up to engage his attention, and he finds, much to his surprise, that during eight months out of the twelve he must remain a partial slave to the requirements of his office.

Yale, Princeton and Harvard have picked out splendid men for football leaders. Their reputations and actual accomplishments have been such as to invite the confidence of their pigskin associates.

The New Haven kickers have placed themselves under the guidance of G. B. Chadwick. Chadwick is the only member of the Yale eleven who has played more than one season. For three years he has been right halfback. He prepared for Yale at the Brooklyn High school. He is a brother of Charley Chadwick, the famous Yale guard and intercollegiate strong man. Chadwick says that he will not announce his head coach and his policy for several months.

Robert P. Kernan of Brooklyn is the new captain of the Harvard varsity football team. Kernan is now a junior in the academic department of the college and is one of the most popular men in his class. He has been prominent in three branches of college athletics and this fall distinguished himself on the gridiron both by his phenomenal punting and by his clever work as an end runner.

Kernan prepared for college at the Brooklyn Polytechnic school. When he went to Harvard, he did not at once distinguish himself as a football player, but was looked upon as more of a baseball man. In his freshman year he played substitute halfback on his class team, and in what games he played in he did most of the kicking. In the spring he was second pitcher on the varsity ball nine and relieved Stillman in several of the big games.

After playing with the baseball squad most of last season Kernan went on



R. P. KERNAN, HARVARD'S NEW CAPTAIN.

to the track team, but could not get into condition to do much in the Yale games. He was taken on the Harvard squad, however, to compete with Yale against Oxford and Cambridge and in the international games tied Spraker of Yale for first place, but was finally beaten out in the jump off, the bar standing at 6 feet 1 inch.

This fall he was at once picked as the first man for left halfback on the football team and all through the season has been considered the most valuable man on the team, particularly on account of his kicking ability.

Ralph Tipton Davis of Blossburg, Pa., has been elected captain of the Princeton football team for the season of 1902. Davis prepared at the Andover (Mass.) school, where he played tackle and captained the team. While at Andover he was considered a star at the tackle position, but on entering Princeton in the fall of 1900 he was placed by the coaches at end. Before the Yale game, however, he was changed to right tackle and held up his previous reputation. This year he has been playing end all season, and his uniformly brilliant work, which was especially evident in the game against Yale at New Haven, has won for him the reputation of being one of the best ends on the gridiron. The new captain is twenty-one years old, weighs 168 pounds and measures 5 feet 7 inches.

Motor Tour of the World.

The first project of touring the world in an automobile has been made. An English resident of Paris would make the journey in a gasoline machine of five horsepower if the French Automobile club will furnish him with the requisite gasoline at the stations on the route. He guarantees to make the trip within a year.

FAVORITE OLD HYMN

Proposed Elimination of "Sweet Hour of Prayer" From Methodist Collections.

Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mt. Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

Vigorous protests are being made by members and pastors of the Methodist Episcopal church over the action of the committee appointed at the last meeting of the general conference to revise the present hymnal, in excluding the old Methodist hymn quoted above from the proposed new hymnal. The committee objected to the last line of the verse, namely "Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r."

Dr. Clark Crawford, of the First M E. church, when asked for an opinion on the action of the committee said: "I do not want to see this old hymn excluded from the new hymnal. It is inspiring, and the objections raised by the committee are, to my mind, far fetched. In its literal meaning the writer of the poem tried to convey the meaning in the last line as being the place of worship, and not the idea of future prayer. Congregational singing is essential to a good service, and to eliminate such hymns from the new book as this one is a pity."

It is said the committee is considering the advisability of also dropping from the new book the hymn, "He Lead Me, Oh Blessed Thought."

Fancy box of cigars, all prices, for the holiday trade, at J. J. ROSE.S. 159-a

THE SURPRISE CLOTHING HOUSE, invites you to an inspection of their large and varied line of Xmas goods, consisting of fine umbrellas, hats, suits, ties, sweaters, mufflers, shirts, fancy hosiery, overcoats, etc. 159-l

Warm overshoes that defy zero weather. All styles, at 159-h FRANK, SHUMAKER & CO.

An excellent enamel or patent colt skin shoe for young men; extension sole; not the kind that cracks, at $3.40 and $4.00. 150-h R. W. SAMPLE & CO.

General layout of all kinds of nuts and candies. 159-h T. B. MURPHY.

The swell thing in fancy box papers for Christmas. Anderson's Diamond Pharmacy. 154-i

Everything in the vegetable line for a good Christmas dinner. Schmidt's Cash Grocery. 159-h

Kodaks—See Eastman's new Plate Cameras at the Milligan Hardware & Supply Co. 159-r

Too Suggestive.

An English clergyman had married a young woman with a reputed dowry of about £10,000, while he himself had "great expectations." Needless to say, every soul in the village knew about it. It was the first Sunday after their return from the honeymoon, and when the sermon was finished the parson proceeded, as usual, to give out the hymn, verse for verse, to his rustic congregation.

All went well until the fifth verse was reached, and the parson began, "Forever let my grateful heart," when suddenly and with some confusion he exclaimed, "Omit the fifth verse!" and immediately began to recite aloud the sixth verse instead. Those who had hymnbooks promptly read the fifth verse:

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now
And bids me hope for more.

Pursuing an Elephant.

Any one who has once followed a traveling elephant will not show any undue haste to repeat the amusement. They sail along at an average pace of six miles an hour, regardless of the country, and stop for a bath or a short siesta perhaps once every three days. Anything more exasperating than following very fresh spoor at a dog trot, hour after hour in a blazing sun, only to find at a late hour in the afternoon that one was 40 miles from camp, with no food or water, and that the elephant had increased his lead from one mile to ten, it would be difficult to imagine.—Everybody's Magazine.

Four Good Habits.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second mistakes the most hurtful to your own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done, and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

It is a curious fact that mayonnaise dressing will disagree with delicate people, whereas the same ingredients put together without an egg (French dressing) will be easily digested.

Get the best—the Evening News Review.

THE STAR BARGAIN STORE

Is the Place to Buy Your Christmas Presents at Great Saving Prices.

Come, Look Around and See Our Stock of Useful Christmas Presents and Learn Our Prices.

Fur Scarfs.

We are selling lots of them. It makes a very nice and useful Christmas present. We are offering our entire line at great saving prices.

Umbrellas.

50 new ladies' umbrellas cheap at $2 for $1.49.

Solid silver handled ladies' umbrellas, $3.50 grade for $2.49.

A beautiful line of ladies' umbrellas at $2.98, $3.49, $3.98, $4.50 and up to $6.98. Every one worth from $1.00 to $2.00 more.

A great line of men's umbrellas at $1.49, $1.98, $2.49, $2.98 and up to $5.00.

Linens.

Special values in bleached table linens at 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.25.

A great line of napkins, beautiful designs, from $1.00 to $4.00 a dozen.

A new line of fringed table cloths in plain white and colored borders at $1.25, $1.49 and $1.98.

Hemstitched table cloths worth $2.50 for $1.75.

Hemstitched table cloths worth $3 for $2.49.

Large size towels with open work or hemstitched for 25c.

A beautiful line of towels at 30c, 39c, 50c, 69c and 98c.

A full line of hemstitched linen doilies, stand covers and dresser scarfs, plain and stamped at saving prices.

Pocket Books.

Special values in pocket books at 25c, 50c, 65c, and up to $1.25.

Leather chatelaines from 25c to $1.25.

Silver chatelaines from 50c to $1.25.

Bead chatelaines from 75c to $4.98 which you cannot match in town.

Fascinators and Shawls.

We show the greatest line of wool and ice wool fascinators and Shetland wool circular shawls at the lowest prices.

In Our Cloak Department.

We offer our entire line of coats, 42 inch jackets, raglans and newmarkets at prices you will not get other places even after Christmas. If you want to get one for yourself or for a Christmas present, come at once as they are going very fast, and save from $2.50 to $6.00.

Our entire line of children's coats from 2 to 14 years at great reduced prices.

Capes.

Every cloth and plush cape must go now and we put prices on them to sell them quick. Do not miss this chance.

Tailor-Made Suits.

The balance of our stock to be closed out and we put prices on them to move them quick. Come now while you can get your size.

Silk Waists.

Colored silk waists worth $4.50, reduced to $2.98.

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Tree Belting.

Belting a tree—that is, killing it by destroying the bark in a circle around the trunk—injures it for lumber.

Can there be a more laudable ambition than for a man to desire to own the roof that shelters him and his?

Sale List No. 14.

(Every street, class, addition and kind of properties in our city are listed in our previous 12 lists. Call for them.)

164. Avondale St.—4 rooms, 2 alcoves, pantry, frame, slate roof dwelling; front and side porches, good cellar, building of recent erection, well lying lot; located in the center of lower Avondale residence district. Price, $1,700.

165. College St.—Two-story, 8-room, slate roof dwelling, lot 30x55. Convenient to business center. Price upon inquiry.

166. Thompson Ave. and Ravine St. —7-room frame, slate roof dwelling, portico, cellar, water, gas. Lot 30 feet wide fronting on both streets. Lot and dwelling in first-class order. An interesting proposition at $2,600.

THE VAST ARMY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS WHO OWN THEIR HOMES HAVE COMMITTED THEMSELVES TO THE PERPETUATION OF A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

167. Fairview St.—4-room, slate roof house, cellar, stable, city water. Lot 30x120. Price, $1,050.

168. Chestnut St., Sunnyside. Dwelling of 6 rooms; pantry, cellar, portico, gas and water. Lot 32x97; corner on alley. Price, $2,400.

169. Bradshaw Ave.—4-room house of recent erection, slate roof, portico, cellar, water, gas. Lot 30x100. Price, $1,800.

WHY NOT JOIN THAT ARMY?

170. Edgewood Ave. Cottage of 4 rooms; gas, water, cellar. A pleasant place. Lot 45x100. Price, $1,050.

171. Grant St.—One-half square from West Market St.; 2-story frame, slate roof dwelling of 6 rooms; front and rear, upper and lower porticos; fine cellar, gas and water, interior of the house grained and papered and in first-class condition. Nice lawn well sodded and kept. No repairs or alterations needed. Convenient to center of the city. Street paved and sewered. Price, $2,800.

172. Jefferson St.—3-room cottage and basement; kitchen and dining room. Lot fronts 51 feet on street and 65 feet on C. & P. railroad., main line. For a residence, its river view and closeness to the river factories commends it. As a site for a warehouse its abutting on the railroad makes it good. Let us show it to you. Price, $1,600.

WE'LL ARRANGE FINANCIAL MATTERS FOR YOU IF YOU ARE SHORT.

173. An up-to-date residence; large, well built, with every convenience; well located in the central part of the city. It takes money to buy it but we will sell at a liberal discount off it's value and cost. Particulars upon inquiry.

174. Another up-to-date residence, not so expensive. Well located, large and roomy; every convenience; extras such as library, smoking room, etc. Hardwood finish, elegant cabinet mantels. This will cost you $4500.

175. Yet another modern residence; this one is brick; contains 12 rooms; large lot; all modern conveniences; centrally located. Price upon inquiry.

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Suits, Top-coats, reefers, and men's and boy's Underwear, Ties, Shirts, Bathrobes, Smoking Jackets, etc. Umbrellas and leather goods, Trunks, Satchels, etc.

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Can there be a more laudable ambition than for a man to desire to own the roof that shelters him and his?

Sale List No. 14.

(Every street, class, addition and kind of properties in our city are listed in our previous 13 lists. Call for them.)

164. Avondale St.—4 rooms, 2 alcoves, pantry, frame, slate roof dwelling; front and side porches, good cellar, building of recent erection, well lying lot; located in the center of lower Avondale residence district. Price, $1,700.

165. College St.—Two-story, 8-room, slate roof dwelling, lot 30x55. Convenient to business center. Price upon inquiry.

166. Thompson Ave. and Ravine St.—7-room frame, slate roof dwelling, portico, cellar, water, gas. Lot 30 feet wide fronting on both streets. Lot and dwelling in first-class order. An interesting proposition at $2,600.

THE VAST ARMY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS WHO OWN THEIR HOMES HAVE COMMITTED THEMSELVES TO THE PERPETUATION OF A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

167. Fairview St.—4-room, slate roof house, cellar, stable, city water. Lot 30x120. Price, $1,050.

168. Chestnut St., Sunnyside. Dwelling of 6 rooms; pantry, cellar, portico, gas and water. Lot 32x97; corner on alley. Price, $2,400.

169. Bradshaw Ave.—4-room house of recent erection, slate roof, portico, cellar, water, gas. Lot 30x100. Price, $1,800.

WHY NOT JOIN THAT ARMY?

170. Edgewood Ave. Cottage of 4 rooms; gas, water, cellar. A pleasant place. Lot 45x100. Price, $1,050.

171. Grant St.—One-half square from West Market St.; 2-story frame, slate roof dwelling of 6 rooms; front and rear, upper and lower porticos; fine cellar, gas and water, interior of the house grained and papered and in first-class condition. Nice lawn well sodded and kept. No repairs or alterations needed. Convenient to center of the city. Street paved and sewered. Price, $2,800.

172. Jefferson St.—3-room cottage and basement; kitchen and dining room. Lot fronts 51 feet on street and 65 feet on C. & P. railroad., main line. For a residence, its river view and closeness to the river factories commends it. As a site for a warehouse its abutting on the railroad makes it good. Let us show it to you. Price, $1,600.

WE'LL ARRANGE FINANCIAL MATTERS FOR YOU IF YOU ARE SHORT.

173. An up-to-date residence; large, well built, with every convenience; well located in the central part of the city. It takes money to buy it but we will sell at a liberal discount off it's value and cost. Particulars upon inquiry.

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Second Part. EVENING NEWS REVIEW. **Pages 9 to 16.**

18TH YEAR. NO. 159. EAST LIVERPOOL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1901. TWO CENTS.

And His Name Shall Be Called Wonderful



THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By M. K. Rutledge.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]

I had taken advantage of the absence of the children on an errand to drag the Christmas tree out of the cellar and set it up in the parlor. It was Christmas eve. My wife had left me alone with the tree for a few minutes while she went to get a spool of green silk which she thought would be an improvement for tying purposes on the white cord which I had begun to use.

Presently the room darkened as if filled by a cloud, and the cloud gathered into a compact mass near me, startling me. Much more was I frightened as it gradually assumed the shape of a tall, long bearded old man, but when the figure grew still more distinct and I saw the benignant smile and the hands full of ornaments fit for my tree my fear subsided.

"Here," said the spirit, handing me a little box, "is something which you should not dress your tree without. It is the observance of all good old Christmas customs. Too many have been neglected in the past. Within are instructions for making wassail, for composing carols, for mumming, for the game of snapdragon and indeed for all the ceremonies wherewith good folks were wont to honor Christmas before we fell upon these degenerate days."

Reverently I took the box and hung it up.

"This," said he, handing me a small lamp, "you should fill and trim at each Christmastide, but keep lighted all the year around for your children's sake. It is the lamp of good example."

With a mental vow I took the lamp and set it lighted among the sweet smelling fir branches.

Out of a bag he shook a heap of spangly, shining ornaments on the floor.

"The wit, the song, the story and the loud laughter which ought to garnish your Christmas," said he. "Do not hang them up yet. The box of ancient custom will show you how to arrange them on the tree. But here is something indispensable."

Another bag was emptied. Sweetmeats in all forms and of all sorts, I thought.

He read my mind. "All of one kind," he said—"all the sweets of cheerfulness—though they have a varied look. Yet they never pall on the taste. Hang them up at once. They are magical sweets, never disappearing no matter how freely they are partaken of if you only desire them to remain. Keep them in the house all the year. Let each member of your family carry some always, but never forget to put the whole hoard on the Christmas tree."



REVERENTLY I TOOK THE BOX.

I had been hanging them while he spoke. He now stopped me with:

"There is not much more time for me to stay here, so I will trouble you to attend to the rest of what I say, doing no work meanwhile. Here are the apples of plenty. You gather them by persistent endeavor during the year. Never fail to garnish your tree with them, one for each member of your family and one for the wayfarer.

"I give you lastly this golden taper. You are to set it lighted on top of the tree, and when the time for present giving comes you are to present it to your good lady. You are both to keep it lighted all the year around. It is the taper of love and loyalty."

"And who are you?" I asked, seeing that he began to fade away.

"The true spirit of Christmas," replied he faintly and was gone.

One Chance Left.

"I know why you always sit up so late on Christmas eve, Miss Oldgal."

"And why do I, Freddy?"

"You think mebbe you'll see Santa Claus and he'll ask you to marry him."

Hard Luck.



Johnny Bug—Why, what are you crying about, Willy?

Willy Centiped — Boo-hoo! I hung up my stockings, and Santa Claus only put presents in thirty-nine of 'em! Boo-hoo!

POLLY MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE

A Story of Country Life at Yuletide by Eliza Archard Conner.

[Copyright, 1901, by Eliza Archard Conner.]

She was only sixteen, pretty Polly Martin, with round, soft cheeks the color of apple blossom buds and eyes as blue as the skies of her own native Canada. She had six brothers and sisters, all like herself born in the beautiful country.

Her father was a tenant farmer in a new settlement in western Canada. Pretty Polly milked the cows, fed the pigs and chickens and helped her mother with the children. When she could get employment away from home, she went out to service. Being brought up with so many children had made her very useful about a house; patient, too, and she was naturally sweet tempered, so people were glad to have her with them. And then they liked to see her in their houses because she was so pretty.

The Martins' nearest neighbor was three miles away. This was not because neighbors were so few, but because Mr. Martin's employer, Thomas Valentine, owned all the land between his own house and the log cottage where the Martins lived. But Polly was not lonely. She never thought of being so. On the contrary, she was very happy. Polly loved nature. If she raised her eyes a moment from her work and looked toward the west, she saw the grand green forest flashing and ringing with the bright winged, sweet voiced birds that civilization had not yet killed out.

If she glanced toward the northern horizon, there was the undimmed sky, radiant blue, with a marvelous gleam of silvery brightness in it that stretched away—away to the north pole itself. Eastward there was the crystal pure brook dancing to the music of its own everlasting little tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, which not even the ice of winter was able quite to subdue. Polly thought it was the sweetest music that is or ever was, and I am not sure she was wrong. To the south there were the sleek heifers wading and feeding in the clover, the white coats of the sheep shining out against the emerald pasture, and beyond, mile on mile, stretching far as eye could see, the great grainfields already changing from green to gold. Polly's heart leaped with gladness when she looked.

At Christmas time, the year Polly was sixteen, Mr. Valentine's family sent for her to come and help them for a week. Mr. Valentine lived in a handsome house surrounded by vineyards and orchards of apples, peaches, plums and pears. Near the mansion was the shining white dairy house, with the big power churn that they made the Jersey bull work by walking on a treadmill, to his intense disgust, which he showed by pawing the ground and bellowing, with his tail in the air, so soon as he was released from the humiliating treadmill.

Farmer Valentine reared grand draft horses large as small elephants and shining Christmas beeves every year for the market. Two days before Christmas that year he made his annual sale of beeves and got unusually good prices for them. It was too late to put the money he received into the bank that day, so Mr. Valentine brought it home with him, $500 in gold and silver, and locked it in a bureau drawer. Polly did not know it was there.

On the evening of the 24th of December the farmers of the county gave their annual Christmas ball. It was a great event, bringing together socially friends widely separated who did not see one another often during the rest of the year. Polly was wanted to keep the Valentine house while the family should be away at the ball. They went early, for there was a ten mile sleigh ride between them and the town where the ball was. The great sleigh, with its big, handsome horses pawing the snow and shaking their massive necks to make the bells jingle, was drawn up before the carriage door of the farmhouse, and one after another the family took their places in it. Those fine, intelligent horses looked as if they enjoyed the prospect of the sleigh ride as much as any one.

After they had gone Polly went around the house to see that all was in order for the night. She peeped into the fruithouse first just to glad her eye with the sight of the long shelves loaded with red cheeked apples and with shining green and yellow pears wrapped in tissue paper to make them keep till Christmas. She looked down into the box where lay a few bunches of late autumn grapes, the down still upon their fat, purple cheeks. They pleased Polly's artistic eye.

Next Polly fed the pigs and locked the poultry houses. Then she went indoors. The house was a modern built one, with large double plate glass windows to keep the cold out and with a great furnace in the cellar from which hot air pipes carried warmth into all the rooms. Many a king's palace was less comfortable than this house. Polly looked to see that doors and windows were fastened; then she sat down in the warm dining room to read and knit and think by turns.

Polly was not lonely or afraid. The country neighborhood was considered quite safe, and, besides, pioneer girls are not the kind to scream at a mouse. She remained up till 11 because she did not like to leave the warm fire. Then she felt sleepy and prepared to go to bed. The family would not be back till 3 o'clock in the morning. The guests at the ball danced till midnight; then they had supper, then a farewell cotillon. Then for the Valentines came the ten miles' sleigh ride.

In their home at 11 o'clock Polly, the cool headed, strong armed border girl, went down to the cellar to give the furnace a last feeding and shake up for the night and to see that it was not hot enough to set the house on fire on the one hand and that it should give out heat enough on the other hand to make the rooms warm and cozy for the family when they arrived. Then she went back to the dining room. To Polly, who lived in a cabin, but who nevertheless liked pretty things as well as any one, that room looked beautiful, with its crimson painted walls and the handsome silverware sparkling upon the sideboard. She had heard that silverware was worth $400, and she eyed it with something like awe. What a lot of money!

Admiring the silverware, Polly did not notice how time passed till she looked up with a start and saw it was half past 11. She jumped to her feet, and at that moment exactly she heard the sound of a sleigh and the horses' hoof beats upon the snow. What had happened to bring the Valentines home three hours and a half sooner than they expected to come?

But, no! Listen! Where were the sleighbells? They did not ring. They were muffled—the bells on this sleigh. What did it mean? It might mean harm, danger, terror, if the sleigh with the muffled bells stopped in front of the farmhouse.

It did stop.

Poor Polly's breath almost stopped, too, a moment later when she heard two men approach the door and talk together in a low voice. The next moment they hammered on the door tremendously, making all the noise they could to scare the girl the more, and one of them ordered her in a thundering voice to open the door:

"Open this door, Polly Martin! We know you are in there all alone, and there's $500 in the house that Valentine brought home yesterday, and we're going to have it."

But Polly said never a word, only sat still, so still she might have been carved out of stone.

"Open this door!" roared the men again. But the beating of Polly's heart was the only sound in answer, and they could not hear that. Then they pounded harder than ever and kicked the door and shook it in a rage. But it was of brave oak, strong and well seasoned, and would not yield. The robbers were in a fury. Once again they called to her, cursing her horribly. They said:

"If you open the door, we will let you off alive. If you don't, we'll get in anyhow, and then we'll shoot you dead for sure."

Still little Polly would not open.

The noise at the door ceased. What would the next terror be? Polly soon understood. The robbers went to a window. It was easy enough to force the shutter. Then there was a faint grinding sound. The burglars were cutting the large, new fashioned window pane with a diamond. And yet Polly would not open the door. Indeed it would have been no good to do so now, for the robbers would soon be in the room anyhow. Polly only sat still and waited for her doom. Her tongue felt dry in her mouth. She felt so cold her teeth chattered, and she could not even hear her heart beat now, for it seemed to almost stop.

Crash went the outer pane. The grinding, cutting sound began on the inner one. It was quickly loose on two sides; only a matter of five minutes more for Polly, and then—

And then, in the very nick of time, in the last moment, there came a sound of sleighbells, merry chiming, sweet and clear, tinkle, tinkle, like the fairy bells she had heard tell in her childhood sounded in the air above people's heads sometimes. Yes, thank God, it was bells, but real sleighbells, and very, very near! The robbers took to their heels and to their sleigh with the muffled bells and drove off as fast as they could lash their horses to go.

But it was not the family returning. Nobody came into the house. No sleigh stopped in front, neither did any move past with its merry ting-a-ling of music, though Polly certainly heard the bells a moment or two longer. Then all quieted down. But Polly was too shaken up now to go to bed at all. She sat there alone, frightened and trembling, three hours longer till the family came home. She was only a girl, you know, scarcely more than a child.

But where were the sleighbells that had saved Polly's life and the Valentines' property? You would never guess, and it was some time before they found out for certain. The story is really a wonderful one, and, best of all, it is a true story.

In the harness house a large white cat was kept to destroy the rats and mice. She seldom left the harness house and had a warm bed made for her in a barrel of hay. That afternoon a careless stableman had thrown a set of sleighbells across the barrel where pussy's bed was. The noise the robbers made disturbed her, and she had jumped out to see what it meant. In doing so, being a large, heavy cat, she shook the bells and jangled them, and that was what scared the burglars off.

* * * * * * *

Polly took a fine, big, honest husband a few years later and is living in a pretty country home of her own, with the radiant skies above her, the woods and orchards and green fields around her, the very scenes to her so well beloved. There she will probably live to tell her grandchildren how the cat shook the sleighbells and saved her life and Farmer Valentine's $500. After all, which is the real heroine of the story, Polly or pussy? One question more:

Was it a mere accident that the cat shook the bells and made them ring at the particular moment she did or was it something else?

XMAS FEASTING IN OLD ENGLAND

By J. P. Donn.

[Copyright, 1901, by Hamilton Musk.]

When, in 1647, Puritan sentiment caused the parliament of England to abolish Christmas formally, on the ground of pagan origin and what it deemed pagan observance, most of the people grieved sorely and yearned with such good effect for the return of the old custom that today the season is kept as their chief festival by English speaking people.

About that period there was published at Oxford a document entitled "An Hue and Cry For Christmas" which reveals quaintly the popular yearning.

"Any man or woman * * * that can give any knowledge or tell any tidings of an old, old, very old, gray bearded gentleman called Christmas, who was wont to be a verie familiar ghest and visite all sorts of people, both pore and rich, and used to appear in glittering gold, silk and silver in the court, and in all shapes in the theater in Whitehall and had ringing, feasts and jollity in all places, both in the citie and countrie for his comming * * * whosoever can tel what is become of him, or where he may be found, let them bring him back again into England."

So back again he came, but not to the same honors as of old. Never again was there to be such feasting as in the old days, all the public ceremonial which used to greet him was gone forever. Today the Christmas celebration is an event of the home and the children among reunited families instead of the gay street pomp of old.

The English lore of high Christmas feasting goes back beyond history into the banquet hall of King Arthur, and having read it the reader wonders no more at the mighty deeds performed by the lance of Launcelot or the broad Excalibur. Whistlecraft thus sets the legend in rhyme:

They served up salmon, venison and wild boars
By hundreds, by dozens and by scores,
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beeves and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons and in fine
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies and custard,
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead and ale and cider of our own,
For porter, punch and negus were not known.

In the middle ages, beginning with the king, every one feasted during the two weeks of Christmastide to the very best of his physical and financial ability, and none was too poor to have his fill of the Christmas cheer. Open house was the absolute rule. The wayfarer was welcome anywhere, the wassail bowl passed from the hand of the king to his nobles at court, from the hand of the baron to his retainers hilarously celebrating with him around the blazing Yule log in the center of his hall, the abbot's capons and good ale warmed the heart of the penniless wanderer if he did not choose farming house or hall to spend the Yuletide in. Anywhere he would be royally entertained, for every one had his own Yule log and wassail bowl, and the average bill of fare may be judged from this gem from Evans' collection of old ballads:

All you that to feasting or mirth are inclined
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind.
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house;
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse.
Then come, boys, and welcome, for diet the chief
Plum pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef.

The public pageants were masquerades, each under the direction of a lord of misrule, or abbot of misrule, as he was sometimes called, who directed the sports and mummeries of the maskers and all the festivities of the others. The lord of misrule who misruled in the court had a liberal appropriation from parliament for himself and his attendants. The lords and barons had each their own appointed mummers and there were other bands of them, self appointed, who roamed about the country on a grand spree during the holidays. The excesses of these in time caused the custom to be abolished by law.

In houses and halls, under the holly and ivy and mistletoe, the merrymaking proceeded for the men in the old days, with a kiss for Joan every time she was found under the omnipresent mistletoe, but there was no special part of the festivity for the little ones, with the exception of singing the carols in expectation of gifts, until the prince consort of Queen Victoria introduced from Germany the Christmas tree and Santa Claus.

ODD CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS

By Warrington Wayne.

[Copyright, 1901, by W. L. Vail.]

Perhaps the most interesting of Christmas superstitions to the young people is that which puts the maid under the curse of another year's celibacy unless she be kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas. For years and years female ingenuity struggled with the problem of finding a fitting place in the room for the mistletoe. A fitting place is one under which the maiden must pass. It is not seemly for her to seek kisses. The problem was solved years ago. The mistletoe was put over the door.

In this country two mistletoe leaves are placed together before the fire by many an anxious lover. He or she names the leaves secretly. If they fly together as they grow crisp, those they represent will wed; if they fly apart, fate wills otherwise.

But the greater Christmas superstitions concern themselves with the recognition of the holy hour of midnight on Christmas eve by the lower animals.

The rooster is supposed to be the most sapient of these in this regard. His crowing, at other seasons heralding the dawn, is well known by all true believers in ghosts to be a notice to prowling spirits to hie them home. In the holy season he crows at intervals all through the night, the superstition says, to keep the earth clear of these nocturnal ramblers. Shakespeare alludes to this belief in "Hamlet:"

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

In many parts of Europe there is a superstition to the effect that at the midnight hour, when Christmas day begins, the cattle kneel in the stalls. Many can be found who testify that they have seen this phenomenon. They have gone into the dark stables with lanterns, awaking the beasts, which usually rise after such disturbance. In the course of half an hour or so the animals grow used to the light and lie down again. In lying down they kneel.

The miners of Derbyshire, England, hear masses sung by invisible choristers in deep and distant recesses of their mines as the hour of midnight arrives.

In other parts of England bees, then in their torpor, "sing" in the hives. Sheep on the continent have been observed to start on pilgrimages toward the east in imitation of the shepherds of old.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Many of those superstitions have reached North America. They thrive better in Canada than in the United States. Howison tells of an Indian in upper Canada whom he found creeping late on Christmas eve on hands and knees to get a look at the deer kneeling at the midnight hour.

Sir Walter Scott tells us that, according to a popular belief, those who were born on Christmas had the gift of seeing ghosts. The Spaniards attributed the haggard look of Philip II. to this undesirable faculty.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

The times are changed, the world grows old;
We have no more the age of gold.
Perchance it is decline; perchance
'Tis but the tokens of advance;
But nowadays we hold no more
That once good fellowship of yore.
It may be that the strain and stress
Of our mad times bring joylessness;
It may be that our feverish days
Forget the old, good, genial ways.

II.

But, thanks to one persistent spark,
Unrest and haste and care and cark
Not yet shall strip our aging heart
Of all its old congenial art.
Aye, thanks to that still jovial day,
We shall forget and make our way
With dance and frolic, friends and rhyme,
Back through grim ages to the time
When "laughter, holding both his sides,"
Turned all men's days to Christmastides.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

A Bountiful Giver.

"Is Pooreman's rich wife liberal with him on Christmas?"

"She was last year."

"What did she present him with?"

"Triplets."

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18TH YEAR. NO. 159. EAST LIVERPOOL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1901. TWO CENTS.

And His Name Shall Be Called Wonderful

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By M. K. Rutledge.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]

I had taken advantage of the absence of the children on an errand to drag the Christmas tree out of the cellar and set it up in the parlor. It was Christmas eve. My wife had left me alone with the tree for a few minutes while she went to get a spool of green silk which she thought would be an improvement for tying purposes on the white cord which I had begun to use.

Presently the room darkened as if filled by a cloud, and the cloud gathered into a compact mass near me, startling me. Much more was I frightened as it gradually assumed the shape of a tall, long bearded old man, but when the figure grew still more distinct and I saw the benignant smile and the hands full of ornaments fit for my tree my fear subsided.

"Here," said the spirit, handing me a little box, "is something which you should not dress your tree without. It is the observance of all good old Christmas customs. Too many have been neglected in the past. Within are instructions for making wassail, for composing carols, for mumming, for the game of snapdragon and indeed for all the ceremonies wherewith good folks were wont to honor Christmas before we fell upon these degenerate days."

Reverently I took the box and hung it up.

"This," said he, handing me a small lamp, "you should fill and trim at each Christmastide, but keep lighted all the year around for your children's sake. It is the lamp of good example."

With a mental vow I took the lamp and set it lighted among the sweet smelling fir branches.

Out of a bag he shook a heap of spangly, shining ornaments on the floor.

"The wit, the song, the story and the loud laughter which ought to garnish your Christmas," said he. "Do not hang them up yet. The box of ancient custom will show you how to arrange them on the tree. But here is something indispensable."

Another bag was emptied. Sweetmeats in all forms and of all sorts, I thought.

He read my mind. "All of one kind," he said—"all the sweets of cheerfulness—though they have a varied look. Yet they never pall on the taste. Hang them up at once. They are magical sweets, never disappearing no matter how freely they are partaken of if you only desire them to remain. Keep them in the house all the year. Let each member of your family carry some always, but never forget to put the whole board on the Christmas tree."



REVERENTLY I TOOK THE BOX.

I had been hanging them while he spoke. He now stopped me with:

"There is not much more time for me to stay here, so I will trouble you to attend to the rest of what I say, doing no work meanwhile. Here are the apples of plenty. You gather them by persistent endeavor during the year. Never fail to garnish your tree with them, one for each member of your family and one for the wayfarer.

"I give you lastly this golden taper. You are to set it lighted on top of the tree, and when the time for present giving comes you are to present it to your good lady. You are both to keep it lighted all the year around. It is the taper of love and loyalty."

"And who are you?" I asked, seeing that he began to fade away.

"The true spirit of Christmas," replied he faintly and was gone.

One Chance Left.

"I know why you always sit up so late on Christmas eve, Miss Oldgal."

"And why do I, Freddy?"

"You think mebbe you'll see Santa Claus and he'll ask you to marry him."

Hard Luck.



Johnny Bug—Why, what are you crying about, Willy?

Willy Centiped — Boo-hoo! I hung up my stockings, and Santa Claus only put presents in thirty-nine of 'em! Boo-hoo!



POLLY MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE

A Story of Country Life at Yuletide by Eliza Archard Conner.

[Copyright, 1901, by Eliza Archard Conner.]

She was only sixteen, pretty Polly Martin, with round, soft cheeks the color of apple blossom buds and eyes as blue as the skies of her own native Canada. She had six brothers and sisters, all like herself born in the beautiful country.

Her father was a tenant farmer in a new settlement in western Canada. Pretty Polly milked the cows, fed the pigs and chickens and helped her mother with the children. When she could get employment away from home, she went out to service. Being brought up with so many children had made her very useful about a house; patient, too, and she was naturally sweet tempered, so people were glad to have her with them. And then they liked to see her in their houses because she was so pretty.

The Martins' nearest neighbor was three miles away. This was not because neighbors were so few, but because Mr. Martin's employer, Thomas Valentine, owned all the land between his own house and the log cottage where the Martins lived. But Polly was not lonely. She never thought of being so. On the contrary, she was very happy. Polly loved nature. If she raised her eyes a moment from her work and looked toward the west, she saw the grand green forest flashing and ringing with the bright winged, sweet voiced birds that civilization had not yet killed out.

If she glanced toward the northern horizon, there was the undimmed sky, radiant blue, with a marvelous gleam of silvery brightness in it that stretched away—away to the north pole itself. Eastward there was the crystal pure brook dancing to the music of its own everlasting little tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, which not even the ice of winter was able quite to subdue. Polly thought it was the sweetest music that is or ever was, and I am not sure she was wrong. To the south there were the sleek heifers wading and feeding in the clover, the white coats of the sheep shining out against the emerald pasture, and beyond, mile on mile, stretching far as eye could see, the great grainfields already changing from green to gold. Polly's heart leaped with gladness when she looked.

At Christmas time, the year Polly was sixteen, Mr. Valentine's family sent for her to come and help them for a week. Mr. Valentine lived in a handsome house surrounded by vineyards and orchards of apples, peaches, plums and pears. Near the mansion was the shining white dairy house, with the big power churn that they made the Jersey bull work by walking on a treadmill, to his intense disgust, which he showed by pawing the ground and bellowing, with his tail in the air, so soon as he was released from the humiliating treadmill.

Farmer Valentine reared grand draft horses large as small elephants and shining Christmas beeves every year for the market. Two days before Christmas that year he made his annual sale of beeves and got unusually good prices for them. It was too late to put the money he received into the bank that day, so Mr. Valentine brought it home with him, $500 in gold and silver, and locked it in a bureau drawer. Polly did not know it was there.

On the evening of the 24th of December the farmers of the county gave their annual Christmas ball. It was a great event, bringing together socially friends widely separated who did not see one another often during the rest of the year. Polly was wanted to keep the Valentine house while the family should be away at the ball. They went early, for there was a ten mile sleigh ride between them and the town where the ball was. The great sleigh, with its big, handsome horses pawing the snow and shaking their massive necks to make the bells jingle, was drawn up before the carriage door of the farmhouse, and one after another the family took their places in it. Those fine, intelligent horses looked as if they enjoyed the prospect of the sleigh ride as much as any one.

After they had gone Polly went around the house to see that all was in order for the night. She peeped into the fruit house first just to glad her eye with the sight of the long shelves loaded with red cheeked apples and with shining green and yellow pears wrapped in tissue paper to make them keep till Christmas. She looked down into the box where lay a few bunches of late autumn grapes, the down still upon their fat, purple cheeks. They pleased Polly's artistic eye.

Next Polly fed the pigs and locked the poultry houses. Then she went indoors. The house was a modern built one, with large double plate glass windows to keep the cold out and with a great furnace in the cellar from which hot air pipes carried warmth into all the rooms. Many a king's palace was less comfortable than this house. Polly looked to see that doors and windows were fastened; then she sat down in the warm dining room to read and knit and think by turns.

Polly was not lonely or afraid. The country neighborhood was considered quite safe, and, besides, pioneer girls are not the kind to scream at a mouse. She remained up till 11 because she did not like to leave the warm fire. Then she felt sleepy and prepared to go to bed. The family would not be back till 3 o'clock in the morning. The guests at the ball danced till midnight; then they had supper, then a farewell cotillon. Then for the Valentines came the ten miles' sleigh ride.

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By Warrington Wayne.

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Perhaps the most interesting of Christmas superstitions to the young people is that which puts the maid under the curse of another year's celibacy unless she be kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas. For years and years female ingenuity struggled with the problem of finding a fitting place in the room for the mistletoe. A fitting place is one under which the maiden must pass. It is not seemly for her to seek kisses. The problem was solved years ago. The mistletoe was put over the door.

In this country two mistletoe leaves are placed together before the fire by many an anxious lover. He or she names the leaves secretly. If they fly together as they grow crisp, those they represent will wed; if they fly apart, fate wills otherwise.

But the greater Christmas superstitions concern themselves with the recognition of the holy hour of midnight on Christmas eve by the lower animals.

The rooster is supposed to be the most sapient of these in this regard. His crowing, at other seasons heralding the dawn, is well known by all true believers in ghosts to be a notice to prowling spirits to hie them home. In the holy season he crows at intervals all through the night, the superstition says, to keep the earth clear of these nocturnal ramblers. Shakespeare alludes to this belief in "Hamlet:"

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

In many parts of Europe there is a superstition to the effect that at the midnight hour, when Christmas day begins, the cattle kneel in the stalls. Many can be found who testify that they have seen this phenomenon. They have gone into the dark stables with lanterns, awaking the beasts, which usually rise after such disturbance. In the course of half an hour or so the animals grow used to the light and lie down again. In lying down they kneel.

The miners of Derbyshire, England, hear masses sung by invisible choristers in deep and distant recesses of their mines as the hour of midnight arrives.

In other parts of England bees, then in their torpor, "sing" in the hives. Sheep on the continent have been observed to start on pilgrimages toward the east in imitation of the shepherds of old.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Many of those superstitions have reached North America. They thrive better in Canada than in the United States. Howison tells of an Indian in upper Canada whom he found creeping late on Christmas eve on hands and knees to get a look at the deer kneeling at the midnight hour.

Sir Walter Scott tells us that, according to a popular belief, those who were born on Christmas had the gift of seeing ghosts. The Spaniards attributed the haggard look of Philip II. to this undesirable faculty.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

The times are changed, the world grows old;
We have no more the age of gold.
Perchance it is decline; perchance
'Tis but the tokens of advance;
But nowadays we hold no more
That once good fellowship of yore.
It may be that the strain and stress
Of our mad times bring joylessness;
It may be that our feverish days
Forget the old, good, genial ways.

II.

But, thanks to one persistent spark,
Unrest and haste and care and cark
Not yet shall strip our aging heart
Of all its old congenial art.
Aye, thanks to that still jovial day,
We shall forget and make our way
With dance and frolic, friends and rhyme,
Back through grim ages to the time
When "laughter, holding both his sides,"
Turned all men's days to Christmastides.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

A Bountiful Giver.

"Is Pooreman's rich wife liberal with him on Christmas?"

"She was last year."

"What did she present him with?"

"Triplets."

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HERBERT & TRAVIS,

Opera House Block.

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A SAVINGS ACCOUNT WITH US AT SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

And start your boys' pennies growing into dollars and he will have something to start on when he is a man.

We still issue

Paid Up Stock

in any amount on which we pay

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The Trimming of The Tree.

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BY HOWARD EARL.

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EVERY child who reads this story doubtless remembers the time, not long ago, when Santa Claus apparently forgot to put in his or her stocking the toys that had been especially asked for, when, in short, it really looked in the morning as though Santa Claus had actually failed to come at all. Now, the fact is that Santa did not come, and, though the news of his failure was suppressed at the time, I am at last able to reveal the secret.

One day shortly before that Christmas Santa Claus was feeling very blue because Prancer and Dancer were getting old, and Blitzen was so much "off his feed" that it was very doubtful whether the reindeer team could start on its great annual present delivery run on Christmas eve. Santa knew that millions of children would be very much disappointed if he did not visit their homes. He had received such a lot of letters and telephone messages from good little girls and boys asking for drums and dolls and bicycles and all sorts of toys that a big tear or two rolled down his bearded cheek as he thought of the sad looks the children would wear should he fail to come. Suddenly Santa's face brightened.

"Say!" he shouted. "What's the matter with my trying one of those new naughtymobiles? They never get old and stiff in the joints like Prancer and Dancer and are never 'off their feed' like poor Blitzen. The reindeerless age has come, and I must be strictly up to date. I'll order a naughtymobile this very day."

When the beautiful machine came, Santa was as tickled as a little boy with a new red wagon.

He was so anxious to take a spin in his big new reindeerless toy delivery wagon that he did not wait for the automobile teacher to come and show him how it worked. Leaping in, he turned the power on suddenly, and the machine gave such a jump forward that poor fat Santa bounced up in the air like a rubber ball and then nearly bounced off into the snow when he came down on the seat again. He bit his tongue terribly, too, and you know how that hurts, but he had no time to think of it because the machine was zipping toward the north pole like the lightning express going down grade. Dozens of explorers are anxious to make dashes for the pole, but as it is very icy and very hard none of them would care to run into it with an automobile going a mile a minute. Santa Claus felt exactly the same way about it, and, giving the steering gear a quick twist, he just missed finding the pole by about two inches and dashed straight for his big toy factory at the same terrific speed.

"Heavens! I wish somebody'd move that building out of the way, and move it mighty quick!" he thought, clinching his teeth and giving the steering rod another jerk. "If I ever hit that toy factory, there won't be even a pink elephant left for the children to smash, and there won't be any Santa Claus left, either! Whoa! Haw! Gee!"

The automobile swerved sharply to the left on two wheels, ran over a polar bear that didn't turn out quick enough and then made a bee line for the big barn and yard where the reindeer were kept. When they saw the strange thing coming, the reindeer snorted in surprise and began pawing the snow. Blitzen, who was rather ugly because he had the stomach ache, jumped the fence, lowered his head and charged straight toward the machine, which doubled him up like a jackknife and sent him flying over the barn as easily as a boy would bat a rubber ball. Poor Blitzen! He never knew what struck him. As for the other reindeer, they kicked up their heels, broke down the fence and ran for dear life just as Santa and the automobile, or, to be more exact, the automobile and Santa, tore the barn doors from their hinges, roared through the barn like a cyclone and then started straight for the south pole, 12,430 statute miles away, as if they were wanted there, and wanted badly.

"Hi, hi! Head us off, somebody; head us off!" yelled Santa Claus.

He tugged frantically at the steering gear and tried to shut off the power, but all his efforts were in vain.

Zip! Bang! Bumpty-bump, bumpty-bump! Zip! Whir-r-r-r!

"Stop us! Whoa! Back! Steady, boy; steady! Naughtymobile? I should say so—the very naughtiest that ever got loose!" poor Santa Claus cried.

Zip! Bumpty-bump! Whir-r-r-r! On and on they sped. Santa Claus was powerless, or had too much power, and the machine never stopped until it reached the south pole. This took a lot of time, and, as Santa, of course, had to walk back those 12,430 statute miles, he didn't reach his toy shop and the north pole and the dear old reliable reindeer until about the middle of February, all of which explains why he and the reindeer failed to make their usual toy delivery trip on that particular Christmas you remember when you did not get all the things you had asked him for.

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They Keep Him Busy.



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Old Beelzebub

A Christmas Bear Story | By... ED MOTT

If you are ever at this time of year up on the Old Passadanky sit down at the Buckhorn tavern, select any one of the grizzled woodsmen you will find already sitting there, exchange a dime at not too infrequent intervals for a certain tipple that is popular with the natives and is called rum and tansy, and refer inquiringly to Old Beelzebub, the remarkable bear of Spook Run gully and the amazing Christmas present he made to one Paley Simco.

As the story goes, the oldest settlement in all that part of the original wildwood was at Passadanky. The deep gully and the creek that roared through it were there when the first settlers came. Neither had any name, and it was not until folks began to see ghosts along the creek and in the gully that appropriate nomenclature for them was suggested. Silas Grubb, so



HE MADE THE WILD PLUNGE.

they will tell you, shot a deer one day. It fell, and he stepped up to it to cut its throat. As he was standing astride the deer he supposed was dead it rose suddenly and went bounding down the creek, with Silas on its back, clasping its neck and vociferating loudly that help would be welcome. Job Fenk, who was hunting along the creek, saw the deer in its wild flight and emptied the contents of his rifle into it. He not only killed the deer, but bored Silas Grubb with his rifle ball as well.

Not long after that a specter deer, bestrode by a specter rider, appeared at intervals in the woods, dashing wildly down the creek until it reached the spot where Fenk's rifle had done its fatal work, and there always vanished. Then folks took to calling the creek Spook Run and the gully Spook Run gully, and by and by a lumber company put a big dam across the creek and a log shoot three miles long through the deep, dark, crooked, ghostly gully, down which the logs were sent from the woods to the mill dam as swift as the wind, and down this shoot came dashing, astride a log, daredevil Bill Topson, having drunk more than generously of log driver rum and wagered that he would make the fearful ride. He made it, including the wild plunge from the mouth of the gully to the pond, fifty feet below. When he was taken from the pond, after his awful ride and plunge, his hair, which had been black when he started, was as white as snow.

"And it'd 'a' been queer if it hadn't turned white," any of the Passadanky narrators will tell you. "He rid that log them three miles in less than four minutes."

But the reason this feat of Bill Topson's has particular place of honor in the chronicles of Old Passadanky is because it was the culmination of the career of Old Beelzebub as a wonder working bear. When that bear was less than a year old, Jephtha Wiggins, the pelt gatherer, killed its father and mother and chased the orphan cub for days, with the hope of adding its pelt to the other two, but failed in his purpose. After awhile that orphaned bear returned to the vicinity of its old home, and, as everybody will tell you up there, it came back with a grudge against Jephtha Wiggins.

"That b'ar came back," they will say, "and if he hadn't 'a' come, there'd a been more sheep and pigs along the Old Passadanky than there was for the next three or four years. And he was so overpowerin' full of Satan that folks give him the name of Old Beelzebub. And Jepthy Wiggins had good reason to be sorry he ever pelted that bear's father and mother, for what happened to him when he begun to get the orders for black sheep pelts?—orders that came in thick and fast, although nobody never knowed what in the world made setch a call for black sheep pelts. What happened then? Why, black sheep pelts got scarce. I should say they did! And what made 'em git scarce? That b'ar with a grudge ag'in Jepthy Wiggins! That vengeful b'ar jest lugged off all the black sheep there was in the district. Not a smell of a white sheep did he tetch.

"But that makin' of a black sheepskin famine in the district wasn't a circumstance to what that schemin' b'ar done in layin' out his plan of vengeance ag'in, although it was included in it. He wouldn't 'a' gone as fur as he did, though, if he hadn't happened to see Bill Topson shoot through Spook Run gully on the log that day. He see Bill shoot the gully and come plungin' out of that hole in the rocks down into the pond, and he didn't fergit it. He remembered it, and it give him the chance to give Jepthy Wiggins what he thought would be the worst wipe yit."

It seems that Jephtha Wiggins was the greatest pelt gatherer in the Old Passadanky country, and he had a daughter named Prudence. Paley Simco, a likely young woodsman, was in love with Prudence, and the feeling was reciprocal.

"Now," as the Passadanky narrator will tell you, "mebbe you mowt wonder what under the canopy Old Beelzebub had to do with that. Nothin', mebbe. 'Tain't likely that he cared a snap whether Paley Simco loved Prudence Wiggins. But Jepthy Wiggins cared. He had other ideas for his daughter, and well that amazin' bear knowed it. Jepthy wanted the Squire Bimbler possessions in his family, and he could git 'em by marryin' Prudence to the squire's son Jorum. Jorum didn't want to git married, and Prudence didn't want to marry Jorum, but Jorum and Prudence didn't have any say in it. The squire and Jepthy fixed it to suit themselves. The weddin' night come, but no Jorum. Along in the forenoon of the next day in come Jorum to Wiggins'.

"'Old Beelzebub kidnaped me as I was on my way over here through the woods yisterday!' said Jorum. 'He run me straight and fast to Gormley's b'ar pen, way back at the head of the big swamp, and kep' me there all night.'"

Jephtha Wiggins swore that he would hunt down that vengeful and vindictive bear and strip off his pelt if it took him all the rest of his days.

"It was gittin' along to'rds Christmas time when Paley plucked up courage to ask Jepthy ag'in for Prudence. Jepthy turned on him, grinnin' the aggravatinest kind, and blurted out:

"'Yes, you kin have her—that is, if you fetch me two black sheepskins for a Christmas present! If you don't, you can't never have her!'

"Now, of course, that was just as good as tellin' Paley that there wasn't any use. He never knowed to his dyin' day what it could 'a' been that sent him roamin' and roamin' that day, but he went a-roamin', and the first thing he knowed he found himself on the edge of a scrubby lookin' clearin' in the Sour Medder district, and he seen a man clubbin' what he s'posed was a tame b'ar. That riled him more'n ever, and he shouted to the man:

"'What are you poundin' that poor b'ar for?'

"'It's my b'ar,' the man shouted back, 'and if you don't like what I'm doin' come here and I'll pound you awhile and give the b'ar a rest!'

"And what did Paley do but go over there, and I s'pose that when he got through with that citizen of the Sour Medder district the citizen was a leetle the worst whipped man ever seen in them parts.

"'There!' said Paley. 'When you run ag'in me, you haven't got no b'ar to fool with!'

"And then Paley see that it was Bart Sproat he had been lickin' and that the b'ar was Old Beelzebub. Paley hadn't gone more than a hundred yards on his way when, lookin' over into Bart's field, he see two of the biggest and blackest sheep that ever cropped sorrel!

"'The only two black sheep in the hull blame country!' Paley groaned, 'and here I've gone and 'most hammered the life out of the man that owns 'em! Tossed Prudence away jest to take the part of a rambunctious old sheep stealin' b'ar!'

"Paley actually batted himself ag'in his head with his fist and lifted up his voice and wept. After awhile he cooled down a leetle and got an idee.

"'I'll go back and apologize to Bart,' said he, 'and offer him twenty dollars for them sheep! That's as much as his hull clearin' would fetch!'

"So Paley went back. The b'ar laid on the ground lickin' himself, and Bart



"HERE HE COMES AG'IN!"

was settin' on a rock by the door. His head was swelled, and one eye was shet, and his wife was doin' of him up in rags.

"'Pizen henbane!' he yelled as good as he could. 'Here he comes ag'in! Git the gun, Sairy, and load him full of lead!'

"'Hold on, Bart!' Paley shouted. 'I've come back to apologize and offer you twenty dollars for them two black sheep,' and Paley was soft enough to tell Bart what he wanted 'em for.

"'Say,' yelled Bart, 'when you see a white b'ar comin' to'rds you carryin' them sheep pelts, and it makes you a Christmas present of 'em, you kin have 'em, and not before! I'll take 'em down and sell 'em to Jepthy Wiggins! Sairy, git the gun!'

"Sairy, she started as if she was goin' to git the gun, and Paley didn't wait to argue with Bart any longer. He give one awful glare at Old Beelzebub, who laid there with one eye peeled up at him, and wished that he had a gun himself to load the pesky b'ar with lead. But it was a mighty good thing for Paley that he didn't have none."

It seems that Paley resumed his roaming, and Bart Sproat and his boys killed the two black sheep, took their skins off and hung them in the shed.

"'I'll take 'em down to Jepthy Wiggins tomorrow,' said Bart, 'git a good, stiff price for 'em and cook that consarned Paley's goose at the same time!'"

Bart went out to get the pelts next morning. They were gone! So was Old Beelzebub. The amazing bear had stolen the sheep pelts and had made tracks for the woods. Bart and his boys started to find the trail.

The Passadanky story is that Paley Simco found himself at Spook Run mill pond that morning and was thinking that the best thing he could do would be to throw himself into it when he heard a great noise up in the gully.

"He looked up," the Passadanky narrator will tell you, "and there he see a sight that made him turn cold. Somethin' was whizzin' down the log shoot and so fast Paley couldn't make out what it was till it shot from the mouth of the shoot and came climbin' up the bank, right where Paley stood. Then the somethin' give itself a shake. Two big, black sheepskins tumbled off of it, and there was Old Beelzebub, but he was white all over! He jest give one look at Paley and tore away into the woods and was never seen no more. As Paley turned to look after him, there he see Bart Sproat standin', and Bart was most as white as the b'ar, for he had seen the hull thing and knowed what it meant!

"That ride down the log shoot had scared Old Beelzebub's hair white. What did he do it for, then? So as a white b'ar could carry them sheep pelts to Paley and make him a Christmas present of 'em! By doin' that Old Beelzebub got even with Bart Sproat, and by Paley Simco havin' the pelts to make Jepthy Wiggins a Christmas present of 'em, and so forcin' Jepthy to give Paley his daughter Prudence, Old Beelzebub shoved his grudge deep into Jepthy, and he went off a-feelin' good.

"Well, all there was to it after that was that Paley got down to Wiggins' Christmas eve and knocked Jepthy speechless by handin' over the Christmas present. And Jepthy had to hand Prudence over to Paley, and they was married that very next Christmas day. The way it turned out, though, Jepthy was never sorry that Old Beelzebub had brought things to setch a pass, and if the vengeful b'ar had ever knowed that, it's more than likely that he'd 'a' come back and tried his plans ag'in Jepthy some more."—New York Mail and Express.

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A Bunch of Short, Crisp Yuletide Mirth by the Funny Fellows.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Oh, my! I feel more dead than alive. There is altogether too much asked of me. I was never used to housework, and it's killing me inch by inch. The first thing you know I'll be down with nervous prostration.

Cobwigger—Shall I call in the doctor, my dear?

Mrs. Cobwigger—What use would that be? He would only advise what I've been telling you I needed all along—complete rest.

Cobwigger—By the way, did you sew on that button?

Mrs. Cobwigger—Oh, Henry, how can you be so brutal! Any one but you could see that I am completely used up.

Cobwigger—So you're too tired to take a couple of stitches?

Mrs. Cobwigger—Yes; I can hardly raise my head.

Cobwigger—If it's really as bad as that, my dear, something has got to be done for you at once. Take this twenty dollars and go out and do some Christmas shopping.—New York World.

* * *

The best way to tell whether a present is a cheap one is to observe whether the price has been rubbed off.

* * *

The Party—Quite a rush of the matrimonially inclined, isn't there?

Preacher—Always at this time of year. It's cheaper to marry than buy Christmas presents, you know.—New York Journal.

* * *

Bessie—Do you really believe there is any Santa Claus, Tommy?

Tommy—Course not, but don't tell ma I said so, or she'll think I'm getting too old to have candy and toys and things.

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Just because your wife tells you to buy her something useful, don't think she will be satisfied if you send her home a barrel of flour.

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First Chick—How did Mr. Turkey make out in the race, yesterday?

Second Chick—Oh, he completely lost his head.

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"Mrs. Small never minces matters," said the star boarder to the new acquisition.

"Not even when she is preparing the pies for the Christmas dinner?" asked the latter.

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Askins—What makes you look so cheerful, Lanks?

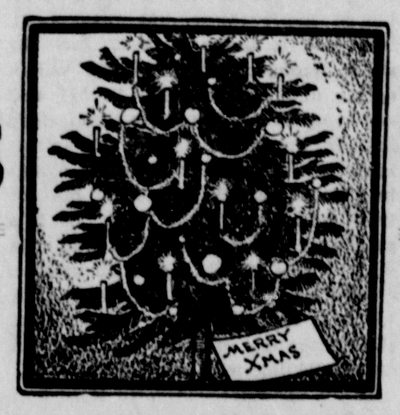
Lanks (who boards)—Why, three of my fellow boarders were taken suddenly ill while eating their Christmas dinners—one with a stroke of paralysis, another with heart disease and the third with a fit.

"Great Scott! What cause for rejoicing is there in that?"

"Why, don't you see? I ate their shares of the dinner, along with my own, and so managed to fully satisfy my appetite."

G. R. PATTISON

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DON'T wait until it's time to trim the CHRISTMAS TREE before selecting your Gifts. If you do you will not find the best to select from. We now have an exceptionally fine line of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry of every description.

Also a fine selection of Umbrellas, Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets, Cut Glass and Silverware.

We engrave all goods purchased at our store free of charge.

Open every evening until Christmas.

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The Diamond Merchant.

THE LIVINGSTON STORE

IN THE DIAMOND.

Filled with New Goods for the Holiday Trade, and at prices that cannot be duplicated in Eastern Ohio. We have the finest line of

Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishings

In the city. Whether you pay **$3 or $20**

For your New Suit or Overcoat, you can rely on getting the best value for your money every time. Every garment is made right, some better than others, to be true, but all RIGHT. Our immense line of

OVERCOATS

Made in Yoke, Chesterfield and Gown styles, in all colors, cannot be duplicated in East Liverpool. It is a well known fact, indeed a household word, that our Clothing forms a class of it's own.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR AN XMAS GIFT.

Handkerchiefs.

After all, what's more sensible than Handkerchiefs for gift giving. There's a wide field for choice in our matchless stock of handkerchiefs for men and women.

Mufflers.

A superb collection of high grade square Mufflers, richest silks, in swell new patterns and colorings, including the popular black and white effects.

The Rugby Silk Muffler

An entirely new style, made with shaped neck and very wide pointed ends, come in splendid assortment of patterns and colorings.

NECKWEAR, GLOVES, SHIRTS, MUFFLERS, &c., are always in great favor with Gift Buyers. It is an undisputed fact, that we show the largest and best assortments at prices to suit the purse, whether it is big or little.

Panama Hats.

The famous Panama soft Hat is all the rage this year, and we are selling them for $1.75.

25% Discount.

A discount of 25 per cent. will be given on any child's 2 or 3 piece suit in the house.

Umbrellas.

A sensible, acceptable and appropriate gift. There'll be no difficulty in making a selection from our matchless assortment, which includes any and every kind and style of Umbrella shown elsewhere, besides including many novelties in imported handles exclusive with us.

Men's Underwear.

A fine suit of Underwear would certainly be a most sensible and serviceable Christmas Gift. We've prepared some very special offers for this week, as you can see from the stock.

To get the choice of the numerous bargains an early visit to our store should be made and thereby avoid the Holiday rush.

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Old Beelzebub

A Christmas Bear Story | By... ED MOTT

If you are ever at this time of year up on the Old Passadanky sit down at the Buckhorn tavern, select any one of the grizzled woodsmen you will find already sitting there, exchange a dime at not too infrequent intervals for a certain tipple that is popular with the natives and is called rum and tansy, and refer inquiringly to Old Beelzebub, the remarkable bear of Spook Run gully and the amazing Christmas present he made to one Paley Simco.

As the story goes, the oldest settlement in all that part of the original wildwood was at Passadanky. The deep gully and the creek that roared through it were there when the first settlers came. Neither had any name, and it was not until folks began to see ghosts along the creek and in the gully that appropriate nomenclature for them was suggested. Silas Grubb, so



HE MADE THE WILD PLUNGE.

they will tell you, shot a deer one day. It fell, and he stepped up to it to cut its throat. As he was standing astride the deer he supposed was dead it rose suddenly and went bounding down the creek, with Silas on its back, clasping its neck and vociferating loudly that help would be welcome. Job Fenk, who was hunting along the creek, saw the deer in its wild flight and emptied the contents of his rifle into it. He not only killed the deer, but bored Silas Grubb with his rifle ball as well.

Not long after that a specter deer, bestrode by a specter rider, appeared at intervals in the woods, dashing wildly down the creek until it reached the spot where Fenk's rifle had done its fatal work, and there always vanished. Then folks took to calling the creek Spook Run and the gully Spook Run gully, and by and by a lumber company put a big dam across the creek and a log shoot three miles long through the deep, dark, crooked, ghostly gully, down which the logs were sent from the woods to the mill dam as swift as the wind, and down this shoot came dashing, astride a log, daredevil Bill Topson, having drunk more than generously of log driver rum and wagered that he would make the fearful ride. He made it, including the wild plunge from the mouth of the gully to the pond, fifty feet below. When he was taken from the pond, after his awful ride and plunge, his hair, which had been black when he started, was as white as snow.

"And it'd 'a' been queer if it hadn't turned white," any of the Passadanky narrators will tell you. "He rid that log them three miles in less than four minutes."

But the reason this feat of Bill Topson's has particular place of honor in the chronicles of Old Passadanky is because it was the culmination of the career of Old Beelzebub as a wonder working bear. When that bear was less than a year old, Jephtha Wiggins, the pelt gatherer, killed its father and mother and chased the orphan cub for days, with the hope of adding its pelt to the other two, but failed in his purpose. After awhile that orphaned bear returned to the vicinity of its old home, and, as everybody will tell you up there, it came back with a grudge against Jephtha Wiggins.

"That b'ar came back," they will say, "and if he hadn't 'a' come, there'd a been more sheep and pigs along the Old Passadanky than there was for the next three or four years. And he was so overpowerin' full of Satan that folks give him the name of Old Beelzebub. And Jepthy Wiggins had good reason to be sorry he ever pelted that bear's father and mother, for what happened to him when he begun to get the orders for black sheep pelts?—orders that came in thick and fast, although nobody never knowed what in the world made setch a call for black sheep pelts. What happened then? Why, black sheep pelts got scarce. I should say they did! And what made 'em git scarce? That b'ar with a grudge ag'in Jepthy Wiggins! That vengeful b'ar jest lugged off all the black sheep there was in the district. Not a smell of a white sheep did he tetch.

"But that makin' of a black sheepskin famine in the district wasn't a circumstance to what that schemin' b'ar done in layin' out his plan of vengeance ag'in, although it was included in it. He wouldn't 'a' gone as fur as he did, though, if he hadn't happened to see Bill Topson shoot through Spook Run gully on the log that day. He see Bill shoot the gully and come plungin' out of that hole in the rocks down into the pond, and he didn't fergit it. He remembered it, and it give him the chance to give Jepthy Wiggins what he thought would be the worst wipe yit."

It seems that Jephtha Wiggins was the greatest pelt gatherer in the Old Passadanky country, and he had a daughter named Prudence. Paley Simco, a likely young woodsman, was in love with Prudence, and the feeling was reciprocal.

"Now," as the Passadanky narrator will tell you, "mebbe you mowt wonder what under the canopy Old Beelzebub had to do with that. Nothin', mebbe. 'Tain't likely that he cared a snap whether Paley Simco loved Prudence Wiggins. But Jepthy Wiggins cared. He had other ideas for his daughter, and well that amazin' bear knowed it. Jepthy wanted the Squire Bimbler possessions in his family, and he could git 'em by marryin' Prudence to the squire's son Jorum. Jorum didn't want to git married, and Prudence didn't want to marry Jorum, but Jorum and Prudence didn't have any say in it. The squire and Jepthy fixed it to suit themselves. The weddin' night come, but no Jorum. Along in the forenoon of the next day in come Jorum to Wiggins'.

"'Old Beelzebub kidnaped me as I was on my way over here through the woods yisterday!' said Jorum. 'He run me straight and fast to Gormley's b'ar pen, way back at the head of the big swamp, and kep' me there all night.'"

Jephtha Wiggins swore that he would hunt down that vengeful and vindictive bear and strip off his pelt if it took him all the rest of his days.

"It was gittin' along to'rds Christmas time when Paley plucked up courage to ask Jepthy ag'in for Prudence. Jepthy turned on him, grinnin' the aggravatinest kind, and blurted out:

"'Yes, you kin have her—that is, if you fetch me two black sheepskins for a Christmas present! If you don't, you can't never have her!'

"Now, of course, that was just as good as tellin' Paley that there wasn't any use. He never knowed to his dyin' day what it could 'a' been that sent him roamin' and roamin' that day, but he went a-roamin', and the first thing he knowed he found himself on the edge of a scrubby lookin' clearin' in the Sour Medder district, and he seen a man clubbin' what he s'posed was a tame b'ar. That riled him more'n ever, and he shouted to the man:

"'What are you poundin' that poor b'ar for?'

"'It's my b'ar,' the man shouted back, 'and if you don't like what I'm doin' come here and I'll pound you awhile and give the b'ar a rest!'

"And what did Paley do but go over there, and I s'pose that when he got through with that citizen of the Sour Medder district the citizen was a leetle the worst whipped man ever seen in them parts.

"'There!' said Paley. 'When you run ag'in me, you haven't got no b'ar to fool with!'

"And then Paley see that it was Bart Sproat he had been lickin' and that the b'ar was Old Beelzebub. Paley hadn't gone more than a hundred yards on his way when, lookin' over into Bart's field, he see two of the biggest and blackest sheep that ever cropped sorrel!

"'The only two black sheep in the hull blame country!' Paley groaned, 'and here I've gone and 'most hammered the life out of the man that owns 'em! Tossed Prudence away jest to take the part of a rambunctious old sheep stealin' b'ar!'

"Paley actually batted himself ag'in his head with his fist and lifted up his voice and wept. After awhile he cooled down a leetle and got an idee.

"'I'll go back and apologize to Bart,' said he, 'and offer him twenty dollars for them sheep! That's as much as his hull clearin' would fetch!'

"So Paley went back. The b'ar laid on the ground lickin' himself, and Bart



"HERE HE COMES AG'IN!"

was settin' on a rock by the door. His head was swelled, and one eye was shet, and his wife was doin' of him up in rags.

"'Pizen henbane!' he yelled as good as he could. 'Here he comes ag'in! Git the gun, Sairy, and load him full of lead!'

"'Hold on, Bart!' Paley shouted. 'I've come back to apologize and offer you twenty dollars for them two black sheep,' and Paley was soft enough to tell Bart what he wanted 'em for.

"'Say,' yelled Bart, 'when you see a white b'ar comin' to'rds you carryin' them sheep pelts, and it makes you a Christmas present of 'em, you kin have 'em, and not before! I'll take 'em down and sell 'em to Jepthy Wiggins! Sairy, git the gun!'

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It seems that Paley resumed his roaming, and Bart Sproat and his boys killed the two black sheep, took their skins off and hung them in the shed.

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The Passadanky story is that Paley Simco found himself at Spook Run mill pond that morning and was thinking that the best thing he could do would be to throw himself into it when he heard a great noise up in the gully.

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Cobwigger—Shall I call in the doctor, my dear?

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Cobwigger—By the way, did you sew on that button?

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Cobwigger—So you're too tired to take a couple of stitches?

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* * *

Bessie—Do you really believe there is any Santa Claus, Tommy?

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Just because your wife tells you to buy her something useful, don't think she will be satisfied if you send her home a barrel of flour.

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Second Chick—Oh, he completely lost his head.

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"Not even when she is preparing the pies for the Christmas dinner?" asked the latter.

* * *

Askins—What makes you look so cheerful, Lanks?

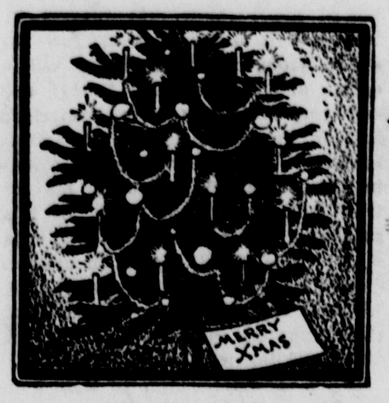
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"Great Scott! What cause for rejoicing is there in that?"

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A GREAT AMERICAN PLAY IS COMING

High Praise For "Hon. John Grigsby," Which Is to Be the Attraction at the Elks' Benefit Jan. 7. Other Plays.

Speaking of Frank Keenan, who will appear in "Hon. John Grigsby" for the Elks' annual benefit January 7, the Cincinnati Enquirer says in part:

In that pretty American play, "Hon. John Grigsby," Frank Keenan has a vehicle which will certainly cement his standing as a star.

Mr. Keenan unfolded his new characterization of "Hon. John Grigsby" at the Walnut for the first time locally yesterday afternoon, and among those who went to see a pretty bit of stage work of the antebellum days he made an impression which decidedly surpassed his previous good introductory here as a star in another former Sol Smith Russell success, "A Poor Relation." Without going into any extended comparison, it can be said safely that the new vehicle not only fits Mr. Keenan better, but is likewise a much stronger and more modern play than its predecessor in his repertoire.

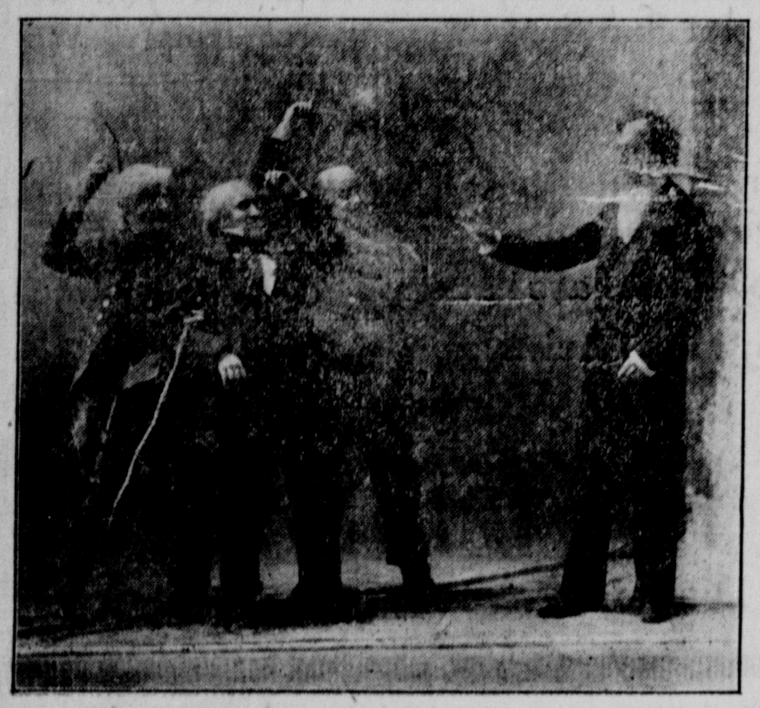
There are the very bone and sinew of a good play in this drama of Mr. Klein's, with its faithful portraiture of the early days of the long struggle against slavery. Though its doctrines are akin to those of the abolitionists, there is nothing of political significance to it or anything that would be taken as offensive even by old-timers, whose memories go back beyond the war.

There is splendid comedy in this story of the honest lawyer, however, with his generosity and his shrewdness. There are also in the story some well sketched character types that add to it, and there is pathos that increases its effectiveness. All this is welded into a well written story that progresses according to the best tenets of the stage and reaches its most interesting climax almost at the very termination of its three acts. And what a splendid climax this. It arrives at the precise moment to dispell threatening shadows, and clears all in a manner both logical and pleasing, with nothing of the theatric or overstrained being carted in to reach this denouement. Mr. Klein builded well in this bit of his cleverest playmaking, and he is fortunate, since Mr. Russell's regretted retirement, to have his grand character fall into such worthy hands as those of Mr. Keenan. His artistic conception of the role is at times delightful. His comedy is of that dry kind that brings tears of laughter without an effort and his pathos goes to the heart with gentle little tugs that catch and hold one's breath. His pauses were likewise effective, the power of repression being one of Mr. Keenan's strongest points.

The star is nicely surrounded as to the rest of the cast.

The plot of the play has in it considerable of the pathetic, but throughout, whenever it seems darkest for the much wronged wife and the villain seems about to succeed in his evil schemes, Ross Bolter, the American hustler, opportunely turns up in his inimitable funny way turns the clouds into sunshine. He produces his effects with a bold, free hand. He is a gushing, rushing, bouncing young man, who infuses into the play an unusual degree of vigor. No one can sleep while he is on the stage. Throughout, the play is one of rare interest, clean, and sparkling with snap and wit.

In his characterization of Ross Bolter, George F. Hall is the potent attraction of the play, while his specialties are a fitting climax to a good character magnificently portrayed. His associates in this excellent play are well chosen. Gracie Russell and Daisy Stampe are two little maids whose cleverness has to be seen to be appreciated.



A SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "HON. JOHN GRIGSBY."

The American Girl.

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A GREAT AMERICAN PLAY IS COMING

High Praise For "Hon. John Grigsby," Which Is to Be the Attraction at the Elks' Benefit Jan. 7. Other Plays.

Speaking of Frank Keenan, who will appear in "Hon. John Grigsby" for the Elks' annual benefit January 7, the Cincinnati Enquirer says in part:

In that pretty American play, "Hon. John Grigsby," Frank Keenan has a vehicle which will certainly cement his standing as a star.

Mr. Keenan unfolded his new characterization of "Hon. John Grigsby" at the Walnut for the first time locally yesterday afternoon, and among those who went to see a pretty bit of stage work of the antebellum days he made an impression which decidedly surpassed his previous good introductory here as a star in another former Sol Smith Russell success, "A Poor Relation." Without going into any extended comparison, it can be said safely that the new vehicle not only fits Mr. Keenan better, but is likewise a much stronger and more modern play than its predecessor in his repertoire.

There are the very bone and sinew of a good play in this drama of Mr. Klein's, with its faithful portraiture of the early days of the long struggle against slavery. Though its doctrines are akin to those of the abolitionists, there is nothing of political significance to it or anything that would be taken as offensive even by old-timers, whose memories go back beyond the war.

There is splendid comedy in this story of the honest lawyer, however, with his generosity and his shrewdness. There are also in the story some well sketched character types that add to it, and there is pathos that increases its effectiveness. All this is welded into a well written story that progresses according to the best tenets of the stage and reaches its most interesting climax almost at the very termination of its three acts. And what a splendid climax this. It arrives at the precise moment to dispell threatening shadows, and clears all in a manner both logical and pleasing, with nothing of the theatric or overstrained being carted in to reach this denouement. Mr. Klein builded well in this bit of his cleverest playmaking, and he is fortunate, since Mr. Russell's regretted retirement, to have his grand character fall into such worthy hands as those of Mr. Keenan. His artistic conception of the role is at times delightful. His comedy is of that dry kind that brings tears of laughter without an effort and his pathos goes to the heart with gentle little tugs that catch and hold one's breath. His pauses were likewise effective, the power of repression being one of Mr. Keenan's strongest points.

The star is nicely surrounded as to the rest of the cast.

The plot of the play has in it considerable of the pathetic, but throughout, whenever it seems darkest for the much wronged wife and the villain seems about to succeed in his evil schemes, Ross Bolter, the American hustler, opportunely turns up in his inimitable funny way turns the clouds into sunshine. He produces his effects with a bold, free hand. He is a gushing, rushing, bouncing young man, who infuses into the play an unusual degree of vigor. No one can sleep while he is on the stage. Throughout, the play is one of rare interest, clean, and sparkling with snap and wit.

In his characterization of Ross Bolter, George F. Hall is the potent attraction of the play, while his specialties are a fitting climax to a good character magnificently portrayed. His associates in this excellent play are well chosen. Gracie Russell and Daisy Stampe are two little maids whose cleverness has to be seen to be appreciated.



A SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "HON. JOHN GRIGSBY."

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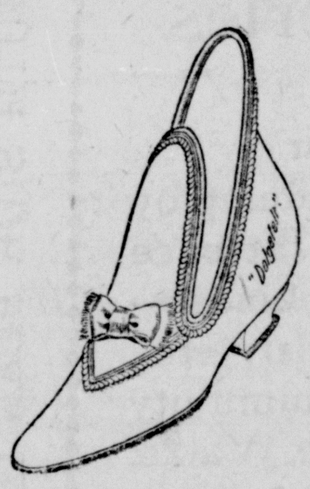
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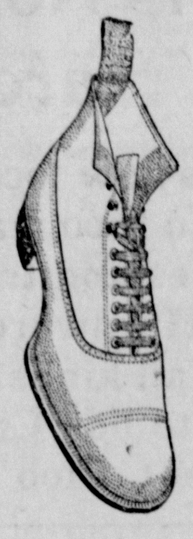


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Best Felt Goods Made.





Best Fitters on Earth, $1.00 and $1.50.

If you wish a nice pair of of Slippers for a Christmas gift, we would like the pleasure of showing you what we have. We just received a lot of Dolges Wednesday, December 18. Call and see them.

The Sleepless Shoe Co.

Fatal Balloon Accidents

Perils That Confront Aeronauts And Often Result In Death

When a balloonist makes an ascension and lands in safety, the people who have been watching him with blanched faces draw a deep breath and conclude that it is not so dangerous after all. But the old balloonist feels that his safe landing is another draft



ENTANGLED IN THE ROPES.

on his store of good luck and that perhaps the next ascension will prove that he has overdrawn his account.

Only a few weeks ago a fatal balloon accident occurred near Lasalle, Ill. Mrs. L. A. Seeley, known professionally as Lillian Le Fay, made an ascension from Lasalle on Oct. 9. She was seen to make the parachute leap, but after that no trace of her could be found. Five hundred men and boys engaged in a search for the woman for several days and abandoned their efforts only when the belief became general that she was seeking notoriety and had arranged the disappearance for the sake of the advertising she would get from it. Her husband held to the belief that the woman had descended safely and had then been abducted. He accused a man who had been a rival for her hand. The mystery was finally solved when the body of the unfortunate woman was found by hunters tangled in the weeds of the Illinois river.

Parachute jumping is not so dangerous now as it used to be. In the old days the parachute hung at the side of the balloon, held by a slipknot. At the moment of making the descent the aeronaut, seated on the trapeze bar of the balloon, was obliged at almost the same instant to pull the cutoff rope which released the parachute from the body of the balloon, to jerk free the knot holding the parachute bar within reach and to make good his hold upon the latter at the right moment.

More than one balloonist at such a moment has seen the parachute swing free at the top, but not at its lower fastening, and turn bottom side up before he could leap from the balloon trapeze. To jump in such a manner as to clear the parachute and turn it completely over without tangling the lines is a delicate operation, requiring fine courage and decision, in view of the fact that the slightest hitch involves certain death. This danger has been completely obviated by attaching the parachute by safety cutoff hooks to the ring beneath the balloon.

Another danger which threatens the balloonist who ascends in a hot air balloon or in a gas balloon either, for that matter, if there are any fireworks exploding on the ground when the balloon makes its flight, is fire.

Many aeronauts have learned to guide the parachutes to a certain extent by throwing their weight to this side or that while descending and also by pulling the ropes attached to the ends of the parachute and slanting it just as a sailor can direct the course of his boat by slacking off or sheeting in his sails.

Marian De Vey, who is known professionally as La Paloma, the skirt dancing aeronaut of the La Thoma Balloning company, is said to be able to exercise more control over her parachute than any other aeronaut. While making an ascent at Hannibal, Mo., last summer the hot air of the balloon suddenly cooled, and she found she was dropping straight down into the middle of the Mississippi river. A descent into the middle of the wide and swiftly flowing river meant nothing but death, and the spectators stood helpless with horror waiting for the tragedy.

La Paloma, never losing her presence of mind, cut loose with her parachute and as it descended hurled her weight with all the force she could command in the direction she wanted to go and hauled away at the cords of the parachute so as to make it descend in a slanting line. She alighted safely on the canvas awning of a dredge that was working at one bank of the river.

A descent by a balloonist into any considerable body of water or even a canal is usually fatal. The aeronaut is generally knocked breathless by striking the water with the force of descent and even if he retains consciousness often becomes so entangled in the lines of the parachute that he is rendered unable to swim and is drowned unless aid is ready at hand.

Paul Hague, known as Professor Zeno, lost his life last September at Lima, O., by dropping into the reservoir of the city waterworks. When the parachute was descending and was still about a hundred feet from the earth, the aeronaut saw that he was about to fall into the reservoir and shouted out in despair for some one to save him. As the man struck the water he became entangled in the ropes of the parachute and drowned before the eyes of the hundreds who lined the banks of the reservoir unable to do anything to assist him.

An accident to a balloon causing it to drop back to the earth before it had reached an altitude at which the aeronaut could with safety cut loose his parachute was that which happened at Sterling, Ill., last summer. C. Simmons, a young aeronaut, was ascending in a monster hot air balloon which exploded when only 300 feet high. Simmons endeavored to cut the parachute loose from the wreck of the balloon.

The umbrella shaped contrivance did not have time to open, and man and parachute shot down to earth with terrifying rapidity. Hundreds sickened at the sight, and many women fainted as the young man struck the ground with a thud that could be heard for blocks. It was found that the aeronaut was not dead, though terribly bruised and lacerated.

Dragged for miles by a runaway balloon and then hurled, battered, unconscious and dying, through an attic window was the terrible experience of Frank McBride, an aeronaut, at Ulmer Park, New York, last July. Though warned by friends that a gale was blowing, he took his seat in the rings



IN A BURNING BALLOON.

under the balloon and ordered the moorings cut. The great inflated bag started upward, but at the height of thirty feet the southwest wind caught it and tangled the ropes of the parachute and the rigging of the balloon.

McBride tried to free himself, but the more he struggled the more he was entangled in the meshes. He clutched at branches, chimneys and the eaves of houses, but his puny strength could not stop the terrible monster that was dragging him to his death. At Thirty-fourth street and Bath avenue McBride was hurled through the attic window of a house, smashing the glass and being severely cut as he went through, and was picked up a mangled and bleeding mass in the far corner of the room.

Mr. Harry La Thoma of Chicago, a veteran balloonist who has made 256 ascensions, says that the most thrilling experience of his career was an ascent he made at Battle Creek, Mich., on July 4, 1886. In each hand as he ascended he held a Roman candle, ignited at the moment the balloon was cut free. The instant he shot upward he heard his assistant say, "She's on fire!" Glancing up at the balloon, he saw a flame leaping up one side of the bag. He says his heart jumped with joy when he saw that the fire was on the side of the balloon opposite to that on which the parachute, his only hope of safety, was secured. There was still one chance in a hundred for him. Would the balloon last long enough to carry him to a height at which he could with any chance of safety cut loose the parachute? On that hung the whole problem of life and death.

Suddenly up from the earth below came the sound of a terrific explosion followed immediately afterward by heartrending shrieks. Looking downward he saw that the fireworks stored on the platform in the center of the great crowd had exploded, wounding many people and starting a panic, and from his position overhead every movement of the frightened, struggling crowds beneath him could be distinctly seen. So there he hung with death above and below him.

He held on to his trapeze bar with a sickening horror growing on him, waiting for the end and hoping it would at least be quick and without torture. He waited while the fire crawled around the bag and began licking at the ropes of the parachute. Then at the last moment of grace he cast loose, and, though he struck the earth with great force and was badly bruised, he received no permanent injury.

FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By and By.

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right Away.

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—I Can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I Can.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—I'll Try.

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I Forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his pen,
With—I Will Not Forget Again.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—I Don't Care.

Then let I'm Sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—Sunshine and Shadow.

When Will a Man Be Too Rich?

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Tobacco In Germany.

Chewing tobacco finds no market in Germany except in port cities. Snuff is still much used among the working classes, and in no other country is the cigar so popular as in Germany.

Moffat's Life Pills

The Great Stomach and Liver Medicine.

If you feel sick, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, dizziness, bilious or sick headache, your stomach and liver are out of order, correct these at once by using Moffat's Life Pills.

A positive cure for Malaria, Biliousness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Colds, Grippe, Rheumatism, Impure Blood and all diseases arising from a disorded condition of the stomach and liver, and guaranteed to cure or money refunded.

For sale by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. a Box or 5 boxes for $1.00.

J. P. MILLS, SOLE PROPRIETOR, NEW YORK.

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In Fancy Boxes, Work Baskets, Jewelry of all kinds, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Fancy Neckwear. Also a full line of

Ladies' and Children's Coats, Capes, Skirts, Suits and Furs at saving prices

At THE FAIR Opposite Y. M. C. A. Fifth Street.



WOULD YOU.....

Like to make presents to your friends of a fine package of

PERFUME, ATOMIZER, SPRINKLER, TOP BOTTLE, POCKET BOOK, BILL BOOK, CARD CASE, COMB AND BRUSH, Separately or in Combination Case, TIPPLE MIRRORS, CIGAR CASES, CIGARS. ETC.?

We have some articles of this kind that are bargains for the price asked. We would like to show them to you.

BERT ANSLEY'S Pharmacy

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.....Is Now at It's Height!

WE ARE DOING A LARGER BUSINESS THAN WE EVER DID BEFORE.

Our Variety of Suitable Gifts is Very Large.

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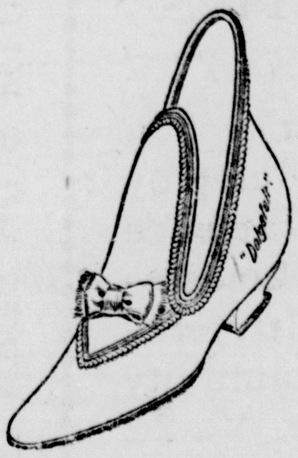
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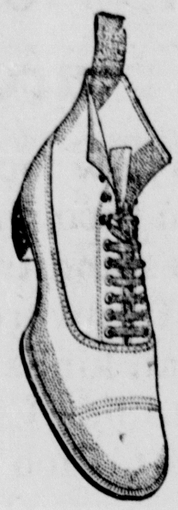


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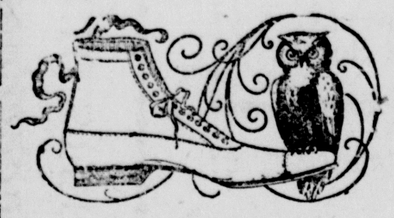
Best Felt Goods Made.





Best Fitters on Earth, $1.00 and $1.50.

If you wish a nice pair of of Slippers for a Christmas gift, we would like the pleasure of showing you what we have. We just received a lot of Dolges Wednesday, December 18. Call and see them.



The Sleepless Shoe Co.



Fatal Balloon Accidents

Perils That Confront Aeronauts And Often Result In Death

When a balloonist makes an ascension and lands in safety, the people who have been watching him with blanched faces draw a deep breath and conclude that it is not so dangerous after all. But the old balloonist feels that his safe landing is another draft



ENTANGLED IN THE ROPES.

on his store of good luck and that perhaps the next ascension will prove that he has overdrawn his account.

Only a few weeks ago a fatal balloon accident occurred near Lasalle, Ill. Mrs. L. A. Seeley, known professionally as Lillian Le Fay, made an ascension from Lasalle on Oct. 9. She was seen to make the parachute leap, but after that no trace of her could be found. Five hundred men and boys engaged in a search for the woman for several days and abandoned their efforts only when the belief became general that she was seeking notoriety and had arranged the disappearance for the sake of the advertising she would get from it. Her husband held to the belief that the woman had descended safely and had then been abducted. He accused a man who had been a rival for her hand. The mystery was finally solved when the body of the unfortunate woman was found by hunters tangled in the weeds of the Illinois river.

Parachute jumping is not so dangerous now as it used to be. In the old days the parachute hung at the side of the balloon, held by a slipknot. At the moment of making the descent the aeronaut, seated on the trapeze bar of the balloon, was obliged at almost the same instant to pull the cutoff rope which released the parachute from the body of the balloon, to jerk free the knot holding the parachute bar within reach and to make good his hold upon the latter at the right moment.

More than one balloonist at such a moment has seen the parachute swing free at the top, but not at its lower fastening, and turn bottom side up before he could leap from the balloon trapeze. To jump in such a manner as to clear the parachute and turn it completely over without tangling the lines is a delicate operation, requiring fine courage and decision, in view of the fact that the slightest hitch involves certain death. This danger has been completely obviated by attaching the parachute by safety cutoff hooks to the ring beneath the balloon.

Another danger which threatens the balloonist who ascends in a hot air balloon or in a gas balloon either, for that matter, if there are any fireworks exploding on the ground when the balloon makes its flight, is fire.

Many aeronauts have learned to guide the parachutes to a certain extent by throwing their weight to this side or that while descending and also by pulling the ropes attached to the ends of the parachute and slanting it just as a sailor can direct the course of his boat by slacking off or sheeting in his sails.

Marian De Vey, who is known professionally as La Paloma, the skirt dancing aeronaut of the La Thoma Balloning company, is said to be able to exercise more control over her parachute than any other aeronaut. While making an ascent at Hannibal, Mo., last summer the hot air of the balloon suddenly cooled, and she found she was dropping straight down into the middle of the Mississippi river. A descent into the middle of the wide and swiftly flowing river meant nothing but death, and the spectators stood helpless with horror waiting for the tragedy.

La Paloma, never losing her presence of mind, cut loose with her parachute and as it descended hurled her weight with all the force she could command in the direction she wanted to go and hauled away at the cords of the parachute so as to make it descend in a slanting line. She alighted safely on the canvas awning of a dredge that was working at one bank of the river.

A descent by a balloonist into any considerable body of water or even a canal is usually fatal. The aeronaut is generally knocked breathless by striking the water with the force of descent and even if he retains consciousness often becomes so entangled in the lines of the parachute that he is rendered unable to swim and is drowned unless aid is ready at hand.

Paul Hague, known as Professor Zeno, lost his life last September at Lima, O., by dropping into the reservoir of the city waterworks. When the parachute was descending and was still about a hundred feet from the earth, the aeronaut saw that he was about to fall into the reservoir and shouted out in despair for some one to save him. As the man struck the water he became entangled in the ropes of the parachute and drowned before the eyes of the hundreds who lined the banks of the reservoir unable to do anything to assist him.

An accident to a balloon causing it to drop back to the earth before it had reached an altitude at which the aeronaut could with safety cut loose his parachute was that which happened at Sterling, Ill., last summer. C. Simmons, a young aeronaut, was ascending in a monster hot air balloon which exploded when only 300 feet high. Simmons endeavored to cut the parachute loose from the wreck of the balloon.

The umbrella shaped contrivance did not have time to open, and man and parachute shot down to earth with terrifying rapidity. Hundreds sickened at the sight, and many women fainted as the young man struck the ground with a thud that could be heard for blocks. It was found that the aeronaut was not dead, though terribly bruised and lacerated.

Dragged for miles by a runaway balloon and then hurled, battered, unconscious and dying, through an attic window was the terrible experience of Frank McBride, an aeronaut, at Ulmer Park, New York, last July. Though warned by friends that a gale was blowing, he took his seat in the rings



IN A BURNING BALLOON.

under the balloon and ordered the moorings cut. The great inflated bag started upward, but at the height of thirty feet the southwest wind caught it and tangled the ropes of the parachute and the rigging of the balloon.

McBride tried to free himself, but the more he struggled the more he was entangled in the meshes. He clutched at branches, chimneys and the eaves of houses, but his puny strength could not stop the terrible monster that was dragging him to his death. At Thirty-fourth street and Bath avenue McBride was hurled through the attic window of a house, smashing the glass and being severely cut as he went through, and was picked up a mangled and bleeding mass in the far corner of the room.

Mr. Harry La Thoma of Chicago, a veteran balloonist who has made 256 ascensions, says that the most thrilling experience of his career was an ascent he made at Battle Creek, Mich., on July 4, 1886. In each hand as he ascended he held a Roman candle, ignited at the moment the balloon was cut free. The instant he shot upward he heard his assistant say, "She's on fire!" Glancing up at the balloon, he saw a flame leaping up one side of the bag. He says his heart jumped with joy when he saw that the fire was on the side of the balloon opposite to that on which the parachute, his only hope of safety, was secured. There was still one chance in a hundred for him. Would the balloon last long enough to carry him to a height at which he could with any chance of safety cut loose the parachute? On that hung the whole problem of life and death.

Suddenly up from the earth below came the sound of a terrific explosion, followed immediately afterward by heartrending shrieks. Looking downward he saw that the fireworks stored on the platform in the center of the great crowd had exploded, wounding many people and starting a panic, and from his position overhead every movement of the frightened, struggling crowds beneath him could be distinctly seen. So there he hung with death above and below him.

He held on to his trapeze bar with a sickening horror growing on him, waiting for the end and hoping it would at least be quick and without torture. He waited while the fire crawled around the bag and began licking at the ropes of the parachute. Then at the last moment of grace he cast loose, and, though he struck the earth with great force and was badly bruised, he received no permanent injury.

FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By and By.

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right Away.

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—I Can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I Can.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—I'll Try.

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I Forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his pen,
With—I Will Not Forget Again.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—I Don't Care.

Then let I'm Sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—Sunshine and Shadow.

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The Tin Mill is Now Making Plate and the Potteries are in Full Operation.

THE industries now located in Chester when placed in full operation will employ more than 1000 wage earners. THREE HUNDRED houses required at once for employees and trades people. There is a demand for trades of all kinds:--- Furniture, Hardware, Plumbers, Painters, Carpenters, Jewelers, Druggist, etc., etc., in fact all kinds of people that go to make up a FIRST CLASS community such as Chester is sure to be. City Water, Natural Gas, Paved Streets and Flag Side Walks. Lots 22 1-2 to 50 feet front. 100 to 150 feet in depth.

Why pay rent when you have Small Cash Payment. Lots $100 Upwards Dwellings $1650 Upwards Balance Weekly and Monthly. such an opportunity to own your home?

We also have property of every description in all parts of East Liveroool, Ohio, and Chester, W. Va., which we will be pleased at all times to show you. If you have something you wish to exchange we can no doubt arrange same for you.

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Christmas Day

Its Early ...History | Massacres by the Romans

It is a generally accepted belief that on the date that we call Christmas day Christ was born. This is questioned by some chroniclers, but the doubt does little harm, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Every one is satisfied to take this date as the nativity of Christ, and it matters little whether it is historically correct or not; one day in the year, it is believed by all good Christians, should be set aside for the celebration of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and the 25th of December is as good a day as any on the calendar.

It is necessary to go back to the Roman era to find the first recorded reference to a festival on the date known to us as Christmas day, so that it need not be cause for surprise if through all the past ages the record of the exact day on which Christ was born should have become lost. History tells us that the first feast to be celebrated on the 25th of December was established by Commodus, emperor of Rome, who flourished about 185 years after the birth of Christ.

After that there are many references to the meetings of the new sect called the Christians, who gathered on this day to celebrate the birth of the God Man. It is not until a century after the time of Commodus that we find a particular reference to the persecution that the Christians underwent at the hands of the pagan emperors having culminated in a grand Christmas day massacre.

Diocletian was the Roman who decided to celebrate the date by killing off a few Christians. He did so with a vengeance. The most horrible deed perpetrated during the festival was on Christmas day, when the assembled Christians, gathered in their place of meeting, were set upon and slaughtered, while the Romans looked on in great glee at the sight of antipagan people being put to death for their religion's sake.

When Rome was no longer a pagan state, the feast began to be celebrated in the Christian style, although some of the songs that were sung and some of the rites of the festival would greatly shock the strictly orthodox churchgoer of the present day. At that time there were no excursion trains to carry those who wished to take part in a public celebration from point to point, and the electric telegraph had not been thought of. Consequently those who celebrated the birth of Christ in early days did so in widely separated countries, sometimes at widely separated periods of time and according to no set programme. It was every community for itself, and no one to criticise the others for not being careful about the date.

As a matter of fact, the ancient celebration of Christ's nativity was left entirely to the discretion of the different bodies, and as every community had divergent interests the time was arranged to suit the exigencies of the case. If Christmas day happened to come upon a time when there was too much work to be done to permit of a holiday, then it would be postponed until a more suitable season. Owing to this indifference to precedents the exact date when the birth of Christ ought to be kept was hopelessly lost.

On only one thing were all the ancients agreed—namely, that the festival in commemoration of the birth of Christ ought to be the most magnificent of the year. In some cases it was kept up for days and the meaning of the festival was forgotten long before the revelers returned to their homes again.

It is interesting to observe that the custom of giving presents at Christmas time, which has survived to this day, was begun in the first days of the Christmas feast. So was the custom that is known as carol singing. The songs of today are based on the event that makes Christmas day a time of rejoicing, but at that time they were not overparticular as to the subject chosen by the singers. In fact it would be difficult to find in some of them an excuse for the singing of such ditties at a religious festival.

It is a striking feature of this Christmas celebration that from its earliest recorded history there is no sentiment in connection with it but those of kindliness and good feeling. However much the old style of celebrating Christmas might be objectionable to the twentieth century critic of orthodox tendencies who frowns at the frivolity of some of the customs, it was always a time for the better side of human nature to be exhibited and for people to take gifts to each other in a spirit of peace and good will. This kindly spirit has been maintained until all over the world today it is seen in the merrymaking, the happiness conveyed by the glorious institution of Santa Claus, the steaming hot dinners presented to the poor, the frolic and the funmaking in almost every home, and the gathering together for the yearly reunion of those whom circumstances separate for the greater part of the year. May the season never cease to be famous for its power to bring out the better attributes of men and women, as it did of old!

Haiti's Houses.

Insurance companies refuse to insure houses in Haiti because of the tinderlike character the wood assumes in that climate.

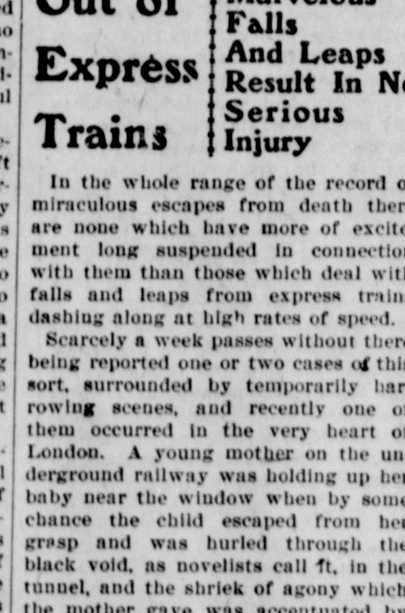
Out of Express Trains

Marvelous Falls And Leaps Result In No Serious Injury

In the whole range of the record of miraculous escapes from death there are none which have more of excitement long suspended in connection with them than those which deal with falls and leaps from express trains dashing along at high rates of speed.

Scarcely a week passes without there being reported one or two cases of this sort, surrounded by temporarily harrowing scenes, and recently one of them occurred in the very heart of London. A young mother on the underground railway was holding up her baby near the window when by some chance the child escaped from her grasp and was hurled through the black void, as novelists call it, in the tunnel, and the shriek of agony which the mother gave was accentuated by the fact that at that instant another train flashed past on the very line of rails upon which the child had presumably fallen.

The next station was Temple station, which was reached in a minute or two, and here a frantic and incoherent mother implored a great throng of busy passengers of all sorts and conditions to "save her baby."



THE MOTHER DASHED TOWARD HIM.

One of the railway officials grasped the situation in a moment and rushed into the tunnel, where the moaning, shrieking woman tried to follow him. Presently the official reappeared out of the darkness, and the mother dashed toward him. The child to all outward appearance was only slightly scratched, though it seemed dazed.

The prompt and plucky railway man found it in the very middle of the track, and a train of carriages must actually have passed over its prostrate body. It is believed that it was little worse for the accident.

This incident was repeated immediately afterward on a Yarmouth train, but in this case the little boy who fell, past whom a train had also gone since the fall, was found crawling to the side of the permanent way. Although well enough to crawl, he had sustained some slight injury in this case.

Perhaps one of the most miraculous escapes in this way was that in his babyhood of Mr. Edward Lauri, one of the celebrated pantomimic family of Lauri and himself a most popular young comedian now. His father, the celebrated clown, Teddy Lauri, and mother were traveling from Birmingham to Wolverhampton. As they were passing through the somewhat lengthy tunnel that precedes the railway approach to the latter place the baby was very restless, and Mrs. Lauri opened the window and held up the baby to stare at the blackness beyond.

Perhaps the child inherited a desire to make early pantomimic leaps through windows. Anyhow it made a sudden spring and darted through the window. The train was traveling at a very high rate of speed, and the agony of the father and mother was well nigh maddening.

Neither could ever adequately describe what passed till the train drew up at Wolverhampton, whence was just beginning to move a train that would pass over the line of rails upon which the baby had fallen.

"Murder, murder! Stop that train!" shrieked the father, while the mother sat in a dazed way, moaning. A scene of great confusion followed, but the train was stopped, all save the engine, upon which the father and certain officials leaped prior to its moving away separately to cover the several miles which intervened between the child and the station.

The tunnel mouth was reached, and then the eager men, lights in hand, rushed into the darkness. The child was found absolutely without a scratch and uninjured, and, save that it looked very much astonished, it presented no unusual appearance.

In this case, however, there was a reason for its immunity. It had been wrapped up in a large rug, and when it leaped it fairly unrolled itself from this, one end of the rug going out of the carriage window and the other remaining in the hands of Mrs. Lauri.

The child had, so to speak, rolled down the rug to the track. The baby, now the well known actor, still keeps the many accounts that appeared in the newspapers of that day—Charles Reade wrote one of them—and when his father was dying a year or two ago he said, "Remember the mercy of God to our baby." The old clown remembered after long years whose hand had intervened.

Leaps from trains on the part of criminals in custody have been far from uncommon.

There is at least one such case where the prisoner escaped—that where a man named Jennings actually leaped from a train that was going at a rate of sixty miles an hour.

Police and railway officials went back to the spot, after stopping the train a few miles beyond by means of the guard communicator, expecting to find the mangled remains of the man; but, though the country was a remote and open one, they found no trace whatever of the fugitive except a few spots of blood on the verdure of an embankment, and the railway officials still cite this case as one of the most marvelous on record.

Lost Life In Fight With Swordfish

From time immemorial the calling of the fisherman has been regarded as fraught with hardship and danger. Not only has he wave and storm to contend with, but sometimes meets death in battle with the very prey he seeks.

The crew of the Gloucester (Mass.) sloop Klondike, Captain Antonio F. Cunha, and five men, engaged in the swordfishing business, recently sighted a monster swordfish lying on the surface of the water thirty-five miles southwest of Norman's Land. The sloop was worked quietly up to the big fish, and a harpoon was thrown into it. The throw was not good, and Auguste Sylvia was sent out in a dory to put another iron into the fish, which was struggling to get away.



Sylvia rowed right up on the swordfish and jabbed the sharp iron home. He then started to row out of harm's way. The fish, with two irons in him, began a desperate struggle. He made a sudden dart and with an upward turn ran his long sword through the bottom of the dory. The sharp sword passed into the railing of the craft and stuck there. The fish then turned in its fury, and the dory was shaken about fearfully.

Sylvia tried to cling to the bow thwart, but the big fish tossed the boat about like an eggshell. Sylvia was hurled overboard. Being clad in oilskins and rubber boots, he sank immediately and was not seen afterward. The big fish, which weighed nearly 500 pounds, dashed the dory against the side of the Klondike, and this was its last struggle, for it broke off its sword near its nose and was then pulled on board the sloop.

Fainting.

The direct cause of fainting is a diminished circulation of blood through the brain. To revive a person who has fainted it is necessary, therefore, to alter this condition as quickly as possible. In order to do this the individual should be laid quite flat, the head on a level with the body, so that the feebly acting heart will not have to propel the blood upward. The neck and chest should be exposed, fresh air admitted freely, water sprinkled on the face and stimulating vapors, such as ammonia, held at intervals to the nostrils. When there is difficulty in restoring animation, friction over the region of the heart with the hand or a rough cloth should be applied vigorously.

Exemplifying an Adage.

"Yes," said the old conductor, "I have followed the railroad about all my life. I wasn't exactly born on a train, but I was married on one at the rate of forty-five miles an hour."

"That was a good deal like marrying in haste."

"It was. And we got tired of each other while we were making the return trip on a freight train.

"That was a good deal like repeating at leisure."—Chicago Tribune.

Grow Handsome.

Would you like to be truly beautiful? Thoreau says: "We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features and any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them." So there, now, you sour visaged, plain faced people, go along about your business and grow handsome.—National Magazine.

By the time the average man gets old enough to have good sense he is too contrary to make good use of it.—Chicago News.

The uglier you are the more amiable you should be.—Atchison Globe.

SOUTH SIDE PLAN OF LOTS, CHESTER, WEST VIRGINIA.

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Its Early ...History | Massacres by the Romans

It is a generally accepted belief that on the date that we call Christmas day Christ was born. This is questioned by some chroniclers, but the doubt does little harm, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Every one is satisfied to take this date as the nativity of Christ, and it matters little whether it is historically correct or not; one day in the year, it is believed by all good Christians, should be set aside for the celebration of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and the 25th of December is as good a day as any on the calendar.

It is necessary to go back to the Roman era to find the first recorded reference to a festival on the date known to us as Christmas day, so that it need not be cause for surprise if through all the past ages the record of the exact day on which Christ was born should have become lost. History tells us that the first feast to be celebrated on the 25th of December was established by Commodus, emperor of Rome, who flourished about 185 years after the birth of Christ.

After that there are many references to the meetings of the new sect called the Christians, who gathered on this day to celebrate the birth of the God Man. It is not until a century after the time of Commodus that we find a particular reference to the persecution that the Christians underwent at the hands of the pagan emperors having culminated in a grand Christmas day massacre.

Diocletian was the Roman who decided to celebrate the date by killing off a few Christians. He did so with a vengeance. The most horrible deed perpetrated during the festival was on Christmas day, when the assembled Christians, gathered in their place of meeting, were set upon and slaughtered, while the Romans looked on in great glee at the sight of antipagan people being put to death for their religion's sake.

When Rome was no longer a pagan state, the feast began to be celebrated in the Christian style, although some of the songs that were sung and some of the rites of the festival would greatly shock the strictly orthodox churchgoer of the present day. At that time there were no excursion trains to carry those who wished to take part in a public celebration from point to point, and the electric telegraph had not been thought of. Consequently those who celebrated the birth of Christ in early days did so in widely separated countries, sometimes at widely separated periods of time and according to no set programme. It was every community for itself, and no one to criticise the others for not being careful about the date.

As a matter of fact, the ancient celebration of Christ's nativity was left entirely to the discretion of the different bodies, and as every community had divergent interests the time was arranged to suit the exigencies of the case. If Christmas day happened to come upon a time when there was too much work to be done to permit of a holiday, then it would be postponed until a more suitable season. Owing to this indifference to precedents the exact date when the birth of Christ ought to be kept was hopelessly lost.

On only one thing were all the ancients agreed—namely, that the festival in commemoration of the birth of Christ ought to be the most magnificent of the year. In some cases it was kept up for days and the meaning of the festival was forgotten long before the revelers returned to their homes again.

It is interesting to observe that the custom of giving presents at Christmas time, which has survived to this day, was begun in the first days of the Christmas feast. So was the custom that is known as carol singing. The songs of today are based on the event that makes Christmas day a time of rejoicing, but at that time they were not overparticular as to the subject chosen by the singers. In fact it would be difficult to find in some of them an excuse for the singing of such ditties at a religious festival.

It is a striking feature of this Christmas celebration that from its earliest recorded history there is no sentiment in connection with it but those of kindliness and good feeling. However much the old style of celebrating Christmas might be objectionable to the twentieth century critic of orthodox tendencies who frowns at the frivolity of some of the customs, it was always a time for the better side of human nature to be exhibited and for people to take gifts to each other in a spirit of peace and good will. This kindly spirit has been maintained until all over the world today it is seen in the merrymaking, the happiness conveyed by the glorious institution of Santa Claus, the steaming hot dinners presented to the poor, the frolic and the funmaking in almost every home, and the gathering together for the yearly reunion of those whom circumstances separate for the greater part of the year. May the season never cease to be famous for its power to bring out the better attributes of men and women, as it did of old!

Haiti's Houses.

Insurance companies refuse to insure houses in Haiti because of the tinderlike character the wood assumes in that climate.

Out of Express Trains

Marvelous Falls And Leaps Result In No Serious Injury

In the whole range of the record of miraculous escapes from death there are none which have more of excitement long suspended in connection with them than those which deal with falls and leaps from express trains dashing along at high rates of speed.

Scarcely a week passes without there being reported one or two cases of this sort, surrounded by temporarily harrowing scenes, and recently one of them occurred in the very heart of London. A young mother on the underground railway was holding up her baby near the window when by some chance the child escaped from her grasp and was hurled through the black void, as novelists call it, in the tunnel, and the shriek of agony which the mother gave was accentuated by the fact that at that instant another train flashed past on the very line of rails upon which the child had presumably fallen.

The next station was Temple station, which was reached in a minute or two, and here a frantic and incoherent mother implored a great throng of busy passengers of all sorts and conditions to "save her baby."



THE MOTHER DASHED TOWARD HIM.

One of the railway officials grasped the situation in a moment and rushed into the tunnel, where the moaning, shrieking woman tried to follow him. Presently the official reappeared out of the darkness, and the mother dashed toward him. The child to all outward appearance was only slightly scratched, though it seemed dazed.

The prompt and plucky railway man found it in the very middle of the track, and a train of carriages must actually have passed over its prostrate body. It is believed that it was little worse for the accident.

This incident was repeated immediately afterward on a Yarmouth train, but in this case the little boy who fell, past whom a train had also gone since the fall, was found crawling to the side of the permanent way. Although well enough to crawl, he had sustained some slight injury in this case.

Perhaps one of the most miraculous escapes in this way was that in his babyhood of Mr. Edward Lauri, one of the celebrated pantomimic family of Lauri and himself a most popular young comedian now. His father, the celebrated clown, Teddy Lauri, and mother were traveling from Birmingham to Wolverhampton. As they were passing through the somewhat lengthy tunnel that precedes the railway approach to the latter place the baby was very restless, and Mrs. Lauri opened the window and held up the baby to stare at the blackness beyond.

Perhaps the child inherited a desire to make early pantomimic leaps through windows. Anyhow it made a sudden spring and darted through the window. The train was traveling at a very high rate of speed, and the agony of the father and mother was well nigh maddening.

Neither could ever adequately describe what passed till the train drew up at Wolverhampton, whence was just beginning to move a train that would pass over the line of rails upon which the baby had fallen.

"Murder, murder! Stop that train!" shrieked the father, while the mother sat in a dazed way, moaning. A scene of great confusion followed, but the train was stopped, all save the engine, upon which the father and certain officials leaped prior to its moving away separately to cover the several miles which intervened between the child and the station.

The tunnel mouth was reached, and then the eager men, lights in hand, rushed into the darkness. The child was found absolutely without a scratch and uninjured, and, save that it looked very much astonished, it presented no unusual appearance.

In this case, however, there was a reason for its immunity. It had been wrapped up in a large rug, and when it leaped it fairly unrolled itself from this, one end of the rug going out of the carriage window and the other remaining in the hands of Mrs. Lauri.

The child had, so to speak, rolled down the rug to the track. The baby, now the well known actor, still keeps the many accounts that appeared in the newspapers of that day—Charles Reade wrote one of them—and when his father was dying a year or two ago he said, "Remember the mercy of God to our baby." The old clown remembered after long years whose hand had intervened.

Leaps from trains on the part of criminals in custody have been far from uncommon.

There is at least one such case where the prisoner escaped—that where a man named Jennings actually leaped from a train that was going at a rate of sixty miles an hour.

Police and railway officials went back to the spot, after stopping the train a few miles beyond by means of the guard communicator, expecting to find the mangled remains of the man; but, though the country was a remote and open one, they found no trace whatever of the fugitive except a few spots of blood on the verdure of an embankment, and the railway officials still cite this case as one of the most marvelous on record.

Lost Life In Fight With Swordfish

From time immemorial the calling of the fisherman has been regarded as fraught with hardship and danger. Not only has he wave and storm to contend with, but sometimes meets death in battle with the very prey he seeks.

The crew of the Gloucester (Mass.) sloop Klondike, Captain Antonio F. Cunha, and five men, engaged in the swordfishing business, recently sighted a monster swordfish lying on the surface of the water thirty-five miles southwest of Norman's Land. The sloop was worked quietly up to the big fish, and a harpoon was thrown into it. The throw was not good, and Auguste Sylvia was sent out in a dory to put another iron into the fish, which was struggling to get away.



Sylvia rowed right up on the swordfish and jabbed the sharp iron home. He then started to row out of harm's way. The fish, with two irons in him, began a desperate struggle. He made a sudden dart and with an upward turn ran his long sword through the bottom of the dory. The sharp sword passed into the railing of the craft and stuck there. The fish then turned in its fury, and the dory was shaken about fearfully.

Sylvia tried to cling to the bow thwart, but the big fish tossed the boat about like an eggshell. Sylvia was hurled overboard. Being clad in oilskins and rubber boots, he sank immediately and was not seen afterward. The big fish, which weighed nearly 500 pounds, dashed the dory against the side of the Klondike, and this was its last struggle, for it broke off its sword near its nose and was then pulled on board the sloop.

Fainting.

The direct cause of fainting is a diminished circulation of blood through the brain. To revive a person who has fainted it is necessary, therefore, to alter this condition as quickly as possible. In order to do this the individual should be laid quite flat, the head on a level with the body, so that the feebly acting heart will not have to propel the blood upward. The neck and chest should be exposed, fresh air admitted freely, water sprinkled on the face and stimulating vapors, such as ammonia, held at intervals to the nostrils. When there is difficulty in restoring animation, friction over the region of the heart with the hand or a rough cloth should be applied vigorously.

Exemplifying an Adage.

"Yes," said the old conductor, "I have followed the railroad about all my life. I wasn't exactly born on a train, but I was married on one at the rate of forty-five miles an hour."

"That was a good deal like marrying in haste."

"It was. And we got tired of each other while we were making the return trip on a freight train.

"That was a good deal like repenting at leisure."—Chicago Tribune.

Grow Handsome.

Would you like to be truly beautiful? Thoreau says: "We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features and any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them." So there, now, you sour visaged, plain faced people, go along about your business and grow handsome.—National Magazine.

By the time the average man gets old enough to have good sense he is too contrary to make good use of it.—Chicago News.

The uglier you are the more amiable you should be.—Atchison Globe.

The Best Gift of All

By... HOWARD FIELDING

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AT 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 23, Dr. Donald Lafarge, chemist to the board of health, affixed his signature to an official document and swore with gentle earnestness that he would not do any more work until Tuesday. His assistant, Dr. Hale, who had just entered the office from the laboratory, remarked that everything seemed to be in shape to take care of itself for awhile and forthwith removed a long apron, stained and ragged, which he viewed with stern dissatisfaction as he rolled it up and thrust it into a drawer.

Hale was a dark visaged young man, with a picturesque shock of black hair and eyes as fierce as a pirate's. He had a deep and rumbling voice, a compact and rugged form, and he went about the simplest duties of this life with an air of ruthless determination—as if they were crimes.

"What are all those things?" he asked, indicating a great number of parcels on Lafarge's broad, flat topped desk.

Lafarge, who had been bending over the parcels, straightened his tall figure and pushed back the silky blond hair which would always fall over his forehead when he stooped.

"Christmas presents," said he.

"You've got more friends than I have," said Hale.

"More and better friends than I deserve," was the reply, "and not a great many at that. I'm a lonesome, unamiable brute. There's no reason why anybody should care for me."

"Well, somebody does," growled Hale.

Lafarge became interested.

"Do you think so, old man?" he asked, with an eagerness that was very youthful. "I can't get a line on her myself. But you're mighty shrewd, and you've seen her quite a number of times down here. These little things"—and he swept his hand over the packages—"are intended for the Christmas tree at her house."

"Whose house?"

"Miss Mallory's," answered Lafarge. "Perhaps you didn't mean"—

"Her? No, confound it! I meant myself. Idiotic thing to say, of course, but I was sparring for an opening. You see, I've got a little thing for you here, and I didn't know how to excuse myself for giving it to you. Here; take it," pulling a package out of the drawer beside him. "It's nothing but a box of cigars, and they're pretty rank, I guess. Cheap, anyway. But they'll do for visitors."

He tossed the package upon the desk and stood a moment, his bow legs apart like a sailorman's, and his manner as awkward as a schoolboy's who has forgotten his "piece" and can neither go on with it nor get back to his seat.

Lafarge, also, was considerably embarrassed, for he had neglected to buy anything for Hale, or even to think of him in such a connection.

"Upon my word, old fellow," he began, extending his hand, but at that instant the queer little scene was interrupted by the sudden entrance of District Attorney Blake Wallace.

The district attorney had a package in his hand about the size of an ordinary cigar box, wrapped in brown paper and tied with a red string. He carried it in a peculiar way, with his finger and thumb upon one corner of it and his arm extended in front of him almost grotesquely. He did not say a word until he had put down the package on the desk. Then he backed toward the door, at the same time saying:

"Come out here, Lafarge. I want to talk to you."

"Is it anything so confidential that Dr. Hale can't hear it?" demanded the chemist in surprise.

"No, no!" exclaimed Wallace. "Let him come, too, and the quicker the better."

Wallace seemed to breathe easier and to recover something of his official dignity when he had passed the door. He put a hand upon a shoulder of each of the others, and, with the imperceptible dexterity of the practiced trickster in law, kept them between himself and the office as he said:

"That thing is an infernal machine—at least I believe that it is. You know about Kensley?"

"The Wall street man?" said Lafarge.

"Yes," responded Wallace. "This thing was left at his house scarcely more than half an hour ago. He has been receiving threatening letters for some weeks, and the police have had a good many men out on the case. This is the result of it."

"I'd like to know what you fellows will load off on to me next," grumbled the chemist. "For heaven's sake, haven't I enough to do in my own department without monkeying with your dynamite bombs?"

"If you feel any hesitancy about touching it"— began Wallace. But Lafarge interrupted him.

"I'm not afraid of it, if that's what you mean," said he. "If you think I am, just watch me."

"Thank you," responded Wallace. "I think I'll just run down to my office, and—and you can make your report to me there."

"You may hear my report before you see it," laughed Lafarge. "You know, my friend," he added, more seriously, "that while ninety-nine of these things are as harmless as children's toys, the hundredth one is loaded to the muzzle."

"I'll take care of this one," said Hale, suddenly turning toward the office.

"Not by a jugful," rejoined Lafarge. "I don't turn this sort of thing over to another man. That's not like me at all."

Hale was within the office by this time, and he reached the desk first. Wallace, upon the threshold, saw the two men in a friendly struggle for this extraordinary prize.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Be careful! The thing has clockwork in it. It was ticking when I brought it in. You'll set it off."

At that moment Hale sprang away from the desk, pushing Lafarge back. He ran to the laboratory door, where he stood an instant with the package held close to his ear.

"It has stopped ticking," he said. "I'm not afraid of it."

He dodged into the laboratory as Lafarge advanced and locked the door behind him.

Lafarge begged and threatened, but Hale was obdurate. His heavy tread could be heard as he walked away from the door.

"There's no way to get in there," said Lafarge. "I suppose I might as well attend to these things."

With a hasty hand he wrapped the various small packages into one big bundle, and as he completed this labor the bent form of old Tom McGrath, for many years a "handy man" for the health department, appeared in the doorway.

"What's this I hear about dinnymite bumbs?" said he. "Is that what you'd be wantin' me to carry up town?"

"The 'dinnymite' is all in the laboratory," said Lafarge. "Dr. Hale is playing with it. These things are to go to the address on the paper, and you're to be as careful of them as if they were nitroglycerin, every ounce of them."

The old man took the package with great care, and Lafarge ran across to the door of the laboratory.

"In just a minute," called Hale in answer to his chief's demand for admittance. "I'm getting at the inside of this thing now, and"—

There was a considerable pause.

"It's all right," cried Hale, approaching the door. "There's nothing in it except some sort of machinery; no explosive whatever."

He admitted the two men, Lafarge ahead, and Wallace hanging back a bit, despite Hale's assurance.

On a marble slab beside a sink full of water stood the infernal machine. Hale had given it a thorough soaking and had then wrenched off the bottom of it, for one does well not to open these mysterious packages in the way that would be most natural.

It was a box of a handsome dark wood, and within could be seen many wheels and a great spindle of a curious shape. Lafarge cast a hastly glance at this object. Then he turned it over.

"Jerusalem the golden!" he exclaimed. "This is my Christmas present to Grace Mallory!"

Hale put a hand on Lafarge's shoulder and turned him half round, staring into his face, speechless, and with the look of one who has been stabbed.

"It's a music box," continued Lafarge, with awesome calmness. "I bought it in Germany last summer. You must have got the wrong package off my desk."

"Doctor," said Hale hoarsely, "I'd rather have been blown up."

He was interrupted by the district attorney, who at that moment stepped between the two chemists.

"Doctor," said he, tapping Lafarge on the breast, "where did you send that bundle?"

"Saints of paradise!" yelled Lafarge. "I have sent that infernal machine to the Mallorys!"

Breaking away from the others, he ran into the office. A glance dispelled any possible doubt. Beyond question he had put the bomb with the presents and had delivered it to McGrath.

"We must catch him!" cried Hale, dashing his hand against his dripping forehead. "Oh, isn't this Jim Hale all over? Wasn't I born into the world for it?"

"You did it for me, Jim," said Lafarge. "You were in a hurry because you didn't want me to get hurt. And the mistake was natural. There were half a dozen of those bundles that looked just alike."

He spoke with a consideration and a friendliness that disguised his feeling. In reality he was so nervous that he could not find his hat and overcoat. Wallace handed them to him.

"You didn't tell me where that thing had gone," he said. "You mentioned a name, but"—

"I've sent it to the woman I love," responded Lafarge.

"Never mind," said the district attorney soothingly. "Probably it will go off before it gets to her. Let us hope so—though that's a little rough on old McGrath."

"Have your friends a telephone?" asked Hale.

"No!" groaned Lafarge. "We must depend upon our speed."

"They live in the Clyde apartments, don't they?" said Hale. "Well, I know the druggist on the corner. He has a telephone, and he will send a message."

He ran out of the room and along the corridor to an office in which was one of the telephones used by the health department. The others waited a few minutes in the hall, and then Lafarge's impatience overcame him. He had been absentmindedly pushing the button of the elevator, though well aware that the car had stopped running for the day. Suddenly ceasing this useless attempt, he rushed down the stairs, and Wallace clattered after him. The scrubwomen stared at them, and the watchman at the outer door assailed them with questions, but got no reply.

As they were about to board an electric car Hale overtook them. He looked a shade more cheerful than before.

"It's all right," he said, dropping into a seat beside Lafarge. "I've sent a message that on no account must they let McGrath bring those things into the house."

He relapsed into gloomy meditations, from which Lafarge charitably endeavored to arouse him.

"The Mallorys are a fine, old fashioned family," said he. "There's the grandfather—a magnificent, patriarchal old chap—and Mr. and Mrs. Mallory, with their four children—Jack's the oldest; he's eighteen—and Aunt Sarah, who isn't very well just now, I'm sorry to say; and Grace, who's only distantly related to the others, though she's like a daughter in the household—Mrs. Mallory's cousin, you know; so I'm very much at home there. Isn't Grace the sweetest, prettiest"—

Hale writhed in his seat.

The Clyde is an apartment house of a pretentious character. Liveried servants open doors and stand ready to answer questions with glib misinformation. Lafarge and Hale entered, leaving Wallace to search for McGrath on the outside.

"Yes, sir," said an obsequious youth; "the man was here, but we got a message from you, that we mustn't let him bring the bundle into the house."

"What did you do?" demanded Lafarge.

"We sent word up stairs," responded the liveried youth, "and Miss Mallory came down and brought the bundle in. She said she understood what you meant."

"Lafarge, this is fate!" said Hale, striding toward the elevator, with a scowl upon his face that made the colored man in charge of the car turn white.

A neat maid opened the door of the Mallory apartments.

"The things you sent have come, Dr. Lafarge," she said.

The chemist responded with a groan, as he leaned for a moment against the wall.

"Why, what's the matter, Donald?" asked a most agreeable voice, adding immediately: "How do you do, Dr. Hale? I'm so glad Donald brought you along."

"Grace," gasped Lafarge, "what did you do with that bundle?"

The girl seemed bewildered by the strange behavior of the man, but she could have no notion that anything really serious had happened. All this must be a part of the agreeable mysteries of the Christmas season. Perhaps Donald was afraid that the people for whom the gifts were intended had seen them prematurely.

A boy of ten stood beside her, his arm around her waist. She disengaged herself from the child, and, turning him around till his back was toward her, gave him a gentle tap between the shoulders.

"Run along, Bert," said she. "This is confidential."

"She's hidden all the presents, Uncle Donald," said the boy. "But I'll bet I know where they are."

"Hurry, Grace!" said Donald, approaching her.

"I put the package in Aunt Sarah's room," whispered the girl. "It's right by the foot of her bed. Aunt Sarah has 'nerves,'" she added, smiling at Hale. "The children don't dare to rummage around in her room."

Hale and Lafarge exchanged an agonized glance, and the latter stepped hastily toward a passage that ran rearward.

"Donald, what is the matter?" exclaimed Grace, running after him and laying a hand upon his arm.

"That's right," cried Hale. "Hold him, and I'll get the thing."

Lafarge seized him by the shoulder, and the three were for an instant most absurdly posed.

"Grace," said Lafarge, "there has been a fearful mistake. A package sent to my office for examination got mixed up with those presents."

"My goodness! Is it poison?" she gasped. "How dreadful! Yet it really can't do any harm, since the mistake has been discovered. Nobody has touched the things. I'll go and get them."

She slipped away from Lafarge and ran straight against Hale, who, with remarkable agility, placed himself in her path.

"It's an explosive," whispered Lafarge. "Don't scream. You'll scare everybody to death. The children are watching us from the parlor. They think this is a new Christmas game, I guess. The thing was sent to a man who has been threatened, and some detectives captured it in time. Don't—don't be alarmed! It's probably quite harmless, but we can't take any chances."

The girl was trying to speak, but she succeeded in uttering only some unintelligible exclamations, for Lafarge checked her at every attempt by an added impressiveness in his own manner and voice. Meanwhile, however, she had clung to Hale's arm. But at last he succeeded in freeing himself and darted toward the open door.

"Come back!" she cried. "Oh, Donald, she's in there!"

"What? Here, Hale— Why, I thought I saw her in the parlor."

"She's there! And she never saw him. He will scare her into a fit."

While these hurried words were exchanged Hale had reached the door. He glanced through the crack of it, and, seeing no one within, he entered.

Aunt Sarah, a tall and angular person of forty summers—which she had passed in single blessedness—had been standing in such a position that the open door of a wardrobe had hidden her. Hearing Hale's heavy tread, she stepped out.

As has already been intimated, Dr. Hale is a man of exceedingly formidable appearance. The expression of deadly, irresistible purpose which his face wears in its calmest moments was greatly intensified by his natural emotion at this time. Even if Aunt Sarah had not been afflicted with nerves, she might well have given herself up for lost at the sight of this desperate character breaking in upon her.

"Aunt Sarah," cried Grace from the hall, "it's Dr. Hale, and he is after that bundle."

As Aunt Sarah had never heard of Dr. Hale, this remark did not contain the consolation which it was intended to convey. It is not so easy, by the way, to think of just the right thing to say at such a time. Aunt Sarah understood only that the man was after the bundle that had just been put into her room.

Such being her view, it was especially creditable that she should have had the courage to attempt to thwart him. The bundle lay between them, and in some mysterious manner Aunt Sarah got by him and darted into the hall, with the precious bundle in her arms. She ran straight into Lafarge.

"Here! Take it!" she gasped, and the next moment she fainted in Grace's arms.

Lafarge cast one hasty glance around. It seemed to him that he could hear the mysterious clockwork ticking along toward the final catastrophe for the execution of which it was designed.

"Rip it open!" exclaimed Hale, who had followed close upon Aunt Sarah's heels.

But Lafarge had a sudden idea.

"Not here!" he cried, and, dodging Hale, he darted toward the rear of the house.

"Jack's room!" he called over his shoulder to Grace.

He ran to the end of the hall and applied a hasty hand to the knob of a door.

"Let me in! Let me in!" he called, and presently the door was opened, and a head, with hair parted in the middle and very neatly brushed down, was thrust cautiously out.

"What's the row, doctor?" inquired a gentle and somewhat effeminate voice. "I was just getting ready for dinner."

Lafarge burst into the room without stopping to answer any questions. The door closed behind him and was locked, as Hale discovered half a minute later. He had paused long enough to see Grace resign the care of Aunt Sarah to a maid and various members of the family to whom the occasion seemed unfavorable for him to be presented.

He shook the door and called upon Lafarge to let him in. There was no response, but he could hear a murmur of voices.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and a tall youth—the same whose head had been visible before—dashed out so hastily that he almost overturned Hale. He was clothed in a long overcoat that reached almost to his heels and was liberally supplied with trimmings of fine fur; but there were indications that he had not very much on beneath it.

"Well, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "I think Donald has a good nerve. He says he wants to soak an infernal machine in my bathtub, and I was just going to get into it myself! I say, we'd better not stay here."

Meanwhile Hale had tried the door, expecting to find it locked, for he had heard Lafarge turn the key behind Jack. The bolt of the lock had not caught. Hale entered the room, and Grace got in after him, despite his efforts to keep her out. Once in, she closed the door and locked it securely.

"Keep the children away!" she called to Jack through the door. "But don't tell what has happened."

It was a large and elegantly appointed chamber, with windows opening on a broad court at the rear of the building. In an alcove to the left stood a great porcelain tub, half full of water, and beside it stood Lafarge, with a parcel done up in brown paper in his hand. On the floor was the big bundle, open.

"I hope you've got the right one this time," said Hale.

"No doubt of that," replied Lafarge. "It's the one with no name on it. Grace, will you please go away?"

As he spoke he stooped down to immerse the box in the tub.

"Wait—wait, Lafarge, till I can get her out of here!" exclaimed Hale. "If that's one of those sulphuric acid machines, it may go off when it touches the water."

His words came too late. The box was already under the surface. Lafarge, somewhat pale, looked around at them, while he gently moved the box back and forth in the water.

"I guess it's all right," he said at last, withdrawing it and taking off the wrapper. "It's a cigar box. That's what they commonly use. I don't see any trick about the cover"— putting a knife under it gingerly. "There! It's open. Why, upon my soul! What's this? The confounded thing is full of cigars!"

He lifted some of them, soaked and sodden. Hale stepped quickly forward.

"The very Old Nick himself is in this thing!" he cried. "We haven't got it yet. That is my box of cigars—my Christmas present to you."

He turned and pounced upon the pile of packages that lay beside him. This time there was no mistake. His hand was upon the one that Wallace had brought. Kneeling beside it, he waved Lafarge back.

"In the midst of all these absurdities," he said, "we must not forget the real danger, Donald. I believe in my heart—something seems to tell me—that there is death in this little box. Let me face it alone. Please, Donald, I beg of you!"

"I can't," said Lafarge. "My soul won't let me. Grace"—

He pointed to the door, but the girl would not obey. She stood wringing her hands. Her face was perfectly white, but its expression was resolute and in strange contrast with her attitude of abject terror.

"I will not go while you stay here," she said, looking at Donald. "I—I want to be with you, whatever happens."

Hale looked at her steadily as he kneeled beside the package. His face was haggard and drawn.

Suddenly he seized Donald's wrist and dragged him down, so that, still kneeling, he could whisper in the other's ear.

"I love her!" he said. "I always have, ever since I first saw her. And she loves you. Now, is there any doubt which one of us can best afford to take this chance? She won't go without you, and she mustn't stay. Listen! This infernal thing is ticking again. The clockwork that was somehow interrupted in the office has begun to go, and you know what that means. Get away! Get away, and take her with you."

Lafarge straightened up.

"Grace," said he, "Dr. Hale has just told me something which makes it absolutely necessary that you should leave this room and that I should stay."

He stepped up to her and took her hand.

"If you love me," he said, "go."

"I do, I do," she sobbed, clinging to him. "That's why I can't leave you. I want to run—I'm frightened to death—but I'd rather stay with you. Oh, can't you throw this terrible thing out of the window?"

"Listen!" said Lafarge.

There was a moment of silence, in which the sound of children's voices rose from the court beneath the window. The voices ceased, and the ticking of the infernal mechanism seemed as loud as a drum.

Suddenly the measured clicking became a whir. Hale crouched down, placing his body directly over the box—between it and his friends. Lafarge pushed the almost fainting girl toward the door, shielding her behind himself.

And then a strange sound rose from the box—a queer, cracked melody, familiar and trivial.

"Oh, I don't know; you're not so warm!" it sang in a weird, uncanny key.

Hale faced about, his dark visage singularly pallid, yet for some strange reason looking almost handsome. His eye met Lafarge's in a single glance. Then he wrenched the wrapper off the box, which the next instant he burst open with a blow of his clinched fist.

Wheels and springs flew out and scattered over the floor. In the midst of them was a large white card. Hale picked it up and glanced at the writing which it bore.

"Our friend, the district attorney, always was a practical joker," said he. "but I don't believe he ever succeeded quite so well before. He wishes you a merry Christmas, Lafarge!"

"If I had him here!" said the chemist between his teeth.

The next moment Grace was laughing and crying in his arms, while Hale, upon one knee, in the attitude of one who has been almost felled by a blow, looked up at them. He seemed to experience a difficulty in getting to his feet, but once erect he stood sturdily.

"On second thought, Lafarge," said he, "would you really do him any harm? His agreeable jest has shown you what you wished to see. When he and those other humorists that consort with him were fixing up this 10 cent music box and its clockwork attachments, they had no idea what strange measures we should tread to the tune of it. I fancy that this is your best Christmas present and more than a fair exchange for the pretty instrument I smashed in the laboratory."

"I'll tell you what this absurd joke has done," said Lafarge earnestly. "It has revealed you to me as a brave and splendid fellow, Jim."

"Oh, wasn't he brave!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, he thought only of us! He positively smiled in that last second before the horrid box began to play a tune—in that second when he must have expected to be blown up in the very next one. Why, he hugged the thing to his heart!"

"There are worse things than dynamite for a man's heart," said Hale, "and he may smile at them if he possesses the necessary resolution."

He advanced toward them, extending a hand to each, and there was a smile upon his strong and rugged face.



THE TICKING OF THE INFERNAL MECHANISM SEEMED AS LOUD AS A DRUM.

The Best Gift of All

By... HOWARD FIELDING

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At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 23, Dr. Donald Lafarge, chemist to the board of health, affixed his signature to an official document and swore with gentle earnestness that he would not do any more work until Tuesday. His assistant, Dr. Hale, who had just entered the office from the laboratory, remarked that everything seemed to be in shape to take care of itself for awhile and forthwith removed a long apron, stained and ragged, which he viewed with stern dissatisfaction as he rolled it up and thrust it into a drawer.

Hale was a dark visaged young man, with a picturesque shock of black hair and eyes as fierce as a pirate's. He had a deep and rumbling voice, a compact and rugged form, and he went about the simplest duties of this life with an air of ruthless determination—as if they were crimes.

"What are all those things?" he asked, indicating a great number of parcels on Lafarge's broad, flat topped desk.

Lafarge, who had been bending over the parcels, straightened his tall figure and pushed back the silky blond hair which would always fall over his forehead when he stooped.

"Christmas presents," said he.

"You've got more friends than I have," said Hale.

"More and better friends than I deserve," was the reply, "and not a great many at that. I'm a lonesome, unamiable brute. There's no reason why anybody should care for me."

"Well, somebody does," growled Hale.

Lafarge became interested.

"Do you think so, old man?" he asked, with an eagerness that was very youthful. "I can't get a line on her myself. But you're mighty shrewd, and you've seen her quite a number of times down here. These little things"—and he swept his hand over the packages—"are intended for the Christmas tree at her house."

"Whose house?"

"Miss Mallory's," answered Lafarge. "Perhaps you didn't mean"—

"Her? No, confound it! I meant myself. Idiotic thing to say, of course, but I was sparring for an opening. You see, I've got a little thing for you here, and I didn't know how to excuse myself for giving it to you. Here; take it," pulling a package out of the drawer beside him. "It's nothing but a box of cigars, and they're pretty rank, I guess. Cheap, anyway. But they'll do for visitors."

He tossed the package upon the desk and stood a moment, his bow legs apart like a sailorman's, and his manner as awkward as a schoolboy's who has forgotten his "piece" and can neither go on with it nor get back to his seat.

Lafarge, also, was considerably embarrassed, for he had neglected to buy anything for Hale, or even to think of him in such a connection.

"Upon my word, old fellow," he began, extending his hand, but at that instant the queer little scene was interrupted by the sudden entrance of District Attorney Blake Wallace.

The district attorney had a package in his hand about the size of an ordinary cigar box, wrapped in brown paper and tied with a red string. He carried it in a peculiar way, with his finger and thumb upon one corner of it and his arm extended in front of him almost grotesquely. He did not say a word until he had put down the package on the desk. Then he backed toward the door, at the same time saying:

"Come out here, Lafarge. I want to talk to you."

"Is it anything so confidential that Dr. Hale can't hear it?" demanded the chemist in surprise.

"No, no!" exclaimed Wallace. "Let him come, too, and the quicker the better."

Wallace seemed to breathe easier and to recover something of his official dignity when he had passed the door. He put a hand upon a shoulder of each of the others, and, with the imperceptible dexterity of the practiced trickster in law, kept them between himself and the office as he said:

"That thing is an infernal machine—at least I believe that it is. You know about Kensley?"

"The Wall street man?" said Lafarge.

"Yes," responded Wallace. "This thing was left at his house scarcely more than half an hour ago. He has been receiving threatening letters for some weeks, and the police have had a good many men out on the case. This is the result of it."

"I'd like to know what you fellows will load off on to me next," grumbled the chemist. "For heaven's sake, haven't I enough to do in my own department without monkeying with your dynamite bombs?"

"If you feel any hesitancy about touching it"— began Wallace. But Lafarge interrupted him.

"I'm not afraid of it, if that's what you mean," said he. "If you think I am, just watch me."

"Thank you," responded Wallace. "I think I'll just run down to my office, and—and you can make your report to me there."

"You may hear my report before you see it," laughed Lafarge. "You know, my friend," he added, more seriously, "that while ninety-nine of these things are as harmless as children's toys, the hundredth one is loaded to the muzzle."

"I'll take care of this one," said Hale, suddenly turning toward the office.

"Not by a jugful," rejoined Lafarge. "I don't turn this sort of thing over to another man. That's not like me at all."

Hale was within the office by this time, and he reached the desk first. Wallace, upon the threshold, saw the two men in a friendly struggle for this extraordinary prize.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Be careful! The thing has clockwork in it. It was ticking when I brought it in. You'll set it off."

At that moment Hale sprang away from the desk, pushing Lafarge back. He ran to the laboratory door, where he stood an instant with the package held close to his ear.

"It has stopped ticking," he said. "I'm not afraid of it."

He dodged into the laboratory as Lafarge advanced and locked the door behind him.

Lafarge begged and threatened, but Hale was obdurate. His heavy tread could be heard as he walked away from the door.

"There's no way to get in there," said Lafarge. "I suppose I might as well attend to these things."

With a hasty hand he wrapped the various small packages into one big bundle, and as he completed this labor the bent form of old Tom McGrath, for many years a "handy man" for the health department, appeared in the doorway.

"What's this I hear about dinnymite bumbs?" said he. "Is that what you'd be wantin' me to carry up town?"

"The 'dinnymite' is all in the laboratory," said Lafarge. "Dr. Hale is playing with it. These things are to go to the address on the paper, and you're to be as careful of them as if they were nitroglycerin, every ounce of them."

The old man took the package with great care, and Lafarge ran across to the door of the laboratory.

"In just a minute," called Hale in answer to his chief's demand for admittance. "I'm getting at the inside of this thing now, and"—

There was a considerable pause.

"It's all right," cried Hale, approaching the door. "There's nothing in it except some sort of machinery; no explosive whatever."

He admitted the two men, Lafarge ahead, and Wallace hanging back a bit, despite Hale's assurance.

On a marble slab beside a sink full of water stood the infernal machine. Hale had given it a thorough soaking and had then wrenched off the bottom of it, for one does well not to open these mysterious packages in the way that would be most natural.

It was a box of a handsome dark wood, and within could be seen many wheels and a great spindle of a curious shape. Lafarge cast a hastly glance at this object. Then he turned it over.

"Jerusalem the golden!" he exclaimed. "This is my Christmas present to Grace Mallory!"

Hale put a hand on Lafarge's shoulder and turned him half round, staring into his face, speechless, and with the look of one who has been stabbed.

"It's a music box," continued Lafarge, with awesome calmness. "I bought it in Germany last summer. You must have got the wrong package off my desk."

"Doctor," said Hale hoarsely, "I'd rather have been blown up."

He was interrupted by the district attorney, who at that moment stepped between the two chemists.

"Doctor," said he, tapping Lafarge on the breast, "where did you send that bundle?"

"Saints of paradise!" yelled Lafarge. "I have sent that infernal machine to the Mallorys!"

Breaking away from the others, he ran into the office. A glance dispelled any possible doubt. Beyond question he had put the bomb with the presents and had delivered it to McGrath.

"We must catch him!" cried Hale, dashing his hand against his dripping forehead. "Oh, isn't this Jim Hale all over? Wasn't I born into the world for it?"

"You did it for me, Jim," said Lafarge. "You were in a hurry because you didn't want me to get hurt. And the mistake was natural. There were half a dozen of those bundles that looked just alike."

He spoke with a consideration and a friendliness that disguised his feeling. In reality he was so nervous that he could not find his hat and overcoat. Wallace handed them to him.

"You didn't tell me where that thing had gone," he said. "You mentioned a name, but"—

"I've sent it to the woman I love," responded Lafarge.

"Never mind," said the district attorney soothingly. "Probably it will go off before it gets to her. Let us hope so—though that's a little rough on old McGrath."

"Have your friends a telephone?" asked Hale.

"No!" groaned Lafarge. "We must depend upon our speed."

"They live in the Clyde apartments, don't they?" said Hale. "Well, I know the druggist on the corner. He has a telephone, and he will send a message."

He ran out of the room and along the corridor to an office in which was one of the telephones used by the health department. The others waited a few minutes in the hall, and then Lafarge's impatience overcame him. He had been absentmindedly pushing the button of the elevator, though well aware that the car had stopped running for the day. Suddenly ceasing this useless attempt, he rushed down the stairs, and Wallace clattered after him. The scrubwomen stared at them, and the watchman at the outer door assailed them with questions, but got no reply.

As they were about to board an electric car Hale overtook them. He looked a shade more cheerful than before.

"It's all right," he said, dropping into a seat beside Lafarge. "I've sent a message that on no account must they let McGrath bring those things into the house."

He relapsed into gloomy meditations, from which Lafarge charitably endeavored to arouse him.

"The Mallorys are a fine, old fashioned family," said he. "There's the grandfather—a magnificent, patriarchal old chap—and Mr. and Mrs. Mallory, with their four children—Jack's the oldest; he's eighteen—and Aunt Sarah, who isn't very well just now, I'm sorry to say; and Grace, who's only distantly related to the others, though she's like a daughter in the household—Mrs. Mallory's cousin, you know; so I'm very much at home there. Isn't Grace the sweetest, prettiest"—

Hale writhed in his seat.

The Clyde is an apartment house of a pretentious character. Liveried servants open doors and stand ready to answer questions with glib misinformation. Lafarge and Hale entered, leaving Wallace to search for McGrath on the outside.

"Yes, sir," said an obsequious youth; "the man was here, but we got a message from you, that we mustn't let him bring the bundle into the house."

"What did you do?" demanded Lafarge.

"We sent word up stairs," responded the liveried youth, "and Miss Mallory came down and brought the bundle in. She said she understood what you meant."

"Lafarge, this is fate!" said Hale, striding toward the elevator, with a scowl upon his face that made the colored man in charge of the car turn white.

A neat maid opened the door of the Mallory apartments.

"The things you sent have come, Dr. Lafarge," she said.

The chemist responded with a groan, as he leaned for a moment against the wall.

"Why, what's the matter, Donald?" asked a most agreeable voice, adding immediately: "How do you do, Dr. Hale? I'm so glad Donald brought you along."

"Grace," gasped Lafarge, "what did you do with that bundle?"

The girl seemed bewildered by the strange behavior of the man, but she could have no notion that anything really serious had happened. All this must be a part of the agreeable mysteries of the Christmas season. Perhaps Donald was afraid that the people for whom the gifts were intended had seen them prematurely.

A boy of ten stood beside her, his arm around her waist. She disengaged herself from the child, and, turning him around till his back was toward her, gave him a gentle tap between the shoulders.

"Run along, Bert," said she. "This is confidential."

"She's hidden all the presents, Uncle Donald," said the boy. "But I'll bet I know where they are."

"Hurry, Grace!" said Donald, approaching her.

"I put the package in Aunt Sarah's room," whispered the girl. "It's right by the foot of her bed. Aunt Sarah has 'nerves,'" she added, smiling at Hale, "The children don't dare to rummage around in her room."

Hale and Lafarge exchanged an agonized glance, and the latter stepped hastily toward a passage that ran rearward.

"Donald, what is the matter?" exclaimed Grace, running after him and laying a hand upon his arm.

"That's right," cried Hale. "Hold him, and I'll get the thing."

Lafarge seized him by the shoulder, and the three were for an instant most absurdly posed.

"Grace," said Lafarge, "there has been a fearful mistake. A package sent to my office for examination got mixed up with those presents."

"My goodness! Is it poison?" she gasped. "How dreadful! Yet it really can't do any harm, since the mistake has been discovered. Nobody has touched the things. I'll go and get them."

She slipped away from Lafarge and ran straight against Hale, who, with remarkable agility, placed himself in her path.

"It's an explosive," whispered Lafarge. "Don't scream. You'll scare everybody to death. The children are watching us from the parlor. They think this is a new Christmas game, I guess. The thing was sent to a man who has been threatened, and some detectives captured it in time. Don't—don't be alarmed! It's probably quite harmless, but we can't take any chances."

The girl was trying to speak, but she succeeded in uttering only some unintelligible exclamations, for Lafarge checked her at every attempt by an added impressiveness in his own manner and voice. Meanwhile, however, she had clung to Hale's arm. But at last he succeeded in freeing himself and darted toward the open door.

"Come back!" she cried. "Oh, Donald, she's in there!"

"What? Here, Hale— Why, I thought I saw her in the parlor."

"She's there! And she never saw him. He will scare her into a fit."

While these hurried words were exchanged Hale had reached the door. He glanced through the crack of it, and, seeing no one within, he entered.

Aunt Sarah, a tall and angular person of forty summers—which she had passed in single blessedness—had been standing in such a position that the open door of a wardrobe had hidden her. Hearing Hale's heavy tread, she stepped out.

As has already been intimated, Dr. Hale is a man of exceedingly formidable appearance. The expression of deadly, irresistible purpose which his face wears in its calmest moments was greatly intensified by his natural emotion at this time. Even if Aunt Sarah had not been afflicted with nerves, she might well have given herself up for lost at the sight of this desperate character breaking in upon her.

"Aunt Sarah," cried Grace from the hall, "it's Dr. Hale, and he is after that bundle."

As Aunt Sarah had never heard of Dr. Hale, this remark did not contain the consolation which it was intended to convey. It is not so easy, by the way, to think of just the right thing to say at such a time. Aunt Sarah understood only that the man was after the bundle that had just been put into her room.

Such being her view, it was especially creditable that she should have had the courage to attempt to thwart him. The bundle lay between them, and in some mysterious manner Aunt Sarah got by him and darted into the hall, with the precious bundle in her arms. She ran straight into Lafarge.

"Here! Take it!" she gasped, and the next moment she fainted in Grace's arms.

Lafarge cast one hasty glance around. It seemed to him that he could hear the mysterious clockwork ticking along toward the final catastrophe for the execution of which it was designed.

"Rip it open!" exclaimed Hale, who had followed close upon Aunt Sarah's heels.

But Lafarge had a sudden idea.

"Not here!" he cried, and, dodging Hale, he darted toward the rear of the house.

"Jack's room!" he called over his shoulder to Grace.

He ran to the end of the hall and applied a hasty hand to the knob of a door.

"Let me in! Let me in!" he called, and presently the door was opened, and a head, with hair parted in the middle and very neatly brushed down, was thrust cautiously out.

"What's the row, doctor?" inquired a gentle and somewhat effeminate voice. "I was just getting ready for dinner."

Lafarge burst into the room without stopping to answer any questions. The door closed behind him and was locked, as Hale discovered half a minute later. He had paused long enough to see Grace resign the care of Aunt Sarah to a maid and various members of the family to whom the occasion seemed unfavorable for him to be presented.

He shook the door and called upon Lafarge to let him in. There was no response, but he could hear a murmur of voices.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and a tall youth—the same whose head had been visible before—dashed out so hastily that he almost overturned Hale. He was clothed in a long overcoat that reached almost to his heels and was liberally supplied with trimmings of fine fur; but there were indications that he had not very much on beneath it.

"Well, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "I think Donald has a good nerve. He says he wants to soak an infernal machine in my bathtub, and I was just going to get into it myself! I say, we'd better not stay here."

Meanwhile Hale had tried the door, expecting to find it locked, for he had heard Lafarge turn the key behind Jack. The bolt of the lock had not caught. Hale entered the room, and Grace got in after him, despite his efforts to keep her out. Once in, she closed the door and locked it securely.

"Keep the children away!" she called to Jack through the door. "But don't tell what has happened."

It was a large and elegantly appointed chamber, with windows opening on a broad court at the rear of the building. In an alcove to the left stood a great porcelain tub, half full of water, and beside it stood Lafarge, with a parcel done up in brown paper in his hand. On the floor was the big bundle, open.

"I hope you've got the right one this time," said Hale.

"No doubt of that," replied Lafarge. "It's the one with no name on it. Grace, will you please go away?"

As he spoke he stooped down to immerse the box in the tub.

"Wait—wait, Lafarge, till I can get her out of here!" exclaimed Hale. "If that's one of those sulphuric acid machines, it may go off when it touches the water."

His words came too late. The box was already under the surface. Lafarge, somewhat pale, looked around at them, while he gently moved the box back and forth in the water.

"I guess it's all right," he said at last, withdrawing it and taking off the wrapper. "It's a cigar box. That's what they commonly use. I don't see any trick about the cover"— putting a knife under it gingerly. "There! It's open. Why, upon my soul! What's this? The confounded thing is full of cigars!"

He lifted some of them, soaked and sodden. Hale stepped quickly forward.

"The very Old Nick himself is in this thing!" he cried. "We haven't got it yet. That is my box of cigars—my Christmas present to you."

He turned and pounced upon the pile of packages that lay beside him. This time there was no mistake. His hand was upon the one that Wallace had brought. Kneeling beside it, he waved Lafarge back.

"In the midst of all these absurdities," he said, "we must not forget the real danger, Donald. I believe in my heart—something seems to tell me—that there is death in this little box. Let me face it alone. Please, Donald, I beg of you!"

"I can't," said Lafarge. "My soul won't let me. Grace"—

He pointed to the door, but the girl would not obey. She stood wringing her hands. Her face was perfectly white, but its expression was resolute and in strange contrast with her attitude of abject terror.

"I will not go while you stay here," she said, looking at Donald. "I—I want to be with you, whatever happens."

Hale looked at her steadily as he kneeled beside the package. His face was haggard and drawn.

Suddenly he seized Donald's wrist and dragged him down, so that, still kneeling, he could whisper in the other's ear.

"I love her!" he said. "I always have, ever since I first saw her. And she loves you. Now, is there any doubt which one of us can best afford to take this chance? She won't go without you, and she mustn't stay. Listen! This infernal thing is ticking again. The clockwork that was somehow interrupted in the office has begun to go, and you know what that means. Get away! Get away, and take her with you."

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THE TICKING OF THE INFERNAL MECHANISM SEEMED AS LOUD AS A DRUM.



As Etienne de Mar in Bertha Runkle's play, "The Helmet of Navarre," Charles Dalton made his stellar venture at the Criterion theater. The play is described as "a brilliant historical spectacle in four acts," and it is as described. How true to history the play is cannot be told, as it is not all as clear as might be wished. It is hard to tell the story, for a sudden realization that we do not understand it ourselves is apt to present itself. But it is nevertheless very interesting and so full of incident that we pass the



VIRGINIA HARNED AS ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES.

time in close and still attention, for while Bertha Runkle, the author, is very young and her play is a little confused it does not lack interest or action, and these are two awfully important elements.

Charles Dalton has been seen here before as Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross," but this is his first essay as a star, and he is surrounded by all the accessories which so materially aid in the success of a play. As Etienne de Mar he shows great ability, being possessed of grace, strength, a fine figure and a very excellent voice, which he keeps under perfect control. "The Helmet of Navarre," being a historical play, Etienne, like all stage heroes, has much sword play, in which, of course, he is usually victorious. Francois Villon, Beaucaire and Etienne all manage to kill everybody for whom they have no liking or who likes not them. This becomes tedious to a discriminating audience, which would sometimes like its stage hero to get into a serious position just for the pleasure of feeling that after all he is human.

Think what a blessed relief then I felt when Etienne draws his sword to vanquish a few more enemies only to have it wrested from his hand. It was delightful, for now I was sure to feel interest in the outcome, although I knew the hero had to be triumphant in the end. Stage heroes always are. It is melodrama, but a little melodrama pays. The day may yet come when stage heroes will only have to press a button and their swords will leap from the scabbards ready for use.

Mr. Dalton is pleasing in the delineation of manly courage and good fellowship, and his lovemaking is most convincing. Incidentally, there are few actors I have ever seen who could not with profit sit at the feet of Robert Haines, now with Mrs. Fiske, and of him study lovemaking on the stage. Next to Mr. Dalton Morgan Coman as Felix de Broux and Eleanor Barry as Blanche de Tavannes did the best work of the company. The former has a bright future before him, and the latter only needs to be seen in this role by some prominent theatrical manager to mount soon to better things, though her part here is a very good one. The leading woman, Grace Elliston, is disappointing. In her many opportunities for depth and emotion she is colorless. Captain Cuocy, as played by Mr. George Seybolt, was a friend one would value. This gentleman and Sheridan Block, as Paul de Lorraine, the spy, played creditably.

In Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" Richard Mansfield has added to his repertory another very interesting play, which I regret I cannot say is a great one. This actor is generally accorded the first place in the galaxy of male stars in this country—I might say this age—but some contend that Mr. Irving is his superior in actual artistic genius. It is to be regretted that almost all geniuses have idiosyncrasies, which in the actor somewhat mars the effect of his best work. Mr. Mansfield is possessed with a habit of using his shoulders in a manner which would usually accompany merriment, but is by him made to exemplify disdain and even at times deep feeling of any kind. I suppose as he may be unaware of this peculiarity he would be unable to break himself of it, but it would be so much better if such a great actor were free of this and of all mannerism.

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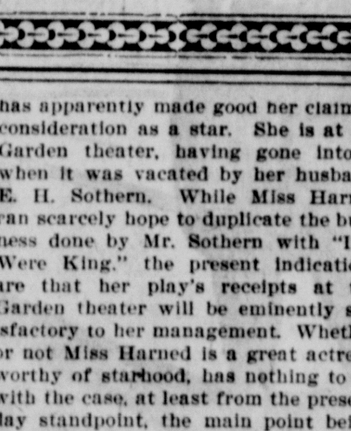
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George Washington figures on one bottle, upon the reverse of which was Zachary Taylor, who, so says the glass, "never surrenders." A spread eagle and what appears to be a Masonic shrine, a fruit basket and horn of plenty and two trees, one in leaf, the other bare, representing "summer" and "winter," are both two faced designs. A large, round bottle, which in these days would contain Holland gin, is impressed with a series of monks at their prayers. It was called the "apostles' bottle," but it drew fire from the pope, who had it put, by edict, out of general use.—American Wine Press.

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John McGraw, manager of the Baltimore American league team, recently met "Kip" Selbach, the left fielder of the New York National league team, at Columbus, O., by appointment. The two held a short conference, and two hours later McGraw left with a contract with Selbach to play with his team in his pocket.

An Indigestible Man.

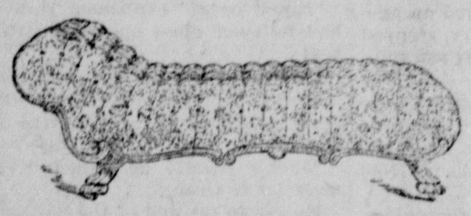
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Jane—Indigestible?

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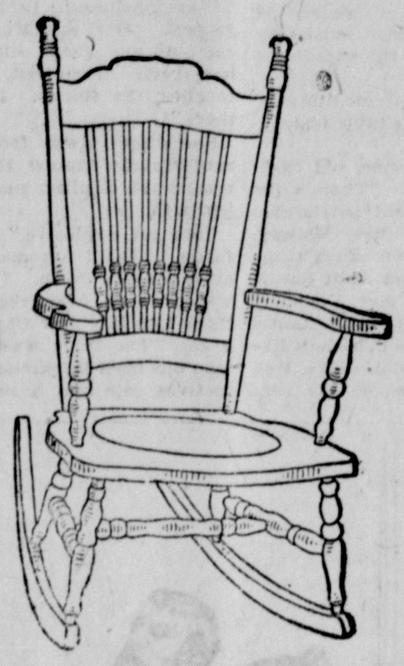


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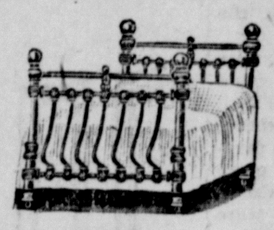


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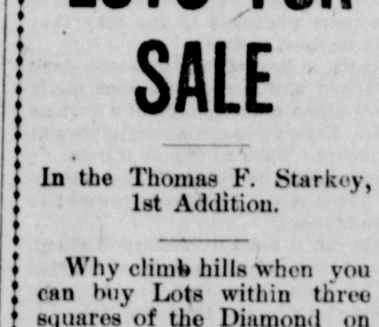
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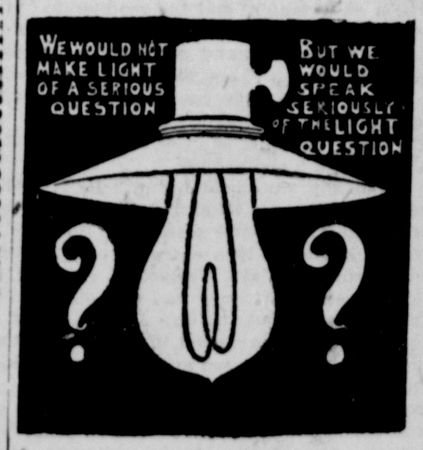


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As Etienne de Mar in Bertha Runkle's play, "The Helmet of Navarre," Charles Dalton made his stellar venture at the Criterion theater. The play is described as "a brilliant historical spectacle in four acts," and it is as described. How true to history the play is cannot be told, as it is not all as clear as might be wished. It is hard to tell the story, for a sudden realization that we do not understand it ourselves is apt to present itself. But it is nevertheless very interesting and so full of incident that we pass the



VIRGINIA HARNED AS ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES.

time in close and still attention, for while Bertha Runkle, the author, is very young and her play is a little confused it does not lack interest or action, and these are two awfully important elements.

Charles Dalton has been seen here before as Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross," but this is his first essay as a star, and he is surrounded by all the accessories which so materially aid in the success of a play. As Etienne de Mar he shows great ability, being possessed of grace, strength, a fine figure and a very excellent voice, which he keeps under perfect control. "The Helmet of Navarre," being a historical play, Etienne, like all stage heroes, has much sword play, in which, of course, he is usually victorious. Francois Villon, Beaucaire and Etienne all manage to kill everybody for whom they have no liking or who likes not them. This becomes tedious to a discriminating audience, which would sometimes like its stage hero to get into a serious position just for the pleasure of feeling that after all he is human.

Think what a blessed relief then I felt when Etienne draws his sword to vanquish a few more enemies only to have it wrested from his hand. It was delightful, for now I was sure to feel interest in the outcome, although I knew the hero had to be triumphant in the end. Stage heroes always are. It is melodrama, but a little melodrama pays. The day may yet come when stage heroes will only have to press a button and their swords will leap from the scabbards ready for use.

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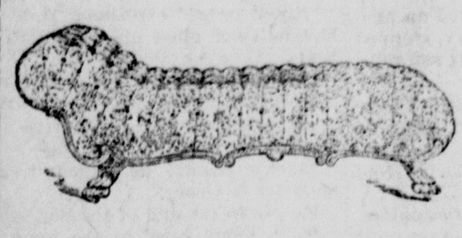
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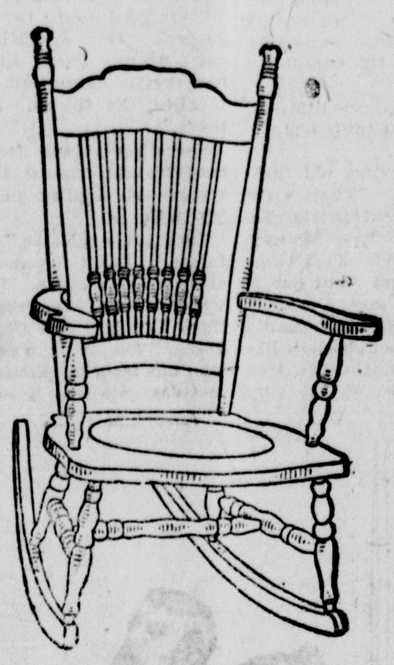


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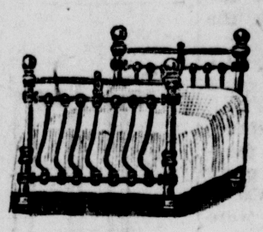


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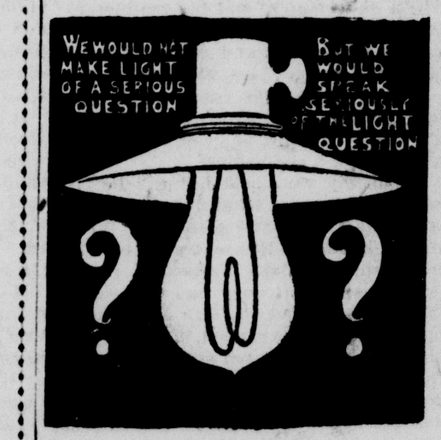


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18TH YEAR. NO. 159. EAST LIVERPOOL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1901. TWO CENTS.

AT THE WITS' END

Belmont County Officers Greatly Perplexed About Their Jail Prisoners.

NO WORK FOR THEM TO DO

The Same Problem Confronts Numerous Ohio Cities, East Liverpool Included—The Erring Escape Due Punishment Owing to Cost.

Belmont county is worried over a problem that has given the Columbiana county authorities no little perplexity. It is that of the disposal of jail prisoners. The absence of any sort of a rule to keep them at work is the chief embarrassment.

At present in eastern Ohio a man can commit any of the petty criminal offenses that are not big or bad enough for a penitentiary sentence and in a majority of the cases get off with a fine or if he does not have the money, as is frequently the case, gets off scot free. None of the towns, Bellaire, Martin's Ferry, Bridgeport, Barnesville or St. Clairsville, have any means of disposing of the habitual drunks, keepers of disorderly houses, gamblers or petty assault cases.

The officers arrest a man and he is given a hearing; he is perhaps fined $5 and 30 days in jail. He has no money to pay and is sent to the county jail. The usual result is that he is turned out in a week by the county commissioners to save the expense of keeping him. That is the order of proceedings in nine cases out of ten. So many of the people arrested for the minor offenses, who refuse to pay fines are of the habitual criminal class, who would rather spend a week in the warm county jail with three meals a day and no work, than to pay a dollar fine.

Many characters, knowing there is not work for them to do in the jail, deliberately commit offenses and plead guilty in order to get in jail. It is with this class of men that the authorities are at their wit's ends as to how to deal with. It is rather expensive to keep these men in jail, feed and clothe them and have no work for them to do. Another phase of the situation is its effect on municipal officers. It is no encouragement to them to prosecute these characters, who are a disgrace to a town, and then have them sent back to their old haunts after a week or two in one of the best kept jails in eastern Ohio.

The county commissioners of the county are taking an active interest in the matter and of late have had several heart to heart talks with the municipal authorities in the towns throughout the county. The commissioners recently have visited the workhouses at Zanesville, Canton, Massillon, Mansfield and Cleveland in an endeavor to made arrangements for the satisfactory disposal of jail sentences, but their efforts have not been very fruitful. In several places they found the system little better than the jail sentence in the county jail, as the so-called workhouse was filled with tramps and there was no work for them to do.

One of the most active of the commissioners has gone so far as to suggest the revival of that old implement of barbarism, the whipping post. Pay a man to do the whipping and the harder her whips the more his pay. It would not be long until there would be a noticeable decrease in the number of petty offenses committed by this class of men. For these reasons Belmont county is considering the erection of a workhouse. A municipal rock pile, to keep the prisoners at work in the town where their arrest occurs and where sentence is imposed, is advocated by Mayor Davidson, of East Liverpool, would probably diminish the jail population and help to solve the problem. It would also result in offenders who really deserve punishment being compelled to serve out their time and to make some return for their keeping.

SUNKEN BOATS RAISED

Rise And Fall of the River Caused Much Trouble to Coal Men.

The tow boat Walter B. Ailes, which has been engaged in the raising of the sunken boats at Surles landing, foot of Market street, has finished and left yesterday for Pittsburg. It did not take long to clear the wreckage which had been promiscuously jumbled about the abutment.

Owing to the rapid fall of the river coal men have been obliged to exercise vigilance to keep their flats in the water. One firm had its large driving flat grounded during the night and several hours ensued this morning before they could get at their coal.

At the wharf boat men have been up every night during the rising and falling stages to look after the boat and landing. Persons who receive river freight are strong in their criticism of the city for not proceeding with the improvement of the wharf which is so badly needed at this season of the year. It is with great difficulty that teams can approach the wharf boat.

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NEW OPERA HOUSE

PLAN ON FOOT FOR AN UP-TO-DATE THEATER.

A Syndicate Interested and a Site Now the Question to Be Settled.

A movement to build a new opera house in this city in on foot. Several gentlemen of means are interested in the project, but do not wish their names to be mentioned nor to say much about the thing until the plans are more fully developed.

During the week negotiations have been carried on looking to the transfer of real estate on which the new opera house building will be located. An endeavor will be made to have the work of construction well under way early in the spring so that the house can be thrown open to theatrical business when the show season opens in autumn.

Men who are interested in the syndicate say that they will put up a building that will be a credit to the city. It will be modern from stage to gallery and the most talented and elaborate productions will be induced to come to East Liverpool.

They have implicit confidence in this city as a good show town and believe that the best grade of amusements will be patronized. As soon as a deal for a location can be matured more detail as to the plans can be given.

MORE LINES GOBBLED.

Parties Closely Allied With Everett-Moore Syndicate Get Railways.

Fremont, O., Dec. 20.—It is stated on what is considered reliable authority that the Tiffin Power company, owners of the Tiffin street railway and electric lighting plant, and building one of the two electric lines between Tiffin and Fremont, has sold out to parties who are closely allied with the Everett-Moore syndicate.

According to the report, the property is to be bonded for $55,000 and the line between Fremont and Tiffin speedily completed. The Kerlin Bros. are also building a line between the two cities on opposite sides of the river.

COAL FAMINE THREATENS THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—Chicago is staring a coal famine in the face. Severe weather and the floods throughout the coal mining districts has tied up railroads to such an extent that shipment is almost impossible. To add to the serious shortage railroad companies are exerting their prerogative of confiscating car lots of coal as fast as they arrive here and are putting them to use. Large business houses are suffering severely for the want of coal and many concerns are hampered by reason of insufficient steam power.

OVER $17,500 FOR COLUMBUS M'KINLEY MONUMENT.

Columbus, Dec. 20.—Governor Nash, chairman of the sub-committee appointed to canvass the state departments for funds for the local McKinley monument fund, declined to serve. The explanation is that the state officials will assist the national movement. The local fund now aggregates $17,617.

U. S. SENATOR SEWELL VERY LOW LAST NIGHT.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 20.—United States Senator William J. Sewell's condition last night was critical and the members of his family feared dissolution would ensue soon. Two physicians were in constant attendance last night.

UNFAIR TO NATIVES

Filipinos Should Not Be Jndged By the Turbulent and Warlike.

PROTECTION MUCH DESIRED

Against Robbers of Their Own Race. Soldiers Cause Irritation And the Removal of Posts Outside of Towns Is Recommended.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The first section of the detailed report of the Taft Philippine commission made public at the war department deals principally with the organization of civil government in the provinces, although some space is devoted to a discussion of military operations during the year. In regard to the recent disaster to the army in Samar the report says in part:

"Nothing could be more unfair than to attribute to the Filipino people at large the motives of those who carried out the well-laid plot at Balangiga. That was in a remote and always turbulent island, still devastated by war, and was devised by persons with all the war passions who have experienced none of the benefits of either peace or civil government.

"It will be a sad injustice if the Samar disaster shall induce on one side a rigor in the treatment of all Filipinos, and on their part a consequent revulsion in those feelings of friendship toward the Americans which have been growing stronger each day with the spread and development of civil government."

In its discussion of the relations between the American soldiers and the natives in certain sections, the commission says in part:

"One of the greatest desires of the people of the provinces is protection against the robbers and ladrones of their own race. They have wished for the presence of American troops to afford them this protection. Troops spend money in the towns where they are stationed and this also makes their presence desirable. But these benefits are becoming more and more offset by disadvantages that cause a good deal of irritation, and the people now much prefer immediate protection by means of civil police. Nothing would delight the people of the provinces more than to see the American soldiers withdrawn to posts outside the towns. It would be vastly better for the people and the soldiers. The change is urgently recommended."

THE NICARAGUA CANAL BILL

Made Special Order In House—That Body AOdjourns Over the Holidays.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Before the house adjourned over the holiday recess a special order was made for the consideration of the Nicaragua bill, beginning on Tuesday, Jan. 7, and to continue until the bill is disposed of, the order not, however, to interfere with revenue or appropriation bills. The session of the house was brief, the major portion of the time being occupied by DeArmond, of Missouri, in making a personal explanation regarding reports circulated in his district concerning his course in the matter of the extension of the rural free delivery.

LONG ANSWERS SCHLEY.

If Sampson Files Objections, Will Advise Him of Decision.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The navy department had not yet yesterday prepared its answer to the bill of objections filed Wednesday by counsel for Admiral Schley, but it is so far advanced that it will be ready for delivery today, Capt. Lemly and Solicitor Hanna having given a good part of yesterday to the work. The following yesterday was addressed to Admiral Schley:

"Office of the Secretary,
"Navy Department, Dec. 19.

"Dear Sir: The department has received your communication of the 18th inst., wherein your request that if a protest is filed by Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson, relative to the question of command of the American naval forces during the battle of Santiago and credit for the victory won in that battle, you be accorded an opportunity to present, through your counsel, oral argument against such protest.

"In reply, you are informed that when such protest is received you will be advised of the department's conclusion. Yours respectfully,

"John D. Long.

"Rear Admiral W. S. Schley."

CAPT. CLARK'S GALLANTRY AT LAST RECOGNIZED.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Among the bills introduced in the senate were the following: By Mr. Penrose, providing for the grade of vice admiral and for the appointment of William T. Sampson, Winfield S. Schley and Charles Clark as vice admirals for special gallantry in the recent war. It asks that their active service be extended 10 years.

Funston to Be Confirmed.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The senate committee on military affairs has agreed to report favorably all the army nominations before it except those to staff positions concerning which questions have been raised. The nominations include several hundred names. The only one of those over which there was discussion in the committee was General Funston. Complaint was made that his promotion, to be a brigadier general, is an undue reward for his part in the capture of Aguinaldo, but the promotion was defended by Senator Harris, of General Funston's state. The committee decided unanimously to report the nomination.

Two Colored Men Appointed.

Washington, eDc. 20.—The president nominated Dr. J. R. A. Grosslard, of St. Joseph, Mo., to be minister to Liberia, and J. C. Dancy, collector of the port of Wilmington, N. C., to be recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia. Both are negroes.

BISHOP OF THE PHILLIPINES.

Brent Consecrated as Earthly Head of Protestant Episcopal Church.

Boston, Dec. 20.—The Rev. Dr. Charles Henry Brent, of St. Stephen's church, in this city, was consecrated the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in the Philippine islands. The ceremony took place in Emmanuel church.

The consecrator was Bishop Doane, of Albany, and the co-consecrators, Bishops Lawrence, of Massachusetts, and Satterlee, of Washington, D. C.

Other prelates who took part in the consecration were: Bishops Potter, of New York; Sweatman, of Toronto; Niles, of New Hampshire; Rowe, of Alaska; Brewster, of Connecticut; Kinsolving, of Brazil, and Codman, of Maine.

The sermon was preached by Bishop Hall, of Vermont. Bishop Hall's discourse dealt largely with the Episcopal church as the "the church of reconciliation," which he thought might do much in restoring harmony in civic affairs in the Philippines.

Bishop Brent will not leave for the islands until next March.

FOR NEGLECT OF DUTY.

Policeman Glennon Was Placed on Trial, In New York.

New York, Dec. 20.—The case of Police Wardman Edward G. Glennon, of the Thirtieth street, or "Tenderloin," police station, was begun before Recorder Goff in the court of general sessions. Glennon was indicted for neglect of duty in failing to suppress an alleged disorderly house in West Twenty-third street.

The state called witnesses to prove that the house was a disorderly one and that Glennon had been ordered to close it. The court ordered that the jury be locked up for the night last night. Glennon was sent by the court to the Tombs until this morning.

President Urges Forest Reserve.

Washington, Dec. 20.—President Roosevelt sent to congress a letter strongly commending the plan for a national forest reserve in the Southern Apalachian region.

SOME NEWS IN BRIEF.

Rabbi Philo, the pastor of a Reformed Jewish church at Akron, O., has appealed to the public to remember the street railway employes on Christmas and recommends that each passenger give an extra fare for the conductor and motorman.

The West Virginia supreme court has declared the Dawson corporation law constitutional. The decision permits the state to collect a franchise tax.

Frank Hardy, who was caught in the act of robbing Attorney Frank Hutton's house at DuBois, Pa., and who attempted to shoot the latter, was sentenced to 12 years in the Western penitentiary.

The centennial of Washington and Jefferson college, at Washington, Pa., will be held Oct. 12-15, 1902.

The Catholic and Methodist Episcopal congregations at South Sharon, Pa., will erect new churches, to cost about $10,000 each.

Thomas Murray, the night engineer in a brewery at New Kensington, Pa., was caught in a belt and torn to pieces. He was 50 years old.

Trouble in the school board of Dougherty township, Beaver county, Pa., has resulted in the slapping of a young woman teacher's face by a director who was opposed to her and whose son she had punished. Following this the coal shed adjoining the school was blown up with dynamite and it is feared that the school house will be destroyed by partisans of the teacher.

Citizens of Elkins, W. Va., are endeavoring to raise $30,000 to be used with a like sum offered by ex-Senator H. G. Davis, for the establishment of a college.

William McCutcheon, of Mercer, Pa., caused the arrest of Thomas and William Moore on the charge of stealing $270 from him. The charge, which was made on the advice of a clairvoyant, who was consulted by McCutcheon's wife, was not sustained.

Andrew Ross, of Lowellville, O., fell in the street and the jar caused him to swallow his false teeth. His throat and stomach were badly lacerated by the plate and his death is expected.

Mary Ann McCartney, a little daughter of Michael McCartney, of New Alexandria, Pa., was burned to death by her clothing taking fire from a grate.

Wheeling's councilmanic election contest has been settled by the West Virginia supreme court, which ruled that the Democratic defendants were entitled to their seats.

Valentine and Edward Kerner, the owners of a Cleveland barber shop, found the gas leak that they and a plumber were seeking with an open lamp. As a result the shop was blown to pieces and the three men were badly burned from head to foot.

Mrs. Mrs. McCurley, aged 22, and the mother of a young child, committed suicide at Youngstown, O., by taking carbolic acid.

Third Part. # EVENING NEWS REVIEW. **Pages 17 to 24.**

18TH YEAR. NO. 159. EAST LIVERPOOL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1901. TWO CENTS.

AT THE WITS' END

Belmont County Officers Greatly Perplexed About Their Jail Prisoners.

NO WORK FOR THEM TO DO

The Same Problem Confronts Numerous Ohio Cities, East Liverpool Included—The Erring Escape Due Punishment Owing to Cost.

Belmont county is worried over a problem that has given the Columbiana county authorities no little perplexity. It is that of the disposal of jail prisoners. The absence of any sort of a rule to keep them at work is the chief embarrassment.

At present in eastern Ohio a man can commit any of the petty criminal offenses that are not big or bad enough for a penitentiary sentence and in a majority of the cases get off with a fine or if he does not have the money, as is frequently the case, gets off scot free. None of the towns, Bellaire, Martin's Ferry, Bridgeport, Barnesville or St. Clairsville, have any means of disposing of the habitual drunks, keepers of disorderly houses, gamblers or petty assault cases.

The officers arrest a man and he is given a hearing; he is perhaps fined $5 and 30 days in jail. He has no money to pay and is sent to the county jail. The usual result is that he is turned out in a week by the county commissioners to save the expense of keeping him. That is the order of proceedings in nine cases out of ten. So many of the people arrested for the minor offenses, who refuse to pay fines are of the habitual criminal class, who would rather spend a week in the warm county jail with three meals a day and no work, than to pay a dollar fine.

Many characters, knowing there is not work for them to do in the jail, deliberately commit offenses and plead guilty in order to get in jail. It is with this class of men that the authorities are at their wit's ends as to how to deal with. It is rather expensive to keep these men in jail, feed and clothe them and have no work for them to do. Another phase of the situation is its effect on municipal officers. It is no encouragement to them to prosecute these characters, who are a disgrace to a town, and then have them sent back to their old haunts after a week or two in one of the best kept jails in eastern Ohio.

The county commissioners of the county are taking an active interest in the matter and of late have had several heart to heart talks with the municipal authorities in the towns throughout the county. The commissioners recently have visited the workhouses at Zanesville, Canton, Massillon, Mansfield and Cleveland in an endeavor to made arrangements for the satisfactory disposal of jail sentences, but their efforts have not been very fruitful. In several places they found the system little better than the jail sentence in the county jail, as the so-called workhouse was filled with tramps and there was no work for them to do.

One of the most active of the commissioners has gone so far as to suggest the revival of that old implement of barbarism, the whipping post. Pay a man to do the whipping and the harder her whips the more his pay. It would not be long until there would be a noticeable decrease in the number of petty offenses committed by this class of men. For these reasons Belmont county is considering the erection of a workhouse. A municipal rock pile, to keep the prisoners at work in the town where their arrest occurs and where sentence is imposed, is advocated by Mayor Davidson, of East Liverpool, would probably diminish the jail population and help to solve the problem. It would also result in offenders who really deserve punishment being compelled to serve out their time and to make some return for their keeping.

SUNKEN BOATS RAISED

Rise And Fall of the River Caused Much Trouble to Coal Men.

The tow boat Walter B. Ailes, which has been engaged in the raising of the sunken boats at Surles landing, foot of Market street, has finished and left yesterday for Pittsburg. It did not take long to clear the wreckage which had been promiscuously jumbled about the abutment.

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PLAN ON FOOT FOR AN UP-TO-DATE THEATER.

A Syndicate Interested and a Site Now the Question to Be Settled.

A movement to build a new opera house in this city in on foot. Several gentlemen of means are interested in the project, but do not wish their names to be mentioned nor to say much about the thing until the plans are more fully developed.

During the week negotiations have been carried on looking to the transfer of real estate on which the new opera house building will be located. An endeavor will be made to have the work of construction well under way early in the spring so that the house can be thrown open to theatrical business when the show season opens in autumn.

Men who are interested in the syndicate say that they will put up a building that will be a credit to the city. It will be modern from stage to gallery and the most talented and elaborate productions will be induced to come to East Liverpool.

They have implicit confidence in this city as a good show town and believe that the best grade of amusements will be patronized. As soon as a deal for a location can be matured more detail as to the plans can be given.

MORE LINES GOBBLED.

Parties Closely Allied With Everett-Moore Syndicate Get Railways.

Fremont, O., Dec. 20.—It is stated on what is considered reliable authority that the Tiffin Power company, owners of the Tiffin street railway and electric lighting plant, and building one of the two electric lines between Tiffin and Fremont, has sold out to parties who are closely allied with the Everett-Moore syndicate.

According to the report, the property is to be bonded for $55,000 and the line between Fremont and Tiffin speedily completed. The Kerlin Bros. are also building a line between the two cities on opposite sides of the river.

COAL FAMINE THREATENS THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—Chicago is staring a coal famine in the face. Severe weather and the floods throughout the coal mining districts has tied up railroads to such an extent that shipment is almost impossible. To add to the serious shortage railroad companies are exerting their prerogative of confiscating car lots of coal as fast as they arrive here and are putting them to use. Large business houses are suffering severely for the want of coal and many concerns are hampered by reason of insufficient steam power.

OVER $17,500 FOR COLUMBUS M'KINLEY MONUMENT.

Columbus, Dec. 20.—Governor Nash, chairman of the sub-committee appointed to canvass the state departments for funds for the local McKinley monument fund, declined to serve. The explanation is that the state officials will assist the national movement. The local fund now aggregates $17,617.

U. S. SENATOR SEWELL VERY LOW LAST NIGHT.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 20.—United States Senator William J. Sewell's condition last night was critical and the members of his family feared dissolution would ensue soon. Two physicians were in constant attendance last night.

UNFAIR TO NATIVES

Filipinos Should Not Be Jndged By the Turbulent and Warlike.

PROTECTION MUCH DESIRED

Against Robbers of Their Own Race. Soldiers Cause Irritation And the Removal of Posts Outside of Towns Is Recommended.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The first section of the detailed report of the Taft Philippine commission made public at the war department deals principally with the organization of civil government in the provinces, although some space is devoted to a discussion of military operations during the year. In regard to the recent disaster to the army in Samar the report says in part:

"Nothing could be more unfair than to attribute to the Filipino people at large the motives of those who carried out the well-laid plot at Balangiga. That was in a remote and always turbulent island, still devastated by war, and was devised by persons with all the war passions who have experienced none of the benefits of either peace or civil government.

"It will be a sad injustice if the Samar disaster shall induce on one side a rigor in the treatment of all Filipinos, and on their part a consequent revulsion in those feelings of friendship toward the Americans which have been growing stronger each day with the spread and development of civil government."

In its discussion of the relations between the American soldiers and the natives in certain sections, the commission says in part:

"One of the greatest desires of the people of the provinces is protection against the robbers and ladrones of their own race. They have wished for the presence of American troops to afford them this protection. Troops spend money in the towns where they are stationed and this also makes their presence desirable. But these benefits are becoming more and more offset by disadvantages that cause a good deal of irritation, and the people now much prefer immediate protection by means of civil police. Nothing would delight the people of the provinces more than to see the American soldiers withdrawn to posts outside the towns. It would be vastly better for the people and the soldiers. The change is urgently recommended."

THE NICARAGUA CANAL BILL

Made Special Order In House—That Body AOdjourns Over the Holidays.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Before the house adjourned over the holiday recess a special order was made for the consideration of the Nicaragua bill, beginning on Tuesday, Jan. 7, and to continue until the bill is disposed of, the order not, however, to interfere with revenue or appropriation bills. The session of the house was brief, the major portion of the time being occupied by DeArmond, of Missouri, in making a personal explanation regarding reports circulated in his district concerning his course in the matter of the extension of the rural free delivery.

LONG ANSWERS SCHLEY.

If Sampson Files Objections, Will Advise Him of Decision.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The navy department had not yet yesterday prepared its answer to the bill of objections filed Wednesday by counsel for Admiral Schley, but it is so far advanced that it will be ready for delivery today, Capt. Lemly and Solicitor Hanna having given a good part of yesterday to the work. The following yesterday was addressed to Admiral Schley:

"Office of the Secretary,
"Navy Department, Dec. 19.

"Dear Sir: The department has received your communication of the 18th inst., wherein your request that if a protest is filed by Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson, relative to the question of command of the American naval forces during the battle of Santiago and credit for the victory won in that battle, you be accorded an opportunity to present, through your counsel, oral argument against such protest.

"In reply, you are informed that when such protest is received you will be advised of the department's conclusion. Yours respectfully,

"John D. Long.

"Rear Admiral W. S. Schley."

CAPT. CLARK'S GALLANTRY AT LAST RECOGNIZED.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Among the bills introduced in the senate were the following: By Mr. Penrose, providing for the grade of vice admiral and for the appointment of William T. Sampson, Winfield S. Schley and Charles Clark as vice admirals for special gallantry in the recent war. It asks that their active service be extended 10 years.

Funston to Be Confirmed.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The senate committee on military affairs has agreed to report favorably all the army nominations before it except those to staff positions concerning which questions have been raised. The nominations include several hundred names. The only one of those over which there was discussion in the committee was General Funston. Complaint was made that his promotion, to be a brigadier general, is an undue reward for his part in the capture of Aguinaldo, but the promotion was defended by Senator Harris, of General Funston's state. The committee decided unanimously to report the nomination.

Two Colored Men Appointed.

Washington, eDc. 20.—The president nominated Dr. J. R. A. Grossland, of St. Joseph, Mo., to be minister to Liberia, and J. C. Dancy, collector of the port of Wilmington, N. C., to be recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia. Both are negroes.

BISHOP OF THE PHILLIPINES.

Brent Consecrated as Earthly Head of Protestant Episcopal Church.

Boston, Dec. 20.—The Rev. Dr. Charles Henry Brent, of St. Stephen's church, in this city, was consecrated the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in the Philippine islands. The ceremony took place in Emmanuel church.

The consecrator was Bishop Doane, of Albany, and the co-consecrators, Bishops Lawrence, of Massachusetts, and Satterlee, of Washington, D. C.

Other prelates who took part in the consecration were: Bishops Potter, of New York; Sweatman, of Toronto; Niles, of New Hampshire; Rowe, of Alaska; Brewster, of Connecticut; Kinsolving, of Brazil, and Codman, of Maine.

The sermon was preached by Bishop Hall, of Vermont. Bishop Hall's discourse dealt largely with the Episcopal church as the "the church of reconciliation," which he thought might do much in restoring harmony in civic affairs in the Philippines.

Bishop Brent will not leave for the islands until next March.

FOR NEGLECT OF DUTY.

Policeman Glennon Was Placed on Trial, in New York.

New York, Dec. 20.—The case of Police Wardman Edward G. Glennon, of the Thirtieth street, or "Tenderloin," police station, was begun before Recorder Goff in the court of general sessions. Glennon was indicted for neglect of duty in failing to suppress an alleged disorderly house in West Twenty-third street.

The state called witnesses to prove that the house was a disorderly one and that Glennon had been ordered to close it. The court ordered that the jury be locked up for the night last night. Glennon was sent by the court to the Tombs until this morning.

President Urges Forest Reserve.

Washington, Dec. 20.—President Roosevelt sent to congress a letter strongly commending the plan for a national forest reserve in the Southern Apalachian region.

SOME NEWS IN BRIEF.

Rabbi Philo, the pastor of a Reformed Jewish church at Akron, O., has appealed to the public to remember the street railway employes on Christmas and recommends that each passenger give an extra fare for the conductor and motorman.

The West Virginia supreme court has declared the Dawson corporation law constitutional. The decision permits the state to collect a franchise tax.

Frank Hardy, who was caught in the act of robbing Attorney Frank Hutton's house at DuBois, Pa., and who attempted to shoot the latter, was sentenced to 12 years in the Western penitentiary.

The centennial of Washington and Jefferson college, at Washington, Pa., will be held Oct. 12-15, 1902.

The Catholic and Methodist Episcopal congregations at South Sharon, Pa., will erect new churches, to cost about $10,000 each.

Thomas Murray, the night engineer in a brewery at New Kensington, Pa., was caught in a belt and torn to pieces. He was 50 years old.

Trouble in the school board of Dougherty township, Beaver county, Pa., has resulted in the slapping of a young woman teacher's face by a director who was opposed to her and whose son she had punished. Following this the coal shed adjoining the school was blown up with dynamite and it is feared that the school house will be destroyed by partisans of the teacher.

Citizens of Elkins, W. Va., are endeavoring to raise $30,000 to be used with a like sum offered by ex-Senator H. G. Davis, for the establishment of a college.

William McCutcheon, of Mercer, Pa., caused the arrest of Thomas and William Moore on the charge of stealing $270 from him. The charge, which was made on the advice of a clairvoyant, who was consulted by McCutcheon's wife, was not sustained.

Andrew Ross, of Lowellville, O., fell in the street and the jar caused him to swallow his false teeth. His throat and stomach were badly lacerated by the plate and his death is expected.

Mary Ann McCartney, a little daughter of Michael McCartney, of New Alexandria, Pa., was burned to death by her clothing taking fire from a grate.

Wheeling's councilmanic election contest has been settled by the West Virginia supreme court, which ruled that the Democratic defendants were entitled to their seats.

Valentine and Edward Kerner, the owners of a Cleveland barber shop, found the gas leak that they and a plumber were seeking with an open lamp. As a result the shop was blown to pieces and the three men were badly burned from head to foot.

Mrs. Mrs. McCurley, aged 22, and the mother of a young child, committed suicide at Youngstown, O., by taking carbolic acid.

In the Jaws of a Crocodile

Awful Plight of An English Officer In The Jungles Of Burma

Colonel F. T. Pollok, a British army officer, stationed at Moulmein, Burma, related recently some hunting experiences in southern Asia which show that sport has sometimes more thrills than are bargained for or desired.

Colonel Pollok, Colonel Taynton, Lieutenant Berdmore of the artillery and two planters named Thornton and O'Riley were the white members of the shooting party which left Mergui in May, riding upon the backs of two elephants and taking across the jungle country. At this season, before the rains, the jungle was as dry as tinder, and as the elephants broke through it, one following the other, the heat and dust were indescribable.

Their intention was to proceed across a neck of land lying in the bend of a river, striking the river again at a native hut cluster; then they were to leave the elephants and go down stream on a raft. Twelve of the eighteen miles had been made, when a bank of smoke to the right rose ominously. The jungle was on fire. There was no wind at the moment, but as the smoke rolled in denser clouds and climbed higher into the brassy sky fitful gusts would spring up for a moment, dying out suddenly as they had come.

It was a mad race against death. The heat was sickening. Blazing brands fell upon the backs of the elephants and upon the heads of their riders. Burning, blistered, singed and choking for water, men and beasts were on the



IN A CROCODILE'S JAWS.

verge of frenzy when the animals suddenly ran into a breastwork of green vines and undergrowth, burst through it and landed in the depths of a morass. Men and beasts lay down close to the sodden undergrowth, cooling their scorched flesh in the wet earth. When the fire had skirted them, they found a pool of water deeper in the morass, where their thirst was quenched. Sharp on the heels of the fire came the tropical rain in a deluge, and through it the hunters pushed on toward the swollen river.

It was two days before the hunters had spirit enough to embark down the river. A shelter from the sun had been rigged for the raft, and as they floated down stream, taking an occasional shot at the wicked little eyes of crocodiles, the mode of travel was luxurious as compared to the jungle work.

The first night the raft was tied under a bank clear of underbrush. The mosquitoes were bad, and, while O'Riley slept under a mosquito netting and the others were indifferent to them, Pollok got up and lighted a cheroot to drive away the pests that had kept him awake. As he sat smoking Pollok heard a slight noise on the bank ten feet above him. In the semigloom he saw the eye, snout and double horn of a rhinoceros, and as he looked the beast came nearer, exposing his full breast, with its mail-like armament.

With only one thought Pollok picked up the rifle at his feet and fired both barrels into the huge brute. Like a catapult it pitched forward, striking the raft, crushing it and throwing every man into the water.

Pollok had struck out for the bank when he felt a horrible, crushing grip on his thigh and knew that a crocodile had seized him. Filling his lungs with air, he went under in response to the pull. Some monster must have attacked the creature, however, for it suddenly let go, and as he rose to the surface Pollok cried for help.

Hardly had he taken a full breath, however, when he was seized again by the ankle. It was a terrible, lacerating grip, and as Pollok was losing consciousness and going under again his last sensation was of a protecting arm thrown around him and a loosening of the hold of the creature that was pulling him down.

When he came to, he was lying on the bank, with Taynton and O'Riley bending over him bandaging his torn leg. The flesh had been stripped almost to the bone, and the pain was frightful.

The story of his rescue was told to him. Taynton had gone to his assistance, having a knife in his belt. He had dived, stabbed the crocodile, and when the creature loosened its hold had swum with Pollok to the shore. O'Riley had landed easily, but Thornton had not been seen from the moment the raft was upset.

After a long search Thornton's body was given up as lost. The journey back to Moulmein was a hard one for Pollok, and brain fever followed it. Even now he is on leave from the army, seeking to recover the use of his leg, which for a long time threatened to need amputation.

"Hunting?" he said to an interviewer. "It's not all it is cracked up to be."

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The next day the gale had increased in force, and the men were kept busy baling out their boat and trying to keep it afloat. The young man soon became exhausted and, losing his courage, gave way to violent fits of weeping until the old man as a last resort to quiet him threatened to throw him overboard unless he performed his part of the work.

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What happened after this and until their rescue by the Graf Waldersee the men do not know. When they were lifted aboard the Graf Waldersee, both were unconscious and had to be placed in the ship's hospital for treatment.

Norway Fairies.

"Like the Japanese," writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Herald, "the Norwegians are very superstitious, and as in Japan the forests, the mountains and the gorges are peopled with fairies. Nissen is the good fairy of the farmers. He looks after the cattle particularly, and if he is well treated they are healthy and the cows give lots of milk. To propitiate him it is necessary to put a dish of porridge on the threshold of the cow stable on Christmas morning. Whenever the family moves this invisible being goes along with them and sits on the top of the loads."

A Heathen.

A heathen was originally a dweller on the German heaths, the last localities in Germany to accept the Christian religion.

IN HIGH REPUTE

The Great Author and Physician, Dr. A. W. Chase, Is Remembered In East Liverpool.

All over the world Dr. A. W. Chase's receipt book is known, as also in many parts of this country his skill as a physician and from the great success of his medicines the name will be handed down from generation to generation. Attempts are often made to sell other medicines over the reputation of the doctor. Some go so far as to use the name, "Chase" but they dare not use the initials, "A. W.," portrait or signature which is borne on every box of the genuine—the kind referred to by Mrs. George Hall, of No. 389 West Market street, East Liverpool, Ohio, who says: "I was bilious. My head ached hard and constantly. There was a general feeling of weakness and depression. I was asked to use Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills, and did so, getting them at Larkins' drug store, corner Sixth and East Market streets. The result was very good indeed, as the biliousness was overcome, the headaches cured and bodily and nerve strength furnished. Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment I can vouch for in burns as a fine application."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents a box at dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine company, Buffalo, N. Y. See that portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., are on every package.



The happy fellow who will be

Ring-ing the Christmas Belle

must look in at PATTISON'S to find the finest selection of Rings in the city. We have

RINGS

in every style and the prices are as varied as the Rings, and every single Ring will seem to you to be worth more than we will ask you to pay for it.

We also have many beautiful things in

Ladies' and Gents' Sizes **WATCHES** In All THE LATEST PATTERNS.

Chains and Lockets, some plain, some in beautiful designs; Necklaces, in Gold, Silver and Gold Plate; Watch and Lognette Chains in Gold and Silver; Sterling Silver and Ebony Cloth Brushes, Military Brushes, Mirrors, Combs, Suspenders, Garters, Chatelaine Bags and Purses, Bon Bon Dishes, Umbrellas in various styles of handles.

G. R. PATTISON, Engraving Free.

THE DIAMOND MERCHANT.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

LIGHTNING FLASHES

HOW THEY ARE EVOLVED AND THE ENERGY THEY POSSESS.

Inhabitants of Compactly Built Cities Have Little Cause to Fear These Mysterious and Destructive Balls From the Clouds.

Without doubt lightning was the first electrical phenomenon that was observed by human beings. To this day it remains the least known and least understood of natural electrical manifestations except, perhaps, the aurora.

There is a vast deal of popular misconception concerning the danger of lightning and the nature of it. The lightning flash is a discharge from a cloud at a high potential with reference to the earth. When the atmosphere is charged with water vapor and some eddy or current in its colder upper strata is deflected downward, causing condensation, exceedingly minute drops of water are formed, each bearing an electrical charge. The consolidation of these into larger drops results in a very great increment of the potential of the charge since the capacity of the drop varies with its diameter and the volume of the drop with the cube of the diameter.

The consequence of this is that it takes, for example, eight drops consolidated to make one of twice the diameter of the constituent drops, and the charge on the surface of the consolidated drop will be four times as great as that upon the surfaces of its elements. In this way, as the small water particles unite to form drops which fall as rain, the potential of the charge they carry increases until it attains enormous values, and the lightning flash leaps to the earth, which may be regarded simply as a body of very great electrostatic capacity. The discharge, which is called lightning, is apt to be more or less destructive, although the energy of an individual flash is perhaps not very great. Often the conditions are such that the discharge takes on an oscillating character, producing violent surgings of current. No very accurate measurements have been made upon the current involved, but it is taken to be of the order of 1,000 to 5,000 amperes. The electro motive force necessary to cause a flash a mile long is probably several million volts, and of course the power of the flash measured in watts is very great, but its duration is correspondingly short.

Protection of property and life from lightning flashes has been a subject that has entrained the attention of natural philosophers since Franklin sent up his historic kite. The net result of more than a century of attempt to secure protection has been the lightning rod in its more or less inefficient forms and the discovery that buildings of modern construction, having metallic roofs and often metallic frames as well, are practically immune from attack by lightning.

The total number of deaths due to lightning in any given summer is comparatively very small—in the ratio of about one to each 200,000 population in the United States. In cities the destructive influence of lightning is exceedingly small, although occasional fires are caused by it, especially where gas pipes abound.

Protection of electric circuits from lightning has been an interesting subject for research for a number of years, and several highly efficient devices have been constructed for this purpose. Today lightning is little feared by the station superintendent and should be very little feared by any one. The time honored rule that it is wisest to keep in the open and not seek the shelter of trees is one which common prudence dictates. Recourse to the feather bed of our ancestors, however, is no longer necessary except to quiet the nerves of timorous persons, while the ancient superstitions regarding handling steel instruments and sitting in drafts may be utterly disregarded. A modern building in a city is as nearly absolutely lightning proof and those in it are as nearly absolutely protected from lightning as is possible.—Electrical Review.

America's Superior Schools.

In spite of excessive decentralization and the lack of a regulative central authority America has, by making education a local concern, by confiding to each district the organization and control of its schools, by insisting on free public schools in the true sense of these much abused words, created a system which, in spite of its crudeness and obvious imperfections, may yet excite our envy, both as it brings education, secondary as well as primary, within the reach of all and as it is capable of infinite self development and progress, unshackled by the dead hand of ecclesiasticism and departmental routine. —London Chronicle.

Nothing New, Etc.

A book on the Egyptian pyramids published in 1672 describes the use of wireless telegraphy by one Saurid, a high priest of Memphis.

Snow Water.

It was long thought that the water from melted snow was the purest of all water. This idea has been proved incorrect, as the reverse is the case. Snow is really a purifier of the atmosphere, attracting from it as it falls various impurities, and these are found in the snow water.

Portland's Trees.

The city of Portland, Me., has in its streets 30,000 shade trees, some of which were planted more than half a century ago.

You can find an **APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

Something Your Friends will appreciate, SUCH AS **FANCY** Perfumes, Cigars, Atomizers, Pocketbooks, etc., etc., etc., at

WILL REED'S Opera House Pharmacy.

IT WILL PAY YOU .....BEFORE BUYING YOUR

XMAS.. CANDIES

to call and examine our stock and prices at

160 Fifth Street. **Edwin Oppelt's**

Both Phones, No. 134,

MONEY! to Loan. No delay other than to prepare the necessary papers

Paid up Stock is still being issued.

Running Stock or Special Deposits always received, which ever way suits you.

The Potters Building and Savings Company
Cor. 5th and Washington Sts.

Safe? Yes. We have a $30,000 Surplus Fund.

Boston Candy Kitchen

Mixed Candy
Mixed Taffy

5c lb.

Boston Candy Kitchen

THE EAST LIVERPOOL NEWS REVIEW WANT ADS. BRING QUICK RESULTS.

In the Jaws of a Crocodile

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We also have many beautiful things in

Ladies' and Gents' Sizes **WATCHES** In All THE LATEST PATTERNS.

Chains and Lockets, some plain, some in beautiful designs; Necklaces, in Gold, Silver and Gold Plate; Watch and Lognette Chains in Gold and Silver; Sterling Silver and Ebony Cloth Brushes, Military Brushes, Mirrors, Combs, Suspenders, Garters, Chatelaine Bags and Purses, Bon Bon Dishes, Umbrellas in various styles of handles.

G. R. PATTISON, Engraving Free.

THE DIAMOND MERCHANT.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

LIGHTNING FLASHES

HOW THEY ARE EVOLVED AND THE ENERGY THEY POSSESS.

Inhabitants of Compactly Built Cities Have Little Cause to Fear These Mysterious and Destructive Balls From the Clouds.

Without doubt lightning was the first electrical phenomenon that was observed by human beings. To this day it remains the least known and least understood of natural electrical manifestations except, perhaps, the aurora.

There is a vast deal of popular misconception concerning the danger of lightning and the nature of it. The lightning flash is a discharge from a cloud at a high potential with reference to the earth. When the atmosphere is charged with water vapor and some eddy or current in its colder upper strata is deflected downward, causing condensation, exceedingly minute drops of water are formed, each bearing an electrical charge. The consolidation of these into larger drops results in a very great increment of the potential of the charge since the capacity of the drop varies with its diameter and the volume of the drop with the cube of the diameter.

The consequence of this is that it takes, for example, eight drops consolidated to make one of twice the diameter of the constituent drops, and the charge on the surface of the consolidated drop will be four times as great as that upon the surfaces of its elements. In this way, as the small water particles unite to form drops which fall as rain, the potential of the charge they carry increases until it attains enormous values, and the lightning flash leaps to the earth, which may be regarded simply as a body of very great electrostatic capacity. The discharge, which is called lightning, is apt to be more or less destructive, although the energy of an individual flash is perhaps not very great. Often the conditions are such that the discharge takes on an oscillating character, producing violent surgings of current. No very accurate measurements have been made upon the current involved, but it is taken to be of the order of 1,000 to 5,000 amperes. The electro motive force necessary to cause a flash a mile long is probably several million volts, and of course the power of the flash measured in watts is very great, but its duration is correspondingly short.

Protection of property and life from lightning flashes has been a subject that has entrained the attention of natural philosophers since Franklin sent up his historic kite. The net result of more than a century of attempt to secure protection has been the lightning rod in its more or less inefficient forms and the discovery that buildings of modern construction, having metallic roofs and often metallic frames as well, are practically immune from attack by lightning.

The total number of deaths due to lightning in any given summer is comparatively very small—in the ratio of about one to each 200,000 population in the United States. In cities the destructive influence of lightning is exceedingly small, although occasional fires are caused by it, especially where gas pipes abound.

Protection of electric circuits from lightning has been an interesting subject for research for a number of years, and several highly efficient devices have been constructed for this purpose. Today lightning is little feared by the station superintendent and should be very little feared by any one. The time honored rule that it is wisest to keep in the open and not seek the shelter of trees is one which common prudence dictates. Recourse to the feather bed of our ancestors, however, is no longer necessary except to quiet the nerves of timorous persons, while the ancient superstitions regarding handling steel instruments and sitting in drafts may be utterly disregarded. A modern building in a city is as nearly absolutely lightning proof and those in it are as nearly absolutely protected from lightning as is possible.—Electrical Review.

America's Superior Schools.

In spite of excessive decentralization and the lack of a regulative central authority America has, by making education a local concern, by confiding to each district the organization and control of its schools, by insisting on free public schools in the true sense of these much abused words, created a system which, in spite of its crudeness and obvious imperfections, may yet excite our envy, both as it brings education, secondary as well as primary, within the reach of all and as it is capable of infinite self development and progress, unshackled by the dead hand of ecclesiasticism and departmental routine. —London Chronicle.

Nothing New, Etc.

A book on the Egyptian pyramids published in 1672 describes the use of wireless telegraphy by one Saurid, a high priest of Memphis.

Snow Water.

It was long thought that the water from melted snow was the purest of all water. This idea has been proved incorrect, as the reverse is the case. Snow is really a purifier of the atmosphere, attracting from it as it falls various impurities, and these are found in the snow water.

Portland's Trees.

The city of Portland, Me., has in its streets 30,000 shade trees, some of which were planted more than half a century ago.

You can find an **APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

Something Your Friends will appreciate, SUCH AS **FANCY** Perfumes, Cigars, Atomizers, Pocketbooks, etc., etc., etc., at

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IN HIGH REPUTE

The Great Author and Physician, Dr. A. W. Chase, Is Remembered In East Liverpool.

All over the world Dr. A. W. Chase's receipt book is known, as also in many parts of this country his skill as a physician and from the great success of his medicines the name will be handed down from generation to generation. Attempts are often made to sell other medicines over the reputation of the doctor. Some go so far as to use the name, "Chase" but they dare not use the initials, "A. W.," portrait or signature which is borne on every box of the genuine—the kind referred to by Mrs. George Hall, of No. 389 West Market street, East Liverpool, Ohio, who says: "I was bilious. My head ached hard and constantly. There was a general feeling of weakness and depression. I was asked to use Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills, and did so, getting them at Larkins' drug store, corner Sixth and East Market streets. The result was very good indeed, as the biliousness was overcome, the headaches cured and bodily and nerve strength furnished. Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment I can vouch for in burns as a fine application."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents a box at dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine company, Buffalo, N. Y. See that portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., are on every package.

MONEY! to Loan. No delay other than to prepare the necessary papers

Paid up Stock is still being issued.

Running Stock or Special Deposits always received, which ever way suits you.

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Safe? Yes. We have a $30,000 Surplus Fund.

Boston Candy Kitchen

Mixed Candy

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THE EAST LIVERPOOL NEWS REVIEW WANT ADS. BRING QUICK RESULTS.

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EDWIN A. ABBEY, WHO WILL PAINT THE CORONATION SCENE.

How the American Artist Has Won Name and Fame Abroad With His Brush—His New Pictures For the Boston Library.

The visit of Mr. Abbey to this country reminds us that the foremost American painter works and lives in England. He is in the United States just now to superintend the placing in the Boston Public library of the five beautiful panels he has been working on for the past ten years and recently finished. The selection of Mr. Abbey as the official painter of King Edward's coronation scene caused a stir in this country. It is the greatest compliment ever paid to one of our artists. When finished, the painting will hang in Windsor castle and will be the only one there painted by an American.

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Keeping Pickles.

Never keep pickles in glazed earthenware, as it is apt to have lead in the glaze, and the vinegar will act on it. Keep them in glass or hard stoneware.

Greek and Roman Times.

The Greeks and Romans had no weeks until they borrowed this division of time from the east. The Greeks divided the month into three equal periods, the Romans into three very unequal—the kalends, ides and nones.

YULETIDE CUSTOMS.

How the Day Is Observed in Many Countries.

In England

In England in the early Anglo-Saxon days Christmas was celebrated with almost saturnalian revelries, the lords of misrule holding full sway, but the first breath of Puritanism scorched the zeal of the revelers, and it became a heinous offense to so rejoice and be merry. The year 1643 saw the abolishment of all saints' days, and those who observed the "three grand festivals of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, were heavily fined." With the restoration a sad countenance was not at a premium, but rather a merry one, and all the observances of these festival days were revived.

In Spain

In old Seville and the other beautiful cities of Spain Christmas is largely an out of door celebration. The Anglo-Saxon idea of hearth and home is foreign to the Latin temperament, and the gracious climate lends itself to al fresco merrymaking. All is movement, color, tumult, dance and song. The great plazas are kaleidoscopes of human movement. The cathedrals and churches are thronged. Piety and gayety mingle.

In Italy

Inspired by the ancient poetical thought of cheering the Virgin during the pangs of maternity, young men and maidens throng on Christmas eve before her shrines in Italy and play upon their guitars and mandolins, singing songs of praise. It is their part, too, to decorate the beautiful old churches most profusely, a loving service at which they spend the greater part of the night, refreshed by a collation after midnight mass.

In Germany

Germany is the land of Santa Claus, the home of the beautiful legend of Kris Kringle, which is a corruption of Christ Kindlein, or Christ Child. While the good child finds its little stocking laden with Kris Kringle's gifts, the naughty child finds nothing but a birch rod placed there by the avenging Pelsnichol (St. Nicholas with the fur). Such an experience makes the small victim intensely miserable.

In Australia

In Australia Christmas comes during the midsummer season. The mercury may register 100 degrees or more. Families, instead of being united, are divided, for this is the time of the long vacation. Still, English traditions are preserved. Plum pudding is the dessert and holly the decoration. Moreover, the Australians have a decoration of their own—a crimson flowering shrub which they call Christmas bush and which blooms only in December.

HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

I dess 'ey's not a boy in town
'At's luckier 'an me,
Tause mamma she jus' let me have
My firstsus Trismus tree,
An' I don't want no dinner ner
No supper, too, atause
I jus' et up a rooster, an'
I et my bearses paws!
I hate to eat nice roosters, but
'Ey's candy, don't you see?
An' li'l' fellers owns what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree!

I foun' six candy chickens, an'
Bimeby I foun' a hen.
'At hen had candy feathers on!
It tasted good, an' nen
Them chickens had no mother, an'
I thought what will they do?
I thought an' thought an' thought, an' nen
I et them chickens too!
An' nen I played my drum, an' pa
Says, "Stop 'at row!" says he.
Can't li'l' fellers play what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree?

An' nen I looked aroun' an' looked,
An' nen I says, "What ails
'At funny lookin' ellyphant,
Tause he has got two tails?"
One on each end he had, an' nen
I et the bigges' one.
I dess 'at ellyphant was glad,
Atause when I was done
He looked like he was sayin', "Please
Eat up a rest of me!"
All li'l' fellers minds what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree!

I thought I'd eat some candles, too,
But 'ey didn't taste jus' right;
I dess 'ey on'y taste good when
It's dark an' late at night!
An' nen a rabbit's ear I tried,
An' nen I says: "See here!
You bes' jus' eat 'at rabbit, too,
Atause it wants its ear!"
Now, rabbitses 'ey want 'eir ears,
'At's very plain to see,
An' li'l' fellers helps what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree!

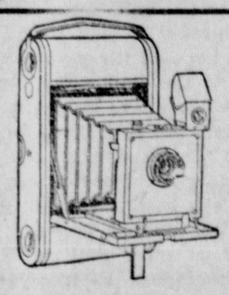
So I don't want no dinner ner
No supper, an' I dess
I won't want any breakfuss, tause
I got to take a res'!
'Ey's taggers, an' 'ey's lionses,
An' nen 'ey's poptorn, too,
An' gingerbread! I don't know when
I ever will get frew!
I dess 'ey's not a boy in town
'At's luckier 'an me,
Tause li'l' fellers owns what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree!

—Baltimore American.

Pleasant Mistake.

Walkin' beneath the mistletoe may be a mistake on the part uv a young lady, but I can assure her it is likely tew be a very pleasant one.

KODAKS AND CAMERAS.

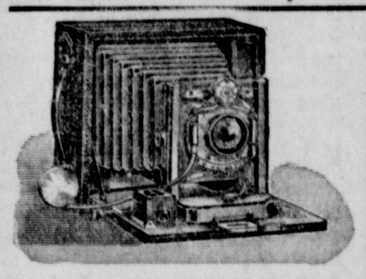


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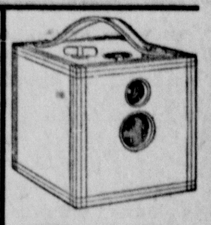
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$1.00 and $2.00
The Camera for little folks.



Premo A 5x7
$24
Rapid Rectilinear Lens.



Back Grounds 5x6..... $1.50



No. 2 Flexo Kodak
$5
For Pictures 3 1-2x3 1-2

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Albums, Masks, Frames, Tripods, all Papers, Developers and Toners, and lots of little things for your Kodak friend's Xmas.

LARKINS, THE DRUG MAN.

QUEER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

An Interesting Experiment With a Pencil and a Wire Screen.

Professor R. W. Wood recently described a rather startling optical illusion which any one may see with a little practice. A lead pencil is held point up an inch or two in front of a wire screen with a sky background. If the eyes are converged upon the pencil point, the wire gauze becomes somewhat blurred and, of course, doubled.

As the gauze has a regularly recurring pattern, however, the two images can be united and, with a little effort, can be accommodated for distinct vision of the combined images of the mesh. As soon as accommodation is secured the mesh becomes perfectly sharp and appears to be nearly in the plane of the pencil point.

If now the pencil is moved away from the eyes, which are to be kept fixed on the screen, it apparently passes through the mesh and becomes doubled. If now the pencil is removed entirely, it will be found that the sharp images of the combined images of the gauze persist, although the eyes be moved nearer to or farther away from the screen.

Now bring the eyes up to within six or eight inches of the plane in which the mesh appears to be and attempt to touch it with the finger. It is not there. The finger falls upon empty space, the screen being in reality a couple of inches farther off.

"This," says Professor Wood, "is by all means the most startling illusion I have ever seen, for we apparently see something occupying a perfectly definite position in space before our eyes, and yet if we attempt to put our finger on it we find that there is nothing there."—Exchange.

A Singular Bequest.

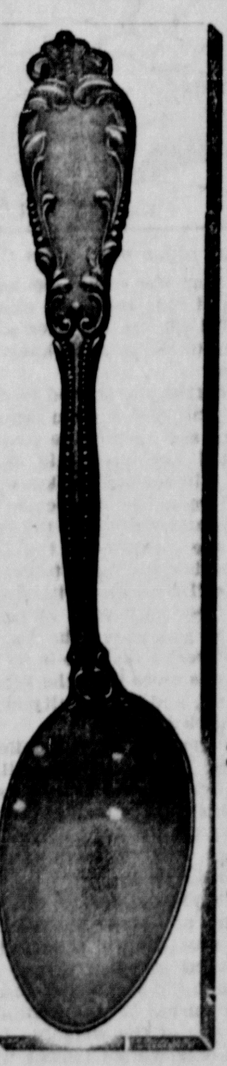
A peculiar fate is said to overhang the family of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid. An ancestor of his, so says the legend, once gave shelter to a rabbi, who, at his death, left to him a bequest of a mysterious box, which was on no account to be opened until after the customary seven days of mourning. If opened before that time, a curse would fall upon the family.

Curiosity got the better of superstition, and the box was opened before the seven days were up. In it was found a document which said that as the injunction of the rabbi had not been heeded no future owner of the estate would be succeeded by a son. And such, strangely enough, has been the case ever since.

Berlin's Bird Catcher.

Berlin pays a salary to a professional bird catcher, who keeps scientific and educational institutions supplied with birds, birds' nests and eggs, and he is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

We wish you the Compliments of the Season and thank you for your kind favors in the past.



WE would ask you to consider the excellence of our goods and the smallness of our prices.

We have been in the Jewelry business in this city for seventeen years, hence, we have a reputation to sustain. We think this is one reason why we have so many new patrons and friends. Our buyer has just returned from New York and most of his purchases are now here. They are a revelation to the good people of East Liverpool.

They include

Cut Glass and Silverware, Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Rare Pottery, Statuary, Umbrellas, and many Christmas Novelties

We claim to have the most complete Optical Establishment in the city. Private Parlor in rear of store.

Eyes Examined Free
Glasses Furnished.

J. M. McKINNEY

Metals.

Some metals, as lead and antimony condense on union; others, like gold and silver, expand. This, as well as the heat given out in alloying, especially when brass and bronze are formed, proves that an alloy is not a mere mechanical mixture, but a true chemical compound.

A Big Whale.

Some years ago an immense whale was driven ashore on the coast of Norway. It yielded bone and oil worth $12,500, and in honor of the find a banquet was given inside the body, which after the removal of the blubber afforded ample sitting room for thirty guests.

PIANOS

The man that has had the experience knows what he is selling much better than the man that is buying. We know from experience that we have some of the best Pianos made and sell them at the lowest possible price.



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OUR PRICE—Cash or Easy Payments.

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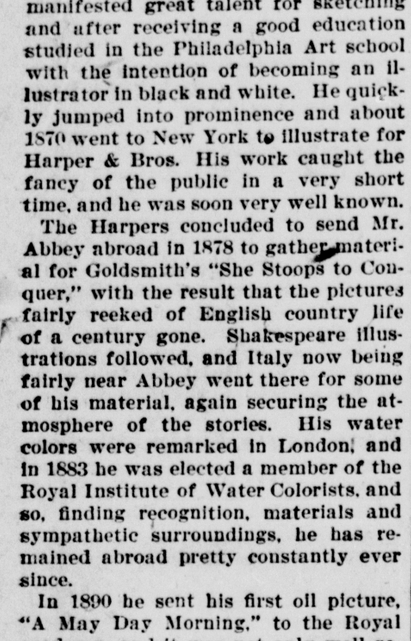
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How the Day Is Observed in Many Countries.

In England

In England in the early Anglo-Saxon days Christmas was celebrated with almost saturnalian revelries, the lords of misrule holding full sway, but the first breath of Puritanism scorched the zeal of the revelers, and it became a heinous offense to so rejoice and be merry. The year 1643 saw the abolishment of all saints' days, and those who observed the "three grand festivals of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, were heavily fined." With the restoration a sad countenance was not at a premium, but rather a merry one, and all the observances of these festival days were revived.

In Spain

In old Seville and the other beautiful cities of Spain Christmas is largely an out of door celebration. The Anglo-Saxon idea of hearth and home is foreign to the Latin temperament, and the gracious climate lends itself to al fresco merrymaking. All is movement, color, tumult, dance and song. The great plazas are kaleidoscopes of human movement. The cathedrals and churches are thronged. Piety and gayety mingle.

In Italy

Inspired by the ancient poetical thought of cheering the Virgin during the pangs of maternity, young men and maidens throng on Christmas eve before her shrines in Italy and play upon their guitars and mandolins, singing songs of praise. It is their part, too, to decorate the beautiful old churches most profusely, a loving service at which they spend the greater part of the night, refreshed by a collation after midnight mass.

In Germany

Germany is the land of Santa Claus, the home of the beautiful legend of Kris Kringle, which is a corruption of Christ Kindlein, or Christ Child. While the good child finds its little stocking laden with Kris Kringle's gifts, the naughty child finds nothing but a birch rod placed there by the avenging Pelsnichol (St. Nicholas with the fur). Such an experience makes the small victim intensely miserable.

In Australia

In Australia Christmas comes during the midsummer season. The mercury may register 100 degrees or more. Families, instead of being united, are divided, for this is the time of the long vacation. Still, English traditions are preserved. Plum pudding is the dessert and holly the decoration. Moreover, the Australians have a decoration of their own—a crimson flowering shrub which they call Christmas bush and which blooms only in December.

HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

I dess 'ey's not a boy in town
'At's luckier 'an me,
Tause mamma she jus' let me have
My firstsus Trismus tree,
An' I don't want no dinner ner
No supper, too, atause
I jus' et up a rooster, an'
I et my bearses paws!
I hate to eat nice roosters, but
'Ey's candy, don't you see?
An' li'l' fellers owns what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree!

I foun' six candy chickens, an'
Bimeby I foun' a hen.
'At hen had candy feathers on!
It tasted good, an' nen
Them chickens had no mother, an'
I thought what will they do?
I thought an' thought an' thought, an' nen
I et them chickens too!
An' nen I played my drum, an' pa
Says, "Stop 'at row!" says he.
Can't li'l' fellers play what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree?

An' nen I looked aroun' an' looked,
An' nen I says, "What ails
'At funny lookin' ellyphant,
Tause he has got two tails?"
One on each end he had, an' nen
I et the bigges' one.
I dess 'at ellyphant was glad,
Atause when I was done
He looked like he was sayin', "Please
Eat up a rest of me!"
All li'l' fellers minds what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree!

I thought I'd eat some candles, too,
But 'ey didn't taste jus' right;
I dess 'ey on'y taste good when
It's dark an' late at night!
An' nen a rabbit's ear I tried,
An' nen I says: "See here!
You bes' jus' eat 'at rabbit, too,
Atause it wants its ear!"
Now, rabbitses 'ey want 'eir ears,
'At's very plain to see,
An' li'l' fellers helps what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree!

So I don't want no dinner ner
No supper, an' I dess
I won't want any breakfuss, tause
I got to take a res'!
'Ey's taggers, an' 'ey's lionses,
An' nen 'ey's poptorn, too,
An' gingerbread! I don't know when
I ever will get frew!
I dess 'ey's not a boy in town
'At's luckier 'an me,
Tause li'l' fellers owns what's on
'Eir
Firstsus
Trismus
Tree!

—Baltimore American.

Pleasant Mistake.

Walkin' beneath the mistletoe may be a mistake on the part uv a young lady, but I can assure her it is likely tew be a very pleasant one.

QUEER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

An Interesting Experiment With a Pencil and a Wire Screen.

Professor R. W. Wood recently described a rather startling optical illusion which any one may see with a little practice. A lead pencil is held point up an inch or two in front of a wire screen with a sky background. If the eyes are converged upon the pencil point, the wire gauze becomes somewhat blurred and, of course, doubled.

As the gauze has a regularly recurring pattern, however, the two images can be united and, with a little effort, can be accommodated for distinct vision of the combined images of the mesh. As soon as accommodation is secured the mesh becomes perfectly sharp and appears to be nearly in the plane of the pencil point.

If now the pencil is moved away from the eyes, which are to be kept fixed on the screen, it apparently passes through the mesh and becomes doubled. If now the pencil is removed entirely, it will be found that the sharp images of the combined images of the gauze persist, although the eyes be moved nearer to or farther away from the screen.

Now bring the eyes up to within six or eight inches of the plane in which the mesh appears to be and attempt to touch it with the finger. It is not there. The finger falls upon empty space, the screen being in reality a couple of inches farther off.

"This," says Professor Wood, "is by all means the most startling illusion I have ever seen, for we apparently see something occupying a perfectly definite position in space before our eyes, and yet if we attempt to put our finger on it we find that there is nothing there."—Exchange.

A Singular Bequest.

A peculiar fate is said to overhang the family of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid. An ancestor of his, so says the legend, once gave shelter to a rabbi, who, at his death, left to him a bequest of a mysterious box, which was on no account to be opened until after the customary seven days of mourning. If opened before that time, a curse would fall upon the family.

Curiosity got the better of superstition, and the box was opened before the seven days were up. In it was found a document which said that as the injunction of the rabbi had not been heeded no future owner of the estate would be succeeded by a son. And such, strangely enough, has been the case ever since.

Berlin's Bird Catcher.

Berlin pays a salary to a professional bird catcher, who keeps scientific and educational institutions supplied with birds, birds' nests and eggs, and he is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

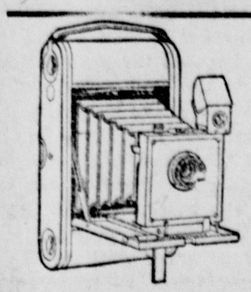
Metals.

Some metals, as lead and antimony condense on union; others, like gold and silver, expand. This, as well as the heat given out in alloying, especially when brass and bronze are formed, proves that an alloy is not a mere mechanical mixture, but a true chemical compound.

A Big Whale.

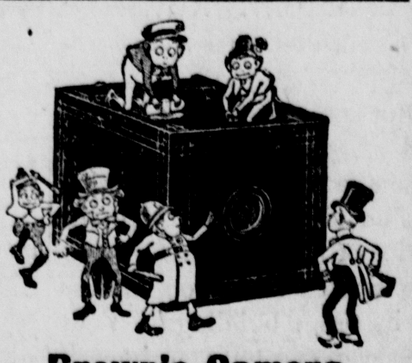
Some years ago an immense whale was driven ashore on the coast of Norway. It yielded bone and oil worth $12,500, and in honor of the find a banquet was given inside the body, which after the removal of the blubber afforded ample sitting room for thirty guests.

KODAKS AND CAMERAS.

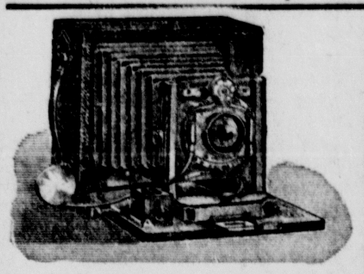


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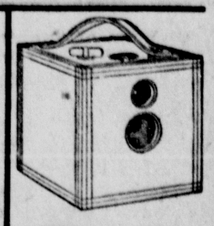
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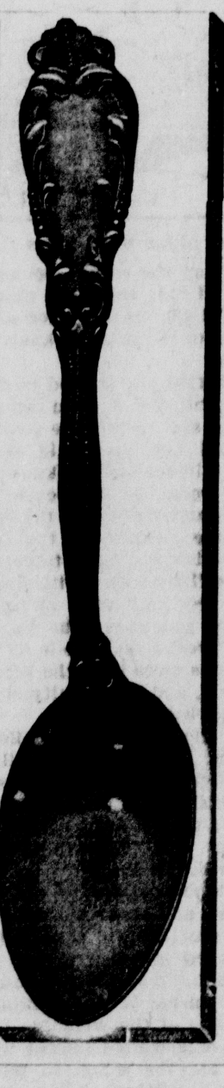
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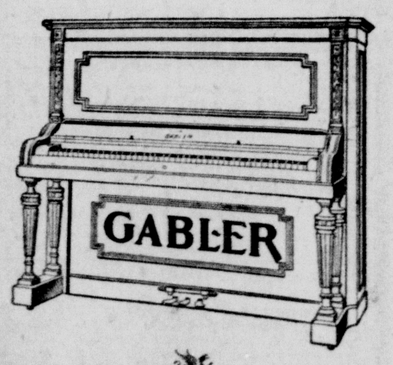
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Treachery of Tropical Nature.

"It is very like a fairy story," said Esther under her breath.

"Very," said he. "And in fairy stories there are witches, enchanters and horrible things that come out of the forest, are not there? Well, so it is there in South America. There is a background of danger. One must keep one's eyes open. Here in England nature is safe and kind, eh? You can play with her as if she were an old tabby cat, but out there she is a striped tiger, beautiful and fierce and never to be trusted.

"There is everlasting strangling going on in the woods. Even the flowers are not kind and harmless. The orchids twist and perch and swing and bloom on branches they are hugging to death. You break a twig of something that looks like a vine, and its milk raises a blister on your hand; you touch what you think is a leaf, and it gallops off on a hundred legs! The animals pretend to be vegetables and the vegetables to be animals. Every living thing is trying to protect itself with all its little might and main and to get the better of its enemies, just as the people in towns do. Oh, the high woods of the Andes are not moral, they are not Christian, I assure you! Nature is opulent, and she is splendid, but she isn't good."—"The Alien," by F. F. Montresor.

Crushed the Objector.

Booker T. Washington told an amusing story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the children of Israel passed over the Red sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said:

"My brethren, it was this way: When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them, and they were drowned."

At this a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red sea is nearly under the equator."

"There, now," said the old preacher. "That's all right. I'ze been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had any jogafries or 'quators either."

Some English Ads.

A general servant advertised in a Bristol paper for a place the other day, but required "no inquiries, no caps or aprons, every evening out, good wages," and a journalist advertised himself as of "no particular ability" as a recommendation. A clerk recently sought a place "where great strength, personal appearance or ability are not required." "Good butter, sixpence a pound. Nobody can touch it," was ambiguous and may have been wrongly interpreted by the public, and a Gloucestershire paper which inserted the advertisement, "Our one and nine penny dinner at 6:30 p. m. Funerals promptly attended to," apologized next day for mixing up two separate and distinct announcements.

But it is a fact that a church paper appealed lately for "Old man, lame, deaf, epileptic. Will any Christian take him for a gardener?" and that in a leading Scotch journal an advertiser asked for "£65 to pay debts incurred through losses at betting."—London Standard.

Unexpected Erudition.

"An absentminded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor.

"Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

"Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered—Ova gallinæ."

This the waiter interpreted as meaning "extra well done," and that is the way they came to the table.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of Mince Pie.

English plum pudding and mince pies both owe their origin, or are supposed to, to an occurrence attendant upon the birth of Christ. The highly seasoned ingredients refer to the offering of spices, frankincense and myrrh by the wise men of the east to the Christ Child.—New York World.

Ordeal Of the Witch

Tested by the Bible to Prove Her Innocence or Guilt

Nyack, N. Y., was once the abode of witches, if the chronicles of the good people of days long gone are to be believed. A descendant of the old Dutch residents of the town told this story, which has been handed down in his family, the other day:

"A great many years ago, when my great-grandmother was a little girl, the people discovered a witch in Nyack and had her tried for witchcraft. She would have been burned to death if she had not succeeded in going through the ordeal, and her escape is the strongest proof that I know of the power of witches.

"It was in the spring of the year, and the farmers' wives made great quantities of golden butter, which their husbands carried to Manhattan in sloops and sold to the rich people who lived there. Suddenly the cows began to dry up, and, stranger still, the milk which the cows did give could not be churned into butter. The poor women churned and churned, yet the butter would not come. Then they decided that some horrid witch had cast a spell on them. Several old women were suspected, but how to tell the right one? At last one woman heated a horseshoe red hot and dropped it into her churn. In a few minutes old Granny Gibbs—I think that was her name—who lived with her half witted son in a hut in the woods, came running into the house. The strings of her bonnet hung down and flapped like the wings of the devil—you know he had wings, and God broke them when he turned him out of heaven. The old witch kept crying out: 'I'm burning up! I'm burning up!' As soon as the farmer's wife took the horseshoe out of the churn Granny began to get better.

"This was the proof for which they had been looking, and they took it to Dominie Lansing, who was very much disturbed at the news. He ordered that the witch be tried on a certain day at the old Polhemus mill, which is still standing on the road to Rockland Lake.

"The old witch denied that she had cast any spell. They always do that.



THE BIBLE WENT DOWN.

She said that she meant no harm to any one and that some one else must have spoiled the cream. Her son was called upon to tell what he knew about his mother.

"'I know that she is good to me and cooks me fine dishes from herbs and roots which she finds in the forest.'

"He could not have said a worse thing, for witches always know about herbs and roots, so the people shook their heads and waited for the ordeal.

"'We have decided on the ordeal,' said the minister. 'She is to be weighed in the miller's scales with the Bible from the meeting house. If the good book weighs more than she does, then it shall be proved that she is no witch. If she weighs more than the Bible, the proof is ours, and the penalty of death must be carried out.'

"At this the good wives smiled and were happy. The old Dutch Bible, although heavily bound with brass and fastened with a big padlock, was not so heavy as the little old woman. That was evident, and they expected to be freed from her spell.

"Then they took her to the scales, which were not made like the scales we have now. Two square boards were attached to either end of a balance beam by ropes which ran from the four corners. The big Bible was placed on one of the weighing boards, and the people waited almost without breathing for the witch to take her place upon the other. They expected to see the Bible jerked into the air by her heavier weight, and then—well, then they could burn her. She climbed upon the scales with a smile on her face. The balance beam seesawed for a moment and then stood still. Imagine their surprise when they saw the witch in the air and the holy book on the floor! Every one believed that she had possessed the minister and that his foot kept the scales from telling the truth. When a minister can be bewitched, is it any wonder that we ordinary mortals fear the power of Satan?"

HIS CHRISTMAS PIPE.

A Woman's Solicitude and a Tobacco Dealer's Perfidy.

The bachelor had been invited to a Christmas dinner. His friend and his friend's pretty wife were just vying with each other in their efforts to dispel from his soul the gloom supposed to come to the man without a home upon this day above all others. They had wined him and dined him, and now that they were seated in the library facing the burning logs in the fireplace the hostess brought out the bachelor's Christmas present. It was a brierwood pipe, with a beautiful curved mouthpiece as transparent as glass.

"Now, I bought this myself," she explained sweetly, "and I told the pipe man that if you didn't like it after smoking it I was going to make him exchange it. You must try it now."

This the bachelor proceeded to do, thanking his hostess for her solicitude in picking out the pipe herself.

"I think the mouthpiece is such pretty, clear amber," she went on as she saw her guest stick it between his teeth and begin puffing away.

"Yes, it's remarkably pretty," he assented, but there was just a tinge of doubt in his tone.

The bachelor sat in his chair, with the mouthpiece between his teeth and two fingers of his left hand clasped about the stem, smoking very peacefully when there was a sudden blinding flash before his eyes, a fierce pain at the tip of his tongue and a cloud of camphor smelling smoke rising to the ceiling. The bowl of the pipe fell to the floor and the burning tobacco was spilled upon the carpet. The mouthpiece had vanished. The hostess screamed, the two men sprang to their feet.

"What happened?" cried the woman in alarm.

"Oh, nothing," explained her husband, "except that your beautiful amber mouthpiece is celluloid and has burned up."

Then he stamped out the burning tobacco and gazed ruefully at the big hole in the carpet.

"Oh," exclaimed the hostess to the bachelor as blushes came to her cheeks and tears to her eyes, "what can I say? That horrid pipe man! He promised so faithfully that he wouldn't swindle me."

The bachelor didn't know quite what to say himself. He had a hole in the end of his tongue, and this didn't help him any in choosing the right words, but he managed to stutter that he was sure it wasn't her fault and that all pipe men were born villains.

"Remember, my dear," remarked the husband, with a reminiscent smile, "that the good Lord never intended women to be good judges of cigars, tobacco or pipes."—New York Sun.

ROAST TURKEY.

How to Select and Prepare the Bird For the Table.

Select a nice young turkey of ten pounds in weight, singe, draw and wash it quickly in cold water, then wipe it dry with a towel. Season the bird inside as well as outside with one teaspoonful of salt in all. Soak one-half pound of bread two days old in cold water till soft, inclose it in a napkin and press out all the water. Place a saucepan with one tablespoonful of lettuce and two tablespoonfuls of fine chopped onions over the fire, stir and cook five minutes without browning. Then add the bread, stir and cook five minutes. Remove, and when cold mix it with one pound of sausage meat, season with one even teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful thyme and one-quarter teaspoonful pepper. Fill the crop and body with this forcemeat, sew it up and truss nicely. Cover the breast and thighs with thin slices of larding pork, tie it firmly with a cord, lay the turkey in a roasting pan, pour over two ounces of melted butter and place the pan in a medium hot oven to roast. Baste freely with its own gravy till the bird is light brown on all sides, then add a little water. Continue to roast, basting frequently till done. A turkey of ten pounds will take two and one-half hours cooking. Place the giblets in a saucepan covered with cold water over the fire, add one teaspoonful of salt, and when it boils add a small onion. Cook till done. Shortly before serving lay the turkey on a hot dish, remove the skewers and strings, free the gravy from all fat, mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch with one-half cupful of cold water, add to it the gravy, stir and cook a few minutes, then add sufficient giblet broth to make one pint of sauce. Cook five minutes, strain through a sieve, rub the liver fine with a spoon, add to the gravy and serve.

Every Idol Has Its Day.



It is Santa Claus' turn now.—New York World.

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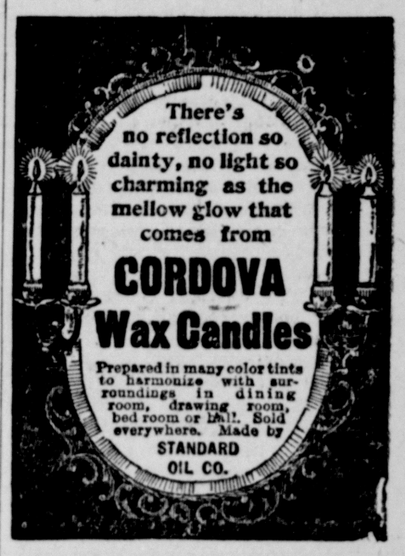
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The Evening News Review

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In Effect May 26, 1901.

From East Liverpool.
Cleveland and Pittsburg Division.

EASTBOUND. No.		WESTBOUND. No.	
*302	3:56 a. m.	*301	12:36 a. m.
†340	6:51 a. m.	†335	7:05 a. m.
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*Runs Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. **Sunday only.

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Nos. 335 and 303 connect at Bayard for New Philadelphia, and stations on Tuscarawas Branch.

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FOOD FOR A YEAR.

Meats	300 lbs.
Milk	240 qts.
Butter	100 lbs.
Eggs	27 doz.
Vegetables	500 lbs.

This represents a fair ration for one man for one year.

But some people eat and eat and yet grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. To the notice of such persons we present Scott's Emulsion, famous for its tissue building. Your physician can tell you how it does it.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl street, New York.

Treachery of Tropical Nature.

"It is very like a fairy story," said Esther under her breath.

"Very," said he. "And in fairy stories there are witches, enchanters and horrible things that come out of the forest, are not there? Well, so it is there in South America. There is a background of danger. One must keep one's eyes open. Here in England nature is safe and kind, eh? You can play with her as if she were an old tabby cat, but out there she is a striped tiger, beautiful and fierce and never to be trusted.

"There is everlasting strangling going on in the woods. Even the flowers are not kind and harmless. The orchids twist and perch and swing and bloom on branches they are hugging to death. You break a twig of something that looks like a vine, and its milk raises a blister on your hand; you touch what you think is a leaf, and it gallops off on a hundred legs! The animals pretend to be vegetables and the vegetables to be animals. Every living thing is trying to protect itself with all its little might and main and to get the better of its enemies, just as the people in towns do. Oh, the high woods of the Andes are not moral, they are not Christian, I assure you! Nature is opulent, and she is splendid, but she isn't good."—"The Alien," by F. F. Montresor.

Crushed the Objector.

Booker T. Washington told an amusing story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the children of Israel passed over the Red sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said:

"My brethren, it was this way: When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them, and they were drowned."

At this a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red sea is nearly under the equator."

"There, now," said the old preacher. "That's all right. I'ze been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had any jogafries or 'quators either."

Some English Ads.

A general servant advertised in a Bristol paper for a place the other day, but required "no inquiries, no caps or aprons, every evening out, good wages," and a journalist advertised himself as of "no particular ability" as a recommendation. A clerk recently sought a place "where great strength, personal appearance or ability are not required." "Good butter, sixpence a pound. Nobody can touch it," was ambiguous and may have been wrongly interpreted by the public, and a Gloucestershire paper which inserted the advertisement, "Our one and nine penny dinner at 6:30 p. m. Funerals promptly attended to," apologized next day for mixing up two separate and distinct announcements.

But it is a fact that a church paper appealed lately for "Old man, lame, deaf, epileptic. Will any Christian take him for a gardener?" and that in a leading Scotch journal an advertiser asked for "£65 to pay debts incurred through losses at betting." — London Standard.

Unexpected Erudition.

"An absentminded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor.

"Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

"Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered—Ova gallinæ."

This the waiter interpreted as meaning "extra well done," and that is the way they came to the table.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of Mince Pie.

English plum pudding and mince pies both owe their origin, or are supposed to, to an occurrence attendant upon the birth of Christ. The highly seasoned ingredients refer to the offering of spices, frankincense and myrrh by the wise men of the east to the Christ Child.—New York World.

Ordeal Of the Witch

Tested by the Bible to Prove Her Innocence or Guilt

Nyack, N. Y., was once the abode of witches, if the chronicles of the good people of days long gone are to be believed. A descendant of the old Dutch residents of the town told this story, which has been handed down in his family, the other day:

"A great many years ago, when my great-grandmother was a little girl, the people discovered a witch in Nyack and had her tried for witchcraft. She would have been burned to death if she had not succeeded in going through the ordeal, and her escape is the strongest proof that I know of the power of witches.

"It was in the spring of the year, and the farmers' wives made great quantities of golden butter, which their husbands carried to Manhattan in sloops and sold to the rich people who lived there. Suddenly the cows began to dry up, and, stranger still, the milk which the cows did give could not be churned into butter. The poor women churned and churned, yet the butter would not come. Then they decided that some horrid witch had cast a spell on them. Several old women were suspected, but how to tell the right one? At last one woman heated a horseshoe red hot and dropped it into her churn. In a few minutes old Granny Gibbs—I think that was her name—who lived with her half witted son in a hut in the woods, came running into the house. The strings of her bonnet hung down and flapped like the wings of the devil—you know he had wings, and God broke them when he turned him out of heaven. The old witch kept crying out: 'I'm burning up! I'm burning up!' As soon as the farmer's wife took the horseshoe out of the churn Granny began to get better.

"This was the proof for which they had been looking, and they took it to Dominie Lansing, who was very much disturbed at the news. He ordered that the witch be tried on a certain day at the old Polhemus mill, which is still standing on the road to Rockland Lake.

"The old witch denied that she had cast any spell. They always do that.



THE BIBLE WENT DOWN.

She said that she meant no harm to any one and that some one else must have spoiled the cream. Her son was called upon to tell what he knew about his mother.

"'I know that she is good to me and cooks me fine dishes from herbs and roots which she finds in the forest.'

"He could not have said a worse thing, for witches always know about herbs and roots, so the people shook their heads and waited for the ordeal.

"'We have decided on the ordeal,' said the minister. 'She is to be weighed in the miller's scales with the Bible from the meeting house. If the good book weighs more than she does, then it shall be proved that she is no witch. If she weighs more than the Bible, the proof is ours, and the penalty of death must be carried out.'

"At this the good wives smiled and were happy. The old Dutch Bible, although heavily bound with brass and fastened with a big padlock, was not so heavy as the little old woman. That was evident, and they expected to be freed from her spell.

"Then they took her to the scales, which were not made like the scales we have now. Two square boards were attached to either end of a balance beam by ropes which ran from the four corners. The big Bible was placed on one of the weighing boards, and the people waited almost without breathing for the witch to take her place upon the other. They expected to see the Bible jerked into the air by her heavier weight, and then—well, then they could burn her. She climbed upon the scales with a smile on her face. The balance beam seesawed for a moment and then stood still. Imagine their surprise when they saw the witch in the air and the holy book on the floor! Every one believed that she had possessed the minister and that his foot kept the scales from telling the truth. When a minister can be bewitched, is it any wonder that we ordinary mortals fear the power of Satan?"

HIS CHRISTMAS PIPE.

A Woman's Solicitude and a Tobacco Dealer's Perfidy.

The bachelor had been invited to a Christmas dinner. His friend and his friend's pretty wife were just vying with each other in their efforts to dispel from his soul the gloom supposed to come to the man without a home upon this day above all others. They had wined him and dined him, and now that they were seated in the library facing the burning logs in the fireplace the hostess brought out the bachelor's Christmas present. It was a brierwood pipe, with a beautiful curved mouthpiece as transparent as glass.

"Now, I bought this myself," she explained sweetly, "and I told the pipe man that if you didn't like it after smoking it I was going to make him exchange it. You must try it now."

This the bachelor proceeded to do, thanking his hostess for her solicitude in picking out the pipe herself.

"I think the mouthpiece is such pretty, clear amber," she went on as she saw her guest stick it between his teeth and begin puffing away.

"Yes, it's remarkably pretty," he assented, but there was just a tinge of doubt in his tone.

The bachelor sat in his chair, with the mouthpiece between his teeth and two fingers of his left hand clasped about the stem, smoking very peacefully when there was a sudden blinding flash before his eyes, a fierce pain at the tip of his tongue and a cloud of camphor smelling smoke rising to the ceiling. The bowl of the pipe fell to the floor and the burning tobacco was spilled upon the carpet. The mouthpiece had vanished. The hostess screamed, the two men sprang to their feet.

"What happened?" cried the woman in alarm.

"Oh, nothing," explained her husband, "except that your beautiful amber mouthpiece is celluloid and has burned up."

Then he stamped out the burning tobacco and gazed ruefully at the big hole in the carpet.

"Oh," exclaimed the hostess to the bachelor as blushes came to her cheeks and tears to her eyes, "what can I say? That horrid pipe man! He promised so faithfully that he wouldn't swindle me."

The bachelor didn't know quite what to say himself. He had a hole in the end of his tongue, and this didn't help him any in choosing the right words, but he managed to stutter that he was sure it wasn't her fault and that all pipe men were born villains.

"Remember, my dear," remarked the husband, with a reminiscent smile, "that the good Lord never intended women to be good judges of cigars, tobacco or pipes."—New York Sun.

ROAST TURKEY.

How to Select and Prepare the Bird For the Table.

Select a nice young turkey of ten pounds in weight, singe, draw and wash it quickly in cold water, then wipe it dry with a towel. Season the bird inside as well as outside with one teaspoonful of salt in all. Soak one-half pound of bread two days old in cold water till soft, inclose it in a napkin and press out all the water. Place a saucepan with one tablespoonful of lettuce and two tablespoonfuls of fine chopped onions over the fire, stir and cook five minutes without browning. Then add the bread, stir and cook five minutes. Remove, and when cold mix it with one pound of sausage meat, season with one even teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful thyme and one-quarter teaspoonful pepper. Fill the crop and body with this forcemeat, sew it up and truss nicely. Cover the breast and thighs with thin slices of larding pork, tie it firmly with a cord, lay the turkey in a roasting pan, pour over two ounces of melted butter and place the pan in a medium hot oven to roast. Baste freely with its own gravy till the bird is light brown on all sides, then add a little water. Continue to roast, basting frequently till done. A turkey of ten pounds will take two and one-half hours cooking. Place the giblets in a saucepan covered with cold water over the fire, add one teaspoonful of salt, and when it boils add a small onion. Cook till done. Shortly before serving lay the turkey on a hot dish, remove the skewers and strings, free the gravy from all fat, mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch with one-half cupful of cold water, add to it the gravy, stir and cook a few minutes, then add sufficient giblet broth to make one pint of sauce. Cook five minutes, strain through a sieve, rub the liver fine with a spoon, add to the gravy and serve.

Every Idol Has Its Day.



It is Santa Claus' turn now.—New York World.

CURRENT TOPICS

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OUR HOLIDAY MEATS, GAME AND POULTRY will be selected with the object of pleasing customers. Quality, rather than profit will be the recommendation. We have no hesitation in saying that those things on the table which came from Trainer's Meat Market will be the most highly appreciated amongst all the Christmas fare.

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New Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel, Evaporated Apricots and Peaches, Valencia Raisins, Layer Raisins, Muscatel Raisins, Seedless Raisins, Cleaned Currants, Dates and California Prunes, all new and of first quality. See our price list.

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New Cal. Prunes, medium, per lb	6½c
New Cal. Prunes, large	8½c
New Cal. Evap. Apricots, fancy, per lb	15c
New Cal. Evap. Peaches, extra fancy, per lb	12½c
New Cal. Evap. peaches, fancy, per lb	10c
New Cal. Raisins, per lb	6½c
New Valencia Raisins, per lb	6½c
New Layer Raisins, per lb	10c
New Seeded Raisins, in packages, per lb	10c
New Dates, in packages, per lb	6c
New Cleaned Currants, per package	8½c
New Symrna Figs, per lb	15c
New Citron, per pound	20c
New Lemon Peel, per lb	20c
New Orange Peel, per lb	20c
Standard Package Coffee, per lb	11c
Granulated Sugar, 18 lbs. for	$1.00
Light Brown Sugar, 21 lbs. for	$1.00

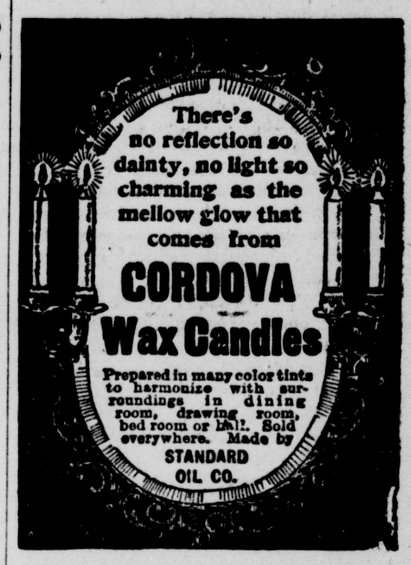
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The Evening News Review

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Sadie Martinot went into the Victoria theater, in this city, when it was vacated by Elsie de Wolfe, who had been starring there in Clyde Fitch's "The Way of the World." It is said that Miss de Wolfe's manager had had a quarrel with Mr. Hammerstein and that she was practically forced out. Be that as it may, Miss Martinot got the much coveted time thus thrown open and offered Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Emile Augier's "Le Mariage d'Olympe." This work was named "The Marriage Game," and in it Mr. Hammerstein is alleged to have expected that Miss Martinot would score the success of her life. It is also rumored that Mr. Hammerstein labored under the impression that the play would create a sensation which would result in packing the theater to the doors. Any one who is at all familiar with Augier's "Le Mariage d'Olympe" is aware that it has an awkward way of denominating a certain garden implement a "spade," and, taking as a guide the experience of Mr. Louis Nethersole, Miss Martinot's husband and manager with the disgusting "Sapho," it was thought by many persons that "The Marriage Game" would prove a potent box office attraction. It does not appear, however, to have developed startlingly in that direction, for, aside from its unpleasant misadventures earlier in the season, it has received in this city the worst "roasting," so far as I can remember, ever administered to a play. Miss Martinot herself has not escaped, and whatever ridicule and abuse of her efforts at acting could do to injure her has been done.

It may be that "The Marriage Game" is not a good play and that Miss Martinot is not good in its principal role, but even that, it would seem, would scarcely warrant the comments, amounting in some cases almost to vituperation, which have been heaped upon her enterprise. It is true that this verdict of condemnation has not been entirely unanimous. One eminent critic, indeed, has nothing but words of praise for both play and star, going to the length of declaring that in "The Marriage Game" Miss Martinot has scored the success of her career.

But after all has been said it is likely that this adaptation of Augier's play by Mr. Clyde Fitch will be remembered by New Yorkers mainly by reason of the rough handling it received from the critics.

Anna Held, according to rumor and such tangible evidence as can be obtained, has made a hit of quite unusual proportions at the Casino. The star's time had been booked for several of the large cities, for when she succeeded "Florodora" at the Casino very few persons, aside perhaps from Florenz Ziegfeld, her husband and manager, thought that she would long remain there. The business was excellent at the start, but this was attributed to the desire of the habitual theater goers of this city to see what was conceded to be a really magnificent production. But the receipts, instead of dropping off, took a spurt some time ago, and now it is announced that Miss Held, barring unforeseen occurrences, is to occupy the Casino during the entire season. "The Little Duchess," therefore, while it does not afford Miss Held nearly so good an opportunity to exploit her peculiar art as did "Papa's Wife," has turned out as great a success as the latter.

By the way, it is quite a rise for a woman who a few years ago was regarded as not a startlingly good singer of music hall ditties, isn't it?

Persistent rumors flashing up and down the Rialto for the past week



SADIE MARTINOT.

have had it that Charles Dalton, at present the star of "The Helmet of Navarre," at the Criterion theater, will close his tour at the conclusion of the run at that house. These reports have been based upon the fact that several of the members of the company have been given the usual two weeks' notice. The gossips immediately jumped to the conclusion that that meant disaster and a consequent winding up of Mr. Dalton's tour. In reality there is no such intention. Mr. Dalton, under the present arrangement, will remain on the road until well into next spring. The only kernel of truth in the rumor is that it is possible that "The Helmet of Navarre" will be abandoned on the road in response to demands from managers in every portion of the country, who declare that their patrons are anxious to once more see Mr. Dalton as Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross" before that play shall have been definitely shelved. It is not yet even certain that "The Helmet of Navarre" will not be used on the road as frequently as "The Sign of the Cross," although the present plans contemplate giving the latter the place of honor.

Eleanor Barry, the Blanche de Tavannes of Bertha Runkle's play, "The Helmet of Navarre," in which Charles Dalton is at present starring at the Criterion theater, in this city, has made one of the notable hits of the piece. Her role is not the principal feminine



ELEANOR BARRY.

one, but by reason of her excellent acting she makes it appear second in prominence only to that of the star.

Miss Barry is a California product and went on the stage when she was very young. She began in a San Francisco stock company and worked her way up by dint of hard work until she became a leading woman. She was prominently employed with such stars as the late Rosina Vokes, William H. Crane and Mrs. Langtry. Later she was engaged by A. M. Palmer, who featured her in the titular role of Paul M. Potter's dramatization of "Trilby." She also appeared in a metaphysical play, entitled "Truth." This piece was the work of Mrs. Williamson and was produced in Boston. Miss Barry is quite an enthusiast on the subject of psychology and enjoys the intimate acquaintance of many eminent scientists. While she has not been advantageously placed during the past year or two, there are those who still believe that Eleanor Barry as an emotional star would be a good business and artistic proposition.

The most daring, novel and thrilling act, according to the always veracious press agent, ever presented in America will shortly be seen on the Keith circuit of theaters. It is a bicycle act, but it is presented in such a novel, interesting and thrilling manner that it becomes a twentieth century wonder. Three men, careless of life and limb, ride on a track sloped at an angle of 62 degrees and perform seemingly impossible feats while traveling at terrific speed, with death as a pacemaker. Imagine if you can a picket fence made to form a circle, the tops of the pickets slanting away from the center at an angle of 62 degrees. Here, then, we have a soup dish made of pickets, with a five foot riding surface, a bottom diameter of 19 feet and a top diameter of 23 feet.

Spinning around at express train speed on the inner surface are the three riders, held on the slanting pickets by centrifugal force. On this narrow path the riders pass and repass. They indulge in a pursuit race, riding without handle bars, dress and undress and perform many other seemingly impossible feats. The three riders are the Armstrong brothers and Baker. Baker, who is the eldest, made himself famous by riding down the west front of the capitol steps at Washington. "Doc" Armstrong and his brother Arthur are the well known "shoot the shoot" riders.

The act is a real novelty and has never before been presented in America. Mr. Keith is building a number of these tracks for use in his different theaters.

Sarah Bernhardt says she won't play in trousers again.

"Since I appeared in 'Hamlet' and 'L'Aiglon,'" she says, "the playwrights send me nothing but men's parts. I will not play in men's attire again. I can't find a suitable play to produce. Probably I will appear in Marion Crawford's 'Francesca Da Rimini.' I am not overpleased with the piece, but I like it better than D'Annunzio's play of the same title, which is about to be produced in Rome." MARY A. BARTOW.

New York.

Expelled For Ringing.

For entering his horse Fred Wilton under the assumed name of Ornus in a race at Bucyrus, O., last July, in which he carried off second money, A. J. Day of Cleveland, O., a well known horseman, has been expelled from the tracks under the control of the American Trotting association. The offense charged against Day was explained in full to the members of the board of appeals of this association, recently in session at Chicago, and as a result of the evidence the expulsion of the offender was ordered.

Windy City's Auto Show.

It is said that when the Chicago automobile show is held in Chicago next March a convention of automobilists will be held in connection to discuss questions which were only partially considered at the recent New York show.

The Map herewith presented shows the territory traversed by Independent Telephone Lines and the location of exchanges of which the Columbiana County Telephone Company is a part.



MAP SHOWING INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE EXCHANGES AND INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE TOLL LINES IN THE STATE OF OHIO.

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A Columbiana County Telephone will cost you only **5c per day,** which includes Free service to all parts of Columbiana County.

CLARKSON

Clarkson, Dec. 19.—The Sunday school will give an entertainment and treat Christmas evening.

The school here under the direction of Prof Moore and neighboring schools will close for the holidays.

The series of meetings at the Williamsport M. E. church have closed.

Elgy Moore has secured employment in the Lisbon pottery.

Mrs. S. J. Campbell finished up her farming arrangements and went back to East Liverpool this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Cannon's Mill, visited relatives in this vicinity lately.

Prof. Edwards visited home friends at East Liverpool recently.

Mrs. Sarah Johnson, of Zanesville, Ind., returned home instead of visiting East Liverpool friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wright Sr., are visiting relatives in Galia county.

The cold wave here was severe.

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Sadie Martinot went into the Victoria theater, in this city, when it was vacated by Elsie de Wolfe, who had been starring there in Clyde Fitch's "The Way of the World." It is said that Miss de Wolfe's manager had had a quarrel with Mr. Hammerstein and that she was practically forced out. Be that as it may, Miss Martinot got the much coveted time thus thrown open and offered Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Emile Augier's "Le Mariage d'Olympe." This work was named "The Marriage Game," and in it Mr. Hammerstein is alleged to have expected that Miss Martinot would score the success of her life. It is also rumored that Mr. Hammerstein labored under the impression that the play would create a sensation which would result in packing the theater to the doors. Any one who is at all familiar with Augier's "Le Mariage d'Olympe" is aware that it has an awkward way of denominating a certain garden implement a "spade," and, taking as a guide the experience of Mr. Louis Nethersole, Miss Martinot's husband and manager with the disgusting "Sapho," it was thought by many persons that "The Marriage Game" would prove a potent box office attraction. It does not appear, however, to have developed startlingly in that direction, for, aside from its unpleasant misadventures earlier in the season, it has received in this city the worst "roasting," so far as I can remember, ever administered to a play. Miss Martinot herself has not escaped, and whatever ridicule and abuse of her efforts at acting could do to injure her has been done.

It may be that "The Marriage Game" is not a good play and that Miss Martinot is not good in its principal role, but even that, it would seem, would scarcely warrant the comments, amounting in some cases almost to vituperation, which have been heaped upon her enterprise. It is true that this verdict of condemnation has not been entirely unanimous. One eminent critic, indeed, has nothing but words of praise for both play and star, going to the length of declaring that in "The Marriage Game" Miss Martinot has scored the success of her career.

But after all has been said it is likely that this adaptation of Augier's play by Mr. Clyde Fitch will be remembered by New Yorkers mainly by reason of the rough handling it received from the critics.

Anna Held, according to rumor and such tangible evidence as can be obtained, has made a hit of quite unusual proportions at the Casino. The star's time had been booked for several of the large cities, for when she succeeded "Florodora" at the Casino very few persons, aside perhaps from Florenz Ziegfeld, her husband and manager, thought that she would long remain there. The business was excellent at the start, but this was attributed to the desire of the habitual theater goers of this city to see what was conceded to be a really magnificent production. But the receipts, instead of dropping off, took a spurt some time ago, and now it is announced that Miss Held, barring unforeseen occurrences, is to occupy the Casino during the entire season. "The Little Duchess," therefore, while it does not afford Miss Held nearly so good an opportunity to exploit her peculiar art as did "Papa's Wife," has turned out as great a success as the latter.

By the way, it is quite a rise for a woman who a few years ago was regarded as not a startlingly good singer of music hall ditties, isn't it?

Persistent rumors flashing up and down the Rialto for the past week



SADIE MARTINOT.

have had it that Charles Dalton, at present the star of "The Helmet of Navarre," at the Criterion theater, will close his tour at the conclusion of the run at that house. These reports have been based upon the fact that several of the members of the company have been given the usual two weeks' notice. The gossips immediately jumped to the conclusion that that meant disaster and a consequent winding up of Mr. Dalton's tour. In reality there is no such intention. Mr. Dalton, under the present arrangement, will remain on the road until well into next spring. The only kernel of truth in the rumor is that it is possible that "The Helmet of Navarre" will be abandoned on the road in response to demands from managers in every portion of the country, who declare that their patrons are anxious to once more see Mr. Dalton as Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross" before that play shall have been definitely shelved. It is not yet even certain that "The Helmet of Navarre" will not be used on the road as frequently as "The Sign of the Cross," although the present plans contemplate giving the latter the place of honor.

Eleanor Barry, the Blanche de Tavannes of Bertha Runkle's play, "The Helmet of Navarre," in which Charles Dalton is at present starring at the Criterion theater, in this city, has made one of the notable hits of the piece. Her role is not the principal feminine



ELEANOR BARRY.

one, but by reason of her excellent acting she makes it appear second in prominence only to that of the star.

Miss Barry is a California product and went on the stage when she was very young. She began in a San Francisco stock company and worked her way up by dint of hard work until she became a leading woman. She was prominently employed with such stars as the late Rosina Vokes, William H. Crane and Mrs. Langtry. Later she was engaged by A. M. Palmer, who featured her in the titular role of Paul M. Potter's dramatization of "Trilby." She also appeared in a metaphysical play, entitled "Truth." This piece was the work of Mrs. Williamson and was produced in Boston. Miss Barry is quite an enthusiast on the subject of psychology and enjoys the intimate acquaintance of many eminent scientists. While she has not been advantageously placed during the past year or two, there are those who still believe that Eleanor Barry as an emotional star would be a good business and artistic proposition.

The most daring, novel and thrilling act, according to the always veracious press agent, ever presented in America will shortly be seen on the Keith circuit of theaters. It is a bicycle act, but it is presented in such a novel, interesting and thrilling manner that it becomes a twentieth century wonder. Three men, careless of life and limb, ride on a track sloped at an angle of 62 degrees and perform seemingly impossible feats while traveling at terrific speed, with death as a pacemaker. Imagine if you can a picket fence made to form a circle, the tops of the pickets slanting away from the center at an angle of 62 degrees. Here, then, we have a soup dish made of pickets, with a five foot riding surface, a bottom diameter of 19 feet and a top diameter of 23 feet.

Spinning around at express train speed on the inner surface are the three riders, held on the slanting pickets by centrifugal force. On this narrow path the riders pass and repass. They indulge in a pursuit race, riding without handle bars, dress and undress and perform many other seemingly impossible feats. The three riders are the Armstrong brothers and Baker. Baker, who is the eldest, made himself famous by riding down the west front of the capitol steps at Washington. "Doc" Armstrong and his brother Arthur are the well known "shoot the shoot" riders.

The act is a real novelty and has never before been presented in America. Mr. Keith is building a number of these tracks for use in his different theaters.

Sarah Bernhardt says she won't play in trousers again.

"Since I appeared in 'Hamlet' and 'L'Aiglon,'" she says, "the playwrights send me nothing but men's parts. I will not play in men's attire again. I can't find a suitable play to produce. Probably I will appear in Marion Crawford's 'Francesca Da Rimini.' I am not overpleased with the piece, but I like it better than D'Annunzio's play of the same title, which is about to be produced in Rome." MARY A. BARTOW.

New York.

Expelled For Ringing.

For entering his horse Fred Wilton under the assumed name of Ornus in a race at Bucyrus, O., last July, in which he carried off second money, A. J. Day of Cleveland, O., a well known horseman, has been expelled from the tracks under the control of the American Trotting association. The offense charged against Day was explained in full to the members of the board of appeals of this association, recently in session at Chicago, and as a result of the evidence the expulsion of the offender was ordered.

Windy City's Auto Show.

It is said that when the Chicago automobile show is held in Chicago next March a convention of automobilists will be held in connection to discuss questions which were only partially considered at the recent New York show.

The Map herewith presented shows the territory traversed by Independent Telephone Lines and the location of exchanges of which the Columbiana County Telephone Company is a part.



MAP SHOWING INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE EXCHANGES AND INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE TOLL LINES IN THE STATE OF OHIO.

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A Columbiana County Telephone will cost you only **5c per day,** which includes Free service to all parts of Columbiana County.

CLARKSON

Clarkson, Dec. 19.—The Sunday school will give an entertainment and treat Christmas evening.

The school here under the direction of Prof Moore and neighboring schools will close for the holidays.

The series of meetings at the Williamsport M. E. church have closed.

Elgy Moore has secured employment in the Lisbon pottery.

Mrs. S. J. Campbell finished up her farming arrangements and went back to East Liverpool this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Cannon's Mill, visited relatives in this vicinity lately.

Prof. Edwards visited home friends at East Liverpool recently.

Mrs. Sarah Johnson, of Zanesville, Ind., returned home instead of visiting East Liverpool friends.

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LICKED INTO WEST POINT

A Valuable Christmas Present Given With Closed Fists.

By MALCOLM SEARLE.

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ON a certain homekeeping Christmas occasion in the latter part of the seventies I was the chief performer in an affair which was regarded at the time by some as of doubtful credit to me.

Let no one take alarm. This is not a love story. The incident smacked of the prize ring, and I, too, might have looked on myself as a bad lot but for certain extenuating circumstances and the good results that came from it.

It was not often that I had been "whopped," as the boys called it. When youngsters—my brothers and myself—we lived most of the time in the country on a big place a mile or so from a village, where we never went except in a carriage and with our elders. So we seldom "met up" against the enterprising youth of the town.

We did not allow the tutor to flog us much, as he had been directed to do by the governor when it should become necessary. The governor had been flogged himself in his school days and believed in the system.

But, however much we scuffled among ourselves—not ill naturedly—we resented physical correction on the tutor's part. Once or twice rulers and inkstands went flying in the air at him for it.

The last time this happened he resigned, because he thought his authority had not been sufficiently supported by the governor.

I was immediately sorry for what I had done and had offered an apology, before the governor, to the irate tutor, but he would not have it and insisted on the trouncing.

To this my father would not consent, after my offer to apologize, and so the tutor went, and in his place came a younger man, college bred and studying for the clergy, but an all around gymnast and good boxer. As a sparrer he "'andled 'is mawleys uncommon."

The new tutor, in fact, was a good fellow, a gentleman as well as scholar. He was a graduate of the modern Athens, which, like the ancient, cultivates muscle as well as mind.

The governor readily acceded to the gymnasium outfit, including the gloves, and in this liberal education we worked off our superfluous and sometimes inconvenient energies.

For my own part, I took kindly to the joyous art of sparring and had got up a muscle and proficiency with the gloves.

The bully of the town was a couple of years older and bigger than myself and had plenty of pluck. He and his friends had been giving us lots of "sass" for some time whenever we drove into the village, because of our "store clothes," as his comrades said, and he had announced once or twice that he would give me a nice cuffing if I would step out of the carriage and accommodate him.

It happened that a cousin about my own age, of whom I was envious, was with us at the last one of these invitations. My cousin had entered college ahead of me, and he was not only a fine scholar, but a young athlete as well. He had come down to spend Christmas holidays with us, and as I did not care to be bullied before him nor to show the white feather I invited my pugnacious adversary on this occasion to come out with his friends, who would see fair play, on the next afternoon—day before Christmas—to a spot near our place, where we would have it out.

He accepted promptly and came out on time with a gang of a dozen or more companions about his own age to the tryst, just outside the house grounds in rear of the stable. The coachman knew about the affair, as he always came in for a share of the hectoring when in the village, and he was on hand with two or three of the stablemen likewise to see fair play.

The village bully was a good one, full of pluck and not vicious, as he presently showed. Though confident enough in his ability to whip me, he lacked the coolness which proper training gives and which I had, or thought I had. A ring was formed, and the village chap was impatient to begin.

Hardly before I had tossed my jacket aside he jumped for me with the spring of a young tiger.

I stepped to one side, of course, as I had been taught, and as he went by I gave him a right hander on the side of his head with some force. He staggered a little, but kept his feet and, turning, was upon me again with a leap, meaning to close.

This time I was ready, and, stopping him with my left hand in his face, I got a good blow in with my right directly on his diaphragm. Down he went, with both hands on his stomach, and it was some seconds before he could get his breath. When he did, he was up again all right.

But he had learned caution, and when he came to the scratch for the second round, so called, he held up his hands somewhat in proper form for sparring and waited for me.

I had seen too much of his strength and quickness to risk a rush at him and contented myself with a little light playing for awhile, tapping him on the nose and mouth and parrying an occasional blow aimed by him.

He soon got hot at this tapping and parrying and came at me again with both fists flying and head down, like a bull. I had some difficulty here in parrying his blows and avoiding his attempts to close, but finally by a quick movement I got his head "in chancery"—that is, under and between the left arm and side.

By this time I had begun to get enough exercise and rather wished myself well out of the business. I thought if I gave my stout adversary a black eye or two he would be willing to quit, so while I had his head in a viselike grip I hit him a couple of smart clips with half closed hand between the eyes. At the same time, with a trip of his feet, I flung him away from me sprawling on the ground.

Instead of having enough he was up again in a second, and I saw that I had got to fight in sure earnest or get whipped, and that pretty soon.

Steadying myself, I sent my left hand to his face and gave him the "fifth lesson," or as heavy a blow as I could strike with my right, full on his left ribs, well to the front. As he doubled up and turned a trifle I let him have the left again with full force. It landed on his right jaw just under the ear. This did the business, and he went to the ground, knocked out.

The victory I had won was that of pure skill accompanied by fairly good courage and muscle against ignorance with twice as much strength and an equal courage.

An angry snarl came from the crowd that had come out from the village when they found their champion defeated and unable to renew the fight, and one of the biggest among them yelled:

"Let's do the swells up!"

At this juncture the broad shoulders and chest of the tutor put in an appearance to restore discipline. At the same moment my late antagonist—Tom Cushing was his name—recovered from the slight daze which the blow under the ear had caused, and, hearing the talk of the villagers, he hopped up like a poked lion.

"Look here, you fellows," he said to his companions, "if I can't lick young Searle here"—my own name—"I can whip any one or two of you chaps, and the first one who puts a hand on him will have to settle with me. I brought this fight on myself and got licked on the square, and served me right, because I didn't know how to fight, and he did."

At this manly talk I walked up and cordially shook hands with Cushing. He responded as warmly and said, with a rueful look at my hand:

"Rather a small fist to knock out a big lubber like me."

"No lubber at all," I said. "You only lack a little science. Come out to the gymnasium next week and take a lesson or two. All you want is practice."

At this entente cordiale the crowd cheered, and all hands parted good friends.

Cushing came out to the place, as I had invited him to do, and we showed him how to "put up his hands" to such effect that when I got back home in the spring I found him on pretty nearly even terms with the tutor in everything the gymnasium afforded, including fencing and general athletics as well as boxing.

He was an orphan with scarcely a relative in the world. His mother had died in his infancy, and some five years later his father, who had been a man of wealth and social standing in the city, died, broken in fortune by unfortunate stock transactions.

And so the boy had grown up to the age of seventeen, handsome and well formed enough, but ignorant of everything except the rudiments of schooling and the contents of half a dozen books or so, the remnants of his father's once fine library.

I had taken an immense liking for Cushing, and he had for me, as boys often do after a row. His situation in life, contrasting with my own, appealed to me, and, being rather a favorite of my father, especially after the fight, of which he had heard, I easily persuaded him to take an interest in the premises. He had known Cushing's father slightly and that his business career, though disastrous, had been an honorable one.

It was slated, therefore, that my father was to advance the necessary money for young Cushing on his future and that he was to come over to our place and be fitted for college with the rest of us.

But a better scheme yet soon presented itself. We had some influence with the congressman of our district, and there was a vacancy at West Point to be filled by him. The honorable member had already selected a politician's son for the position, but my father intimated to the congressman that if he wanted to be quite sure of his re-election he would do well to appoint our man.

This was sufficient. Cushing got the appointment and was literally called from the plow that season to prepare for the service of his country. Coached by our tutor for a few weeks, he made such headway that there was no trouble about passing his examination at the Military academy when the time came. His physical requisites were simply perfect, and he went in with flying colors and is now a gallant officer in the army.

And, far from feeling the qualms of conscience which afflicted me somewhat at the time of it, I am disposed to look with complacency on what may be termed a virtuous prizefight, to the advantage of all concerned, but taking place at a season when peace should reign supreme.

As for Cushing, he has always declared that the thrashing I gave him on the afternoon of that Christmas eve was the most valuable Christmas present he has ever received.

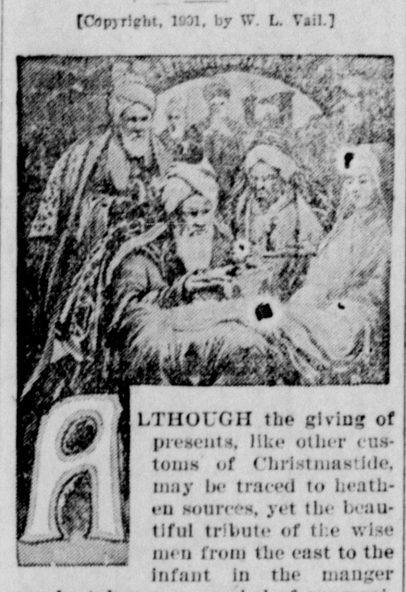


THE SHEPHERDS AT BETHLEHEM.

GIVING ON CHRISTMAS

By Cecilia Rose.

[Copyright, 1901, by W. L. Vail.]



ALTHOUGH the giving of presents, like other customs of Christmastide, may be traced to heathen sources, yet the beautiful tribute of the wise men from the east to the infant in the manger may be taken as a symbol of appropriate ceremonies for the celebration of the birth of Christ. Pagan kings and princes, their satraps and subjects, did indeed give presents, often in connection with great feasts, with various ends in view, but it is clear from the records handed down that the gifts were not always bribes nor tribute to physical power. Moral worth and beauty were often honored by the bestowal of rare treasures or some symbol of riches.

The story of the visit of the wise men to Bethlehem as told in the gospel of Matthew carries with it evidence that the strangers were not on a self seeking errand. The narrative reads:

> Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that was born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him.
>
> When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him, and when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together he demanded of them where Christ should be born, and they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa, for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judæa, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared, and he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him bring me word again that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king they departed, and, lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshiped him, and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

David wrote in the Psalms, possibly referring to Solomon as the type of Christ: "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." The reason for the tributes to Solomon is given in Kings, where it is stated, "And all the earth sought Solomon to hear his wisdom, which God had put in his heart, and they brought every man his present, vessels of silver and vessels of gold and garments and armor and spices, horses and mules, a rate, year by year."

In another place David speaks of gifts as a tribute to majesty. He says: "Vow and pay unto the Lord your God. Let all that be roundabout him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared."

The pagan festivals which were believed by some to have suggested the Christmas celebration consisted of feasts and the giving of presents. To celebrate the nuptials of Esther King Ahasuerus "made a great feast unto all his provinces and gave gifts according to the state of the king." Gifts of that nature could only bear the meaning of generous token of good feeling and good will.

Long before the Christian era the Greeks celebrated a festival in midwinter when presents were distributed to the children in the name of the household gods.

Whether the ceremonial gift be costly or plain it bears with it a meaning which has no relation to its value, and the gifts of the rich cannot have deeper significance than the gifts of the poor. Emerson said: "Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but the apologies for gifts. The only gift is a part of thyself."



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I was immediately sorry for what I had done and had offered an apology, before the governor, to the irate tutor, but he would not have it and insisted on the trouncing.

To this my father would not consent, after my offer to apologize, and so the tutor went, and in his place came a younger man, college bred and studying for the clergy, but an all around gymnast and good boxer. As a sparrer he "'andled 'is mawleys uncommon."

The new tutor, in fact, was a good fellow, a gentleman as well as scholar. He was a graduate of the modern Athens, which, like the ancient, cultivates muscle as well as mind.

The governor readily acceded to the gymnasium outfit, including the gloves, and in this liberal education we worked off our superfluous and sometimes inconvenient energies.

For my own part, I took kindly to the joyous art of sparring and had got up a muscle and proficiency with the gloves.

The bully of the town was a couple of years older and bigger than myself and had plenty of pluck. He and his friends had been giving us lots of "sass" for some time whenever we drove into the village, because of our "store clothes," as his comrades said, and he had announced once or twice that he would give me a nice cuffing if I would step out of the carriage and accommodate him.

It happened that a cousin about my own age, of whom I was envious, was with us at the last one of these invitations. My cousin had entered college ahead of me, and he was not only a fine scholar, but a young athlete as well. He had come down to spend Christmas holidays with us, and as I did not care to be bullied before him nor to show the white feather I invited my pugnacious adversary on this occasion to come out with his friends, who would see fair play, on the next afternoon—day before Christmas—to a spot near our place, where we would have it out.

He accepted promptly and came out on time with a gang of a dozen or more companions about his own age to the tryst, just outside the house grounds in rear of the stable. The coachman knew about the affair, as he always came in for a share of the hectoring when in the village, and he was on hand with two or three of the stablemen likewise to see fair play.

The village bully was a good one, full of pluck and not vicious, as he presently showed. Though confident enough in his ability to whip me, he lacked the coolness which proper training gives and which I had, or thought I had. A ring was formed, and the village chap was impatient to begin.

Hardly before I had tossed my jacket aside he jumped for me with the spring of a young tiger.

I stepped to one side, of course, as I had been taught, and as he went by I gave him a right hander on the side of his head with some force. He staggered a little, but kept his feet and, turning, was upon me again with a leap, meaning to close.

This time I was ready, and, stopping him with my left hand in his face, I got a good blow in with my right directly on his diaphragm. Down he went, with both hands on his stomach, and it was some seconds before he could get his breath. When he did, he was up again all right.

But he had learned caution, and when he came to the scratch for the second round, so called, he held up his hands somewhat in proper form for sparring and waited for me.

I had seen too much of his strength and quickness to risk a rush at him and contented myself with a little light playing for awhile, tapping him on the nose and mouth and parrying an occasional blow aimed by him.

He soon got hot at this tapping and parrying and came at me again with both fists flying and head down, like a bull. I had some difficulty here in parrying his blows and avoiding his attempts to close, but finally by a quick movement I got his head "in chancery"—that is, under and between the left arm and side.

By this time I had begun to get enough exercise and rather wished myself well out of the business. I thought if I gave my stout adversary a black eye or two he would be willing to quit, so while I had his head in a viselike grip I hit him a couple of smart clips with half closed hand between the eyes. At the same time, with a trip of his feet, I flung him away from me sprawling on the ground.

Instead of having enough he was up again in a second, and I saw that I had got to fight in sure earnest or get whipped, and that pretty soon.

Steadying myself, I sent my left hand to his face and gave him the "fifth lesson," or as heavy a blow as I could strike with my right, full on his left ribs, well to the front. As he doubled up and turned a trifle I let him have the left again with full force. It landed on his right jaw just under the ear. This did the business, and he went to the ground, knocked out.

The victory I had won was that of pure skill accompanied by fairly good courage and muscle against ignorance with twice as much strength and an equal courage.

An angry snarl came from the crowd that had come out from the village when they found their champion defeated and unable to renew the fight, and one of the biggest among them yelled:

"Let's do the swells up!"

At this juncture the broad shoulders and chest of the tutor put in an appearance to restore discipline. At the same moment my late antagonist—Tom Cushing was his name—recovered from the slight daze which the blow under the ear had caused, and, hearing the talk of the villagers, he hopped up like a poked lion.

"Look here, you fellows," he said to his companions, "if I can't lick young Searle here"—my own name—"I can whip any one or two of you chaps, and the first one who puts a hand on him will have to settle with me. I brought this fight on myself and got licked on the square, and served me right, because I didn't know how to fight, and he did."

At this manly talk I walked up and cordially shook hands with Cushing. He responded as warmly and said, with a rueful look at my hand:

"Rather a small fist to knock out a big lubber like me."

"No lubber at all," I said. "You only lack a little science. Come out to the gymnasium next week and take a lesson or two. All you want is practice."

At this entente cordiale the crowd cheered, and all hands parted good friends.

Cushing came out to the place, as I had invited him to do, and we showed him how to "put up his hands" to such effect that when I got back home in the spring I found him on pretty nearly even terms with the tutor in everything the gymnasium afforded, including fencing and general athletics as well as boxing.

He was an orphan with scarcely a relative in the world. His mother had died in his infancy, and some five years later his father, who had been a man of wealth and social standing in the city, died, broken in fortune by unfortunate stock transactions.

And so the boy had grown up to the age of seventeen, handsome and well formed enough, but ignorant of everything except the rudiments of schooling and the contents of half a dozen books or so, the remnants of his father's once fine library.

I had taken an immense liking for Cushing, and he had for me, as boys often do after a row. His situation in life, contrasting with my own, appealed to me, and, being rather a favorite of my father, especially after the fight, of which he had heard, I easily persuaded him to take an interest in the premises. He had known Cushing's father slightly and that his business career, though disastrous, had been an honorable one.

It was slated, therefore, that my father was to advance the necessary money for young Cushing on his future and that he was to come over to our place and be fitted for college with the rest of us.

But a better scheme yet soon presented itself. We had some influence with the congressman of our district, and there was a vacancy at West Point to be filled by him. The honorable member had already selected a politician's son for the position, but my father intimated to the congressman that if he wanted to be quite sure of his re-election he would do well to appoint our man.

This was sufficient. Cushing got the appointment and was literally called from the plow that season to prepare for the service of his country. Coached by our tutor for a few weeks, he made such headway that there was no trouble about passing his examination at the Military academy when the time came. His physical requisites were simply perfect, and he went in with flying colors and is now a gallant officer in the army.

And, far from feeling the qualms of conscience which afflicted me somewhat at the time of it, I am disposed to look with complacency on what may be termed a virtuous prizefight, to the advantage of all concerned, but taking place at a season when peace should reign supreme.

As for Cushing, he has always declared that the thrashing I gave him on the afternoon of that Christmas eve was the most valuable Christmas present he has ever received.



THE SHEPHERDS AT BETHLEHEM.

GIVING ON CHRISTMAS

By Cecilia Rose.

[Copyright, 1901, by W. L. Vail.]



ALTHOUGH the giving of presents, like other customs of Christmastide, may be traced to heathen sources, yet the beautiful tribute of the wise men from the east to the infant in the manger may be taken as a symbol of appropriate ceremonies for the celebration of the birth of Christ. Pagan kings and princes, their satraps and subjects, did indeed give presents, often in connection with great feasts, with various ends in view, but it is clear from the records handed down that the gifts were not always bribes nor tribute to physical power. Moral worth and beauty were often honored by the bestowal of rare treasures or some symbol of riches.

The story of the visit of the wise men to Bethlehem as told in the gospel of Matthew carries with it evidence that the strangers were not on a self seeking errand. The narrative reads:

> Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that was born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him.
>
> When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him, and when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together he demanded of them where Christ should be born, and they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa, for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judæa, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared, and he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him bring me word again that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king they departed, and, lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshiped him, and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

David wrote in the Psalms, possibly referring to Solomon as the type of Christ: "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." The reason for the tributes to Solomon is given in Kings, where it is stated, "And all the earth sought Solomon to hear his wisdom, which God had put in his heart, and they brought every man his present, vessels of silver and vessels of gold and garments and armor and spices, horses and mules, a rate, year by year."

In another place David speaks of gifts as a tribute to majesty. He says: "Vow and pay unto the Lord your God. Let all that be roundabout him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared."

The pagan festivals which were believed by some to have suggested the Christmas celebration consisted of feasts and the giving of presents. To celebrate the nuptials of Esther King Ahasuerus "made a great feast unto all his provinces and gave gifts according to the state of the king." Gifts of that nature could only bear the meaning of generous token of good feeling and good will.

Long before the Christian era the Greeks celebrated a festival in midwinter when presents were distributed to the children in the name of the household gods.

Whether the ceremonial gift be costly or plain it bears with it a meaning which has no relation to its value, and the gifts of the rich cannot have deeper significance than the gifts of the poor. Emerson said: "Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but the apologies for gifts. The only gift is a part of thyself."



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A RAILROAD'S ...BIG... TUNNEL SCHEME

The plan of the Pennsylvania railroad to tunnel under the various rivers that make Manhattan an island and to have a station in New York and a terminus out on the end of Long Island will revolutionize traffic from south and west to the east. It will not only be of immense advantage to travelers to the metropolis who in order to reach the city are obliged to depend on the ferries, but by establishing a seaport at Montauk Point will cut a day off the European voyage and make New York a way station on the route to London. The plan might have been carried out years ago but for the fact that the Long Island railroad was an independent system. No sooner had the Pennsylvania road secured control of it than architects and engineers were consulted as to the stupendous enterprise now about to be begun.

Undoubtedly the most interesting feature of these plans to the thousands of people who travel to New York is the terminal that will be established in that city. It will do away entirely with the discomfort and delay caused by the North river ferries. This terminal station will be second to none in the world and of gigantic dimensions. This can readily be appreciated when the great size of the site is considered, which covers four blocks and is upon the tract bounded by Seventh and Tenth avenues and Thirty-third and Thirty-first streets. The depot will be erected above an underground terminal of equal size. From here tunnels are to run to Jersey City and Long Island City, making two big railroad systems practically one.

The big terminal station in New York will be 800 feet long and 500 feet wide. There will be dozens of entrances for foot passengers and vehicles, and graded passageways will lead down to a great bridge which will circle the station over the platforms and trains. A curious feature will be an underground railroad yard where trains will be made up to meet the exigencies of traffic. There will be a total of twenty-five tracks in use in the station. Electric elevators extending in a row clear across the building will be provided for taking baggage to and from the trains. The building will be an imposing structure and will be built of masonry, steel and glass. The interior will be elegant beyond anything of its kind now in existence.

Vast as are the mechanical triumphs which will be accomplished by the entry of the Pennsylvania railroad into New York over its own rails and with its own rolling stock, the commercial advantages will mark an epoch in railroad history. A double steel band will extend from the far west to the far east, passing over mountain and tunneling under river, without a break. The plan as outlined will do away entirely with the construction of a railroad bridge over the North river. That project has been in contemplation for a dozen years, but has been opposed as not only too expensive, but as inadequate for the purposes which the increasing traffic of future years will demand. It is conceded that a tunnel under each river will serve every need and can be constructed at a small fraction of the cost of a bridge.

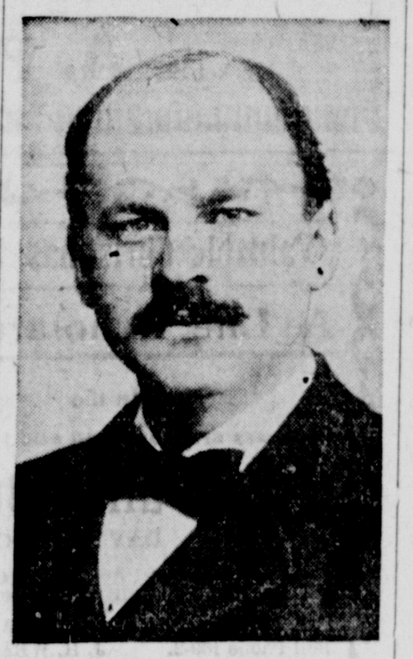


ALEXANDER J. CASSATT.
[President Pennsylvania railroad.]

It is stated, in speaking of the engineering difficulties to be encountered in sounding both the East and North rivers, that experiments have taught engineers the bed of the former is hard rock, and in consequence the tunneling will be comparatively easy. The bed of the North river, however, offers much greater difficulties, so great, in fact, as to make the construction of a tunnel nothing less than the building of a submerged bridge. For more than 125 feet below the bed of the North river there is nothing but mud, which, of course, hardens as it deepens, but not sufficiently for a foundation for a tunnel in which there is to be such heavy traffic.

This underground passageway must either rest on a pile support with steel construction or, if a rock bottom is wanted, the engineers must go to such a depth as will present great difficulties in the way of grade and alignment. It is estimated the East river tunnel will cost about $8,000,000 and the one under the North river $16,000,000, but it will be an investment which will yield a big profit to the Pennsylvania railroad because it will have the advantage over all rivals of exclusive use.

It is planned to have the tunnel cross so as to touch New York at Thirty-third street and continue in an easterly direction so as to enter a large underground station that is to be constructed under the big terminal station. From there the tunnel is to proceed east nearly along the line of Thirty-second street and under the East river to Queens, connecting with the Long Island railroad. Under the North river the tunnel will have room for two railway



WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JR.
[President Long Island railroad.]

tracks, and there will be four tracks in the East river tunnel. The Long Island railroad will have the use of two of the tracks and also joint use of the large underground station.

The removal of the landing place from New York to Montauk Point, the extreme easterly end of Long Island, would effect a saving of from six to eight hours in the actual time of a European voyage. The distance from New York to this point by rail is 117 miles. A steamer train could make the run in about the time it takes a liner ordinarily to reach her berth in the North river from Sandy Hook. The distance by water from Montauk Point to the Sandy Hook lightship is 143 knots, which is a run of about seven hours for the big liners.

It was the dream of the late Austin Corbin, president of the Long Island railroad, to make Montauk Point the place of departure for Europe and the port of entry from the other side, and this dream is likely to be realized. Mr. Corbin projected a line of American ships to run from Montauk to Milford Haven, on the coast of Wales. His intention was to urge upon congress the desirability of making Montauk a port of free entry, where foreign goods could be stored in bond for reshipment without the payment of customs duty.

The trains in all parts of the tunnel will be operated by electricity in the same manner as the recently constructed Orleans railway extension in Paris. This will make the ventilation of the great underground passage a comparatively easy matter, and there will be no smoke or dirt. The subways under the streets of New York will be at such a depth that they will not interfere with the construction of any other subways projected by the city.

The undertaking is the most stupendous in the history of railroading in America, and it is estimated the work will cost close on to $50,000,000. The preliminaries are already under way, and it is said the work can be completed in three years.

The president of the Pennsylvania railroad, Alexander J. Cassatt, who has planned this big undertaking, has had a long experience in transportation affairs and is eminently capable for the performance of his duties as chief of the great system. Like many heads of great organizations, he has filled positions all along the line up to the top, becoming in this way familiar with every branch of the business. Up to the time he resigned from the Pennsylvania railroad in 1882 he was successively a rodman, an assistant engineer, general superintendent, general manager, third vice president and first vice president. He was elected president of the Pennsylvania railroad in 1899.

William H. Baldwin, Jr., president of the Long Island railroad, which will connect its lines with the Pennsylvania road by means of the underground tunnel, was elected president of the Long Island road in 1896, succeeding the late Austin Corbin. At the time of his election to this position he was not yet thirty-four and had risen in ten years from a clerkship in the Union Pacific office to the presidency of one of the most complicated transportation systems in the country.

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AUDITOR'S Annual Exhibit

OF THE

Receipts and Disbursements of Columbiana Co., Ohio.

For the year ending August 31, 1901

(Section 852.)

TOTAL RECEIPTS		
Balance in treasury Sept. 1, 1900	$ 63,856 43	
Collections, general, liquor, cigarette & collateral inheritance duplicate	606,021 60	
Interest Sec. 16 from Carroll & Mahoning counties and state of Ohio	5,878 04	
Common school funds from state	29,243 60	
Joint district school funds from Jefferson county	42 63	
Rents and licenses	564 00	
Fines and costs and stenographers fees from clerk court	4,475 58	
Fines and costs from probate judge	585 73	
Fines & costs from mayors & justices of the peace	221 67	
Examination fees fr'm county school examiners, &c	260 50	
For support of inmates and sale of produce county infirmary	582 50	
Earnings of children's home	206 67	
From building fund	8000 00	
From Butler t'nship	50 40	
Unclaimed money	211 52	
Reimbursement for clothing furnished hospital patients	164 75	
United States treasury dept. reimbursement claim	5 27	$ 725,371 89
Disbursements		
By orders on county fund	$ 78,220 64	
By orders on poor fund	22,931 67	
By orders on bridge fund	31,183 31	
By orders on building fund	8585 54	
By orders on soldiers' relief fund	3442 00	
By orders on children's home fund	7390 44	
By orders on tax refunded fund	3740 64	
By orders on sheep fund	2336 68	
By orders on treasurers' fee fund	4592 65	
By orders on institute fund	247 60	
By orders on state fund	85,929 47	
By orders on township fund	32,334 78	
By orders on school fund	222,901 35	
By orders on corporation fund	168,671 42	
By orders on interest and bond redemption fund	2000 00	
By orders on spec. restoration bridge fund	1350 00	
By orders on extension bond fund	7190 00	$683,048 19
Balance in treasury Sept. 1, 1901		42,323 70
County Fund		
Receipts		
Balance in treasury Sept. 1, 1900	2501 74	
Collections general and collateral inheritance duplicate 1900	54,362 69	
Rents and licenses	475 60	
Fines from mayors and justices of the peace	208 00	
Fines and costs probate judge	585 73	
Fines and costs and stenographer's f's clerk of courts	4475 58	
Unclaimed money	211 52	
From building fund	8000 00	
Reimbursements for clothing furnished hospital patients	164 75	
U. S. treasury reimbursement claim	5 27	$ 70,990 88
Disbursements		
Assessors, boards of equalization & land appraisers	8428 15	
Clothing account hospitals and asylums	2228 12	
Witness and jury fees, and court bailiff, &c	8732 81	
Epilepsy, lunacy, & boys' industrial school cases &c	2796 11	
Election expenses	5,573 88	
Allowance salaries, fees, mileage and expenses	28,498 64	
Expenses collecting personal taxes and inquisitor	4339 95	
Light, fuel, water, telephone, insurance & hauling	1707 32	
Boarding prisoners Stark county work house	457 02	
Advertising, blank books, stationery and supplies to court house and jail	9834 18	
Defending indigent prisoners, burial indigent soldiers & criminal costs	2112 27	
Surveying, viewers, markers chainmen in road cases	384 85	
Night watchman & assisting janitor	395 25	
Examining commissioners' report & county treasury	140 00	
Farmers' institutes, visiting committee and agricultural society	1071 73	
Miscellaneous repairing and adjusting time locks &c	92 05	
Meals to jury	19 50	
Expenses soldiers' relief committee	75 00	
Columbiana county's share Lisbon's St. paving	1333 81	
Total disburse'n'ts		78,220 64
Overdraft September 1, 1901		7229 75
Poor Fund.		
Receipts		
Balance, September 1, 1900	10,535 50	
Collections general liquor and cigaret duplicate 1900	19,539 17	
For support of inmates and sale of produce poor farm	590 17	
Total receipts		30,715 84
Disbursements		
County infirmary expenses by order of directors	22,931 67	
Total disburse'n's		22,931 67
Balance September 1, 1901		7784 17
Bridge Fund		
Receipts		
Collections general duplicate	32,123 90	
From Butler township for iron pipe	50 40	
Total receipts		32,174 30
Disbursements		
Overdrafts September 1, 1900	7820 74	
Bridges	7893 00	
Stonework and masonry	12,067 94	
Planking, repairing & painting bridges	3659 26	
Grading roads and approach to bdg's	3099 86	
Iron pipe, sewer pipe, slag and interest on bridge orders	4143 25	
Land appropriated	320 00	
Total disbursem'ts		39,004 05
Overdraft September 1, 1901		6829 75
Building Fund.		
Receipts.		
Balance, September 1, 1900	10,433 08	
Collections general duplicate 1900	8557 08	
Total receipts		18,990 16
Disbursements		
Repairs, improvements & transfer	8585 54	
Total disbursem'nts		8585 54
Balance September 1, 1901		10,404 62
Soldiers' Relief		
Receipts.		
Balance September 1, 1900	248 82	
Collections general duplicate	3676 64	
Total receipts		3925 46
Disbursements		
Relief of soldiers by soldiers relief committee	3442 00	
Total disbursem'nts		3442 00
Balance September 1, 1901		483 46
Children's Home.		
Receipts.		
Collections general duplicate	8637 90	
Earnings children's home	206 67	
Total receipts		8844 66
Disbursements.		
Overdraft September 1, 1900	830 75	
Expenses children's home order trust's	7390 44	
Total disbursem'nts		8191 19
Balance September 1, 1901		653 47
Taxes Refunded		
Receipts.		
Collections general liquor and cigaret duplicate 1900	3335 15	
Total receipts		3335 15
Disbursements		
Overdrafts September 1, 1900	581 72	
Returned on general liquor and cigaret duplicate	3740 64	
Total disbursem'nts		4322 36
Overdraft September 1, 1901		987 21
Sheep Fund.		
Receipts.		
Balance September 1, 1900	2398 57	
Collections general duplicate 1900	2572 66	
Total receipts		4971 23
Disbursements.		
Sheep killed and witness fees	2336 68	
Total disbursem'nts		2336 68
Balance September 1, 1901		2634 55
Treasurers' Fees.		
Receipts.		
Settlement general, liquor, cigaret & collateral inheritance duplicate	4581 85	
Settlement show license	10 80	
Total receipts		4592 65
Disbursements.		
County treasurer		4592 65
Institute Fund		
Receipts.		
Examination fees County school examiners	260 50	
Disbursements		260 50
Overdraft September 1, 1900	1 98	
Teachers' institute	245 52	
Treasurer's fee	2 08	
Total		249 58
Balance September 1, 1901		10 92
State Fund.		
Receipts.		
Collection general liquor, cigaret & inheritance duplicate	85,844 87	
Show license	84 60	
Total		85,929 47
Disbursements.		
Drafts of state Treasurer		85,929 47
Township fund		
Receipts.		
Collections general and liquor duplicate 1900	32,334 78	
Disbursements		
To township treasurers		32,334 78
School Fund.		
Receipts.		
Balance September 1, 1900	51,140 55	
Collections general duplicate 1900	168,455 79	
Interest section 16 Carroll & Mahoning counties	1,344 25	
Interest section 16 from state	4,533 79	
Joint district school funds, Jefferson county	42 63	
State common sch'l funds	29,243 60	
Total		254,760 61
Disbursements.		
To school treas'rs		222,901 35
Balance September 1, 1901		31,859 26
Corporation Fund		
Receipts.		
Balance September 1, 1900	963 06	
Collections general liquor and cigaret duplicate 1900	168,671 42	
Total		169,634 48
Disbursements		
Corporation treasurers		168,671 42
Balance September 1, 1901		963 06
Ditch Fund.		
Receipts.		
Disbursements		
Overdraft September 1, 1900		2,018 07
Overdraft September 1, 1901		2,018 07
Interest and bond redemption		
Receipts.		
Balance September 1, 1900	3,567 80	
Collections general duplicate 1900	2,421 20	
Total		7,989 00
Disbursements		
Interest coupons on deficiency bonds		2,660 00
Balance September 1, 1901		5,329 00
Special restoration bridge		
Receipts.		
Balance September 1, 1900	450 57	
Collections general duplicate 1900	1,210 60	
Total		1,661 17
Disbursements		
Bond and interest		1,350 00
Balance September 1, 1901		311 17
Extension Bond.		
Receipts.		
Collections general duplicate 1900	9,684 81	
Disbursements		9,684 81
Overdraft September 1, 1900	2,210 00	
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Balance September 1, 1901		5,400 64
		284 81
Recapitulation		
Balances.		
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Building fund	10,404 62	
Soldiers relief fund	483 46	
Children's home fund	653 47	
Sheep fund	2,634 55	
Institute fund	10 92	
School fund	31,859 26	
Corporation fund	963 06	
Interest and bond redemption fund	2,979 00	
Special restoration bridge fund	311 17	
Extension bond f'nd	284 81	
Total balances		59,368 49
Overdrafts		
County fund	7,820 74	
Bridge fund	6,829 75	
Tax refunded fund	987 21	
Ditch fund	2,018 07	
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Balance September 1, 1901		42,323 70

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A RAILROAD'S ...BIG... TUNNEL SCHEME

The plan of the Pennsylvania railroad to tunnel under the various rivers that make Manhattan an island and to have a station in New York and a terminus out on the end of Long Island will revolutionize traffic from south and west to the east. It will not only be of immense advantage to travelers to the metropolis who in order to reach the city are obliged to depend on the ferries, but by establishing a seaport at Montauk Point will cut a day off the European voyage and make New York a way station on the route to London. The plan might have been carried out years ago but for the fact that the Long Island railroad was an independent system. No sooner had the Pennsylvania road secured control of it than architects and engineers were consulted as to the stupendous enterprise now about to be begun.

Undoubtedly the most interesting feature of these plans to the thousands of people who travel to New York is the terminal that will be established in that city. It will do away entirely with the discomfort and delay caused by the North river ferries. This terminal station will be second to none in the world and of gigantic dimensions. This can readily be appreciated when the great size of the site is considered, which covers four blocks and is upon the tract bounded by Seventh and Tenth avenues and Thirty-third and Thirty-first streets. The depot will be erected above an underground terminal of equal size. From here tunnels are to run to Jersey City and Long Island City, making two big railroad systems practically one.

The big terminal station in New York will be 800 feet long and 500 feet wide. There will be dozens of entrances for foot passengers and vehicles, and graded passageways will lead down to a great bridge which will circle the station over the platforms and trains. A curious feature will be an underground railroad yard where trains will be made up to meet the exigencies of traffic. There will be a total of twenty-five tracks in use in the station. Electric elevators extending in a row clear across the building will be provided for taking baggage to and from the trains. The building will be an imposing structure and will be built of masonry, steel and glass. The interior will be elegant beyond anything of its kind now in existence.

Vast as are the mechanical triumphs which will be accomplished by the entry of the Pennsylvania railroad into New York over its own rails and with its own rolling stock, the commercial advantages will mark an epoch in railroad history. A double steel band will extend from the far west to the far east, passing over mountain and tunneling under river, without a break. The plan as outlined will do away entirely with the construction of a railroad bridge over the North river. That project has been in contemplation for a dozen years, but has been opposed as not only too expensive, but as inadequate for the purposes which the in-



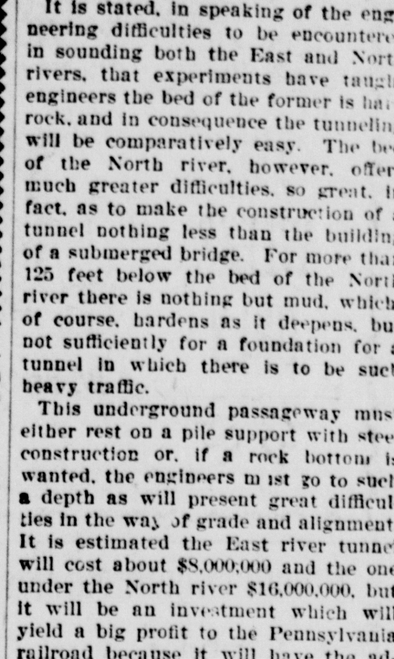
ALEXANDER J. CASSATT.
[President Pennsylvania railroad.]

creasing traffic of future years will demand. It is conceded that a tunnel under each river will serve every need and can be constructed at a small fraction of the cost of a bridge.

It is stated, in speaking of the engineering difficulties to be encountered in sounding both the East and North rivers, that experiments have taught engineers the bed of the former is hard rock, and in consequence the tunneling will be comparatively easy. The bed of the North river, however, offers much greater difficulties, so great, in fact, as to make the construction of a tunnel nothing less than the building of a submerged bridge. For more than 125 feet below the bed of the North river there is nothing but mud, which, of course, hardens as it deepens, but not sufficiently for a foundation for a tunnel in which there is to be such heavy traffic.

This underground passageway must either rest on a pile support with steel construction or, if a rock bottom is wanted, the engineers must go to such a depth as will present great difficulties in the way of grade and alignment. It is estimated the East river tunnel will cost about $8,000,000 and the one under the North river $16,000,000, but it will be an investment which will yield a big profit to the Pennsylvania railroad because it will have the advantage over all rivals of exclusive use.

It is planned to have the tunnel cross so as to touch New York at Thirty-third street and continue in an easterly direction so as to enter a large underground station that is to be constructed under the big terminal station. From there the tunnel is to proceed east nearly along the line of Thirty-second street and under the East river to Queens, connecting with the Long Island railroad. Under the North river the tunnel will have room for two railway



WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JR.
[President Long Island railroad.]

tracks, and there will be four tracks in the East river tunnel. The Long Island railroad will have the use of two of the tracks and also joint use of the large underground station.

The removal of the landing place from New York to Montauk Point, the extreme easterly end of Long Island, would effect a saving of from six to eight hours in the actual time of a European voyage. The distance from New York to this point by rail is 117 miles. A steamer train could make the run in about the time it takes a liner ordinarily to reach her berth in the North river from Sandy Hook. The distance by water from Montauk Point to the Sandy Hook lightship is 143 knots, which is a run of about seven hours for the big liners.

It was the dream of the late Austin Corbin, president of the Long Island railroad, to make Montauk Point the place of departure for Europe and the port of entry from the other side, and this dream is likely to be realized. Mr. Corbin projected a line of American ships to run from Montauk to Milford Haven, on the coast of Wales. His intention was to urge upon congress the desirability of making Montauk a port of free entry, where foreign goods could be stored in bond for reshipment without the payment of customs duty.

The trains in all parts of the tunnel will be operated by electricity in the same manner as the recently constructed Orleans railway extension in Paris. This will make the ventilation of the great underground passage a comparatively easy matter, and there will be no smoke or dirt. The subways under the streets of New York will be at such a depth that they will not interfere with the construction of any other subways projected by the city.

The undertaking is the most stupendous in the history of railroading in America, and it is estimated the work will cost close on to $50,000,000. The preliminaries are already under way, and it is said the work can be completed in three years.

The president of the Pennsylvania railroad, Alexander J. Cassatt, who has planned this big undertaking, has had a long experience in transportation affairs and is eminently capable for the performance of his duties as chief of the great system. Like many heads of great organizations, he has filled positions all along the line up to the top, becoming in this way familiar with every branch of the business. Up to the time he resigned from the Pennsylvania railroad in 1882 he was successively a rodman, an assistant engineer, general superintendent, general manager, third vice president and first vice president. He was elected president of the Pennsylvania railroad in 1899.

William H. Baldwin, Jr., president of the Long Island railroad, which will connect its lines with the Pennsylvania road by means of the underground tunnel, was elected president of the Long Island road in 1896, succeeding the late Austin Corbin. At the time of his election to this position he was not yet thirty-four and had risen in ten years from a clerkship in the Union Pacific office to the presidency of one of the most complicated transportation systems in the country.

They Never Fail.

A Gentle Stimulant

of a beneficial nature for the heart is necessary for the cure of Headache, Neuralgia, etc.

Clinic Headache Wafers

are positively harmless, easily taken, do not depress and cause no ill after effects.

A True Heart Tonic.

CLINIC PHARMACAL CO.
TORONTO, OHIO.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 10 CTS.

AUDITOR'S Annual Exhibit

OF THE

Receipts and Disbursements of Columbiana Co., Ohio.

For the year ending August 31, 1901

(Section 852.)

TOTAL RECEIPTS

Balance in treasury Sept. 1, 1900	$ 63,856 43	
Collections, general, liquor, cigarette & collateral inheritance duplicate	606,021 60	
Interest Sec. 16 from Carroll & Mahoning counties and state of Ohio	5,878 04	
Common school funds from state	29,243 60	
Joint district school funds from Jefferson county	42 63	
Rents and licenses	564 00	
Fines and costs and stenographers fees from clerk court	4,475 58	
Fines and costs from probate judge	585 73	
Fines & costs from mayors & justices of the peace	221 67	
Examination fees fr'm county school examiners, &c	260 50	
For support of inmates and sale of produce county infirmary	582 50	
Earnings of children's home	206 67	
From building fund	8000 00	
From Butler t'nship	50 40	
Unclaimed money	211 52	
Reimbursement for clothing furnished hospital patients	164 75	
United States treasury dept. reimbursement claim	5 27	$ 725,371 89

Disbursements

By orders on county fund	$ 78,220 64	
By orders on poor fund	22,931 67	
By orders on bridge fund	31,183 31	
By orders on building fund	8585 54	
By orders on soldiers' relief fund	3442 00	
By orders on children's home fund	7390 44	
By orders on tax refunded fund	3740 64	
By orders on sheep fund	2336 68	
By orders on treasurers' fee fund	4592 65	
By orders on institute fund	247 60	
By orders on state fund	85,929 47	
By orders on township fund	32,334 78	
By orders on school fund	222,901 35	
By orders on corporation fund	168,671 42	
By orders on interest and bond redemption fund	2000 00	
By orders on spec. restoration bridge fund	1350 00	
By orders on extension bond fund	7190 00	$683,048 19
Balance in treasury Sept. 1, 1901		42,323 70

County Fund

Receipts

Balance in treasury Sept. 1, 1900	2501 74	
Collections general and collateral inheritance duplicate 1900	54,362 69	
Rents and licenses	475 60	
Fines from mayors and justices of the peace	208 00	
Fines and costs probate judge	585 73	
Fines and costs and stenographer's f's clerk of courts	4475 58	
Unclaimed money	211 52	
From building fund	8000 00	
Reimbursements for clothing furnished hospital patients	164 75	
U. S. treasury reimbursement claim	5 27	$ 70,990 88

Disbursements

Assessors, boards of equalization & land appraisers	8428 15	
Clothing account hospitals and asylums	2228 12	
Witness and jury fees, and court bailiff, &c	8732 81	
Epilepsy, lunacy, & boys' industrial school cases &c.	2736 11	
Election expenses	5,575 88	
Allowance salaries, fees, mileage and expenses	28,498 64	
Expenses collecting personal taxes and inquisitor	4339 95	
Light, fuel, water, telephone, insurance & hauling	1797 32	
Boarding prisoners Stark county work house	457 02	
Advertising, blank books, stationery and supplies to court house and jail	9834 18	
Defending indigent prisoners, burial indigent soldiers & criminal costs	2112 27	
Surveying, viewers, markers chainmen in road cases	384 85	
Night watchman & assisting janitor	395 25	
Examining commissioners' report & county treasury	140 00	
Farmers' institutes, visiting committee and agricultural society	1671 73	
Miscellaneous repairing and adjusting time locks &c	92 05	
Meals to jury	19 50	
Expenses soldiers' relief committee	75 00	
Columbiana county's share Lisbon's St. paving	1333 81	
Total disburse'n'ts		78,220 64
Overdraft September 1, 1901		7229 75

Poor Fund.

Receipts

Balance, September 1, 1900	10,525 50	
Collections general liquor and cigaret duplicate 1900	19,530 17	
For support of inmates and sale of produce poor farm	590 17	
Total receipts		30,715 84

Disbursements

County infirmary expenses by order of directors	22,931 67	
Total disburse'n's		22,931 67
Balance September 1, 1901		7784 17

Bridge Fund

Receipts

Collections general duplicate	32,123 90	
From Butler township for iron pipe	50 40	
Total receipts		32,174 30

Disbursements

Overdrafts September 1, 1900	7820 74	
Bridges	7833 00	
Stonework and masonry	12,067 94	
Planking, repairing & painting bridges	3659 26	
Grading roads and approach to bdg's	3099 86	
Iron pipe, sewer pipe, slag and interest on bridge orders	4143 25	
Land appropriated	320 00	
Total disbursem'ts		39,004 05
Overdraft September 1, 1901		6829 75

Building Fund.

Receipts.

Balance, September 1, 1900	10,433 08	
Collections general duplicate 1900	8557 08	
Total receipts		18,990 16

Disbursements

Repairs, improvements & transfer	8585 54	
Total disbursem'nts		8585 54
Balance September 1, 1901		10,404 62

Soldiers' Relief

Receipts.

Balance September 1, 1900	248 82	
Collections general duplicate	3676 64	
Total receipts		3925 46

Disbursements

Relief of soldiers by soldiers' relief committee	3442 00	
Total disbursem'nts		3442 00
Balance September 1, 1901		483 46

Children's Home.

Receipts.

Collections general duplicate 1900	8637 90	
Earnings children's home	206 67	
Total receipts		8844 66

Disbursements.

Overdraft September 1, 1900	800 75	
Expenses children's home order trust's	7390 44	
Total disbursem'nts		8191 19
Balance September 1, 1901		653 47

Taxes Refunded

Receipts.

Collections general liquor and cigaret duplicate	3335 15	
Total receipts		3335 15

Disbursements

Overdrafts September 1, 1900	581 74	
Returned on general liquor and cigaret duplicate	3740 64	
Total disbursem'nts		4322 38
Overdraft September 1, 1901		987 23

Sheep Fund.

Receipts.

Balance September 1, 1900	2398 57	
Collections general duplicate 1900	2072 66	
Total receipts		4471 23

Disbursements.

Sheep killed and witness fees	2333 68	
Total disbursem'nts		2336 68
Balance September 1, 1901		2634 55

Treasurers' Fees.

Receipts.

Settlement general, liquor, cigaret & collateral inheritance duplicate	4581 85	
Settlement show license	10 80	
Total receipts		4592 65

Disbursements.

County treasurer		4592 65

Institute Fund

Receipts.

Examination fees County school examiners	260 50	
Total receipts		260 50

Disbursements

Overdraft September 1, 1900	1 98	
Teachers' institute	245 52	
Treasurer's fee	2 08	
Total		249 58
Balance September 1, 1901		10 92

State Fund.

Receipts.

Collection general liquor, cigaret & inheritance duplicate	85,844 87	
Show license	84 60	
Total		85,929 47

Disbursements.

Drafts of state Treasurer		85,929 47

Township fund

Receipts.

Collections general and liquor duplicate 1900	32,334 78	
Disbursements		32,334 78
To township treasurers		32,334 78

School Fund.

Receipts.

Balance September 1, 1900	51,140 55	
Collections general duplicate 1900	168,455 79	
Interest section 16 Carroll & Mahoning counties	1,344 25	
Interest section 16 from state	4,533 79	
Joint district school funds, Jefferson county	42 63	
State common sch'l funds	29,243 60	
Total		254,760 61

Disbursements.

To school treas'rs		222,901 35
Balance September 1, 1901		31,859 26

Corporation Fund

Receipts.

Balance September 1, 1900	963 06	
Collections general liquor and cigaret duplicate 1900	168,671 42	
Total		169,634 48

Disbursements

Corporation treasurers		168,671 42
Balance September 1, 1901		963 06

Ditch Fund.

Receipts.

Disbursements

Overdraft September 1, 1900		2,018 07
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Interest and bond redemption

Receipts.

Balance September 1, 1900	3,567 69	
Collections general duplicate 1900	2,421 20	
Total		5,979 69

Disbursements

Interest coupons on deficiency bonds		2,660 00
Balance September 1, 1901		3,319 69

Special restoration bridge

Receipts.

Balance September 1, 1900	450 57	
Collections general duplicate 1900	1,210 60	
Total		1,661 17

Disbursements

Bond and interest		1,350 00
Balance September 1, 1901		311 17

Extension Bond.

Receipts.

Collections general duplicate 1900	9,684 81	
Disbursements		9,684 81
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FREE! FREE!

One Bottle of Wine and a Handsome Glass Goblet with every quart of Diamond Club Pure Rye Whiskey bought from us from now until January 1st, 1902.

G. W. MEREDITH & CO., 177 MARKET STREET.

STEAMBOAT WRECKED

Went Over Lock and Broke In Two, In a West Virginia River.

LIVES OF EIGHT PERSONS LOST.

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There was a furious current at the lock, and the pilot was unable to control the boat on approaching it. The Calvert, another boat owned by the Calvert Brothers, went to the rescue of the survivors and brought them to this city.

The dead:
Sma Hawkins.
Sam Fields.
Dave Anderson.
Birney Lipki.
Tom Shannon.
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Bud and Jim (last names unknown).

All were colored deck hands and roustabouts.

Len Martin, a passenger on the boat, was rescued from the water by the Calvert crew, but died from fright on his way to this city.

An eye-witness to the disaster says the boat steamed straight to the dam and went over to destruction. Information from the rescued crew is to the effect that the regular pilot, Snyder, was at supper just before the lock and dam were reached; that he entered the pilot house to relieve the substitute pilot, and that he became bewildered and thought the boat was going the other way.

The steamer was valued at $10,000 and was not insured. The owners of the boat reside here.

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Rev. Gibson Injured.

London, Dec. 20.—The Rev. J. Monroe Gibson, formerly pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Chicago, while playing golf, was struck in the eye by a ball, and it is feared he will lose his sight.

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In Europe the greatest average consumption of coffee is in Denmark and the least in Russia.

Care of the Hair.

When the hair splits at the ends, it shows that the oily nutriment does not extend the whole length. When this occurs, remove the little fringes by singeing, as it has the same effect as plucking away the dead leaves of a plant, giving new life and a healthy growth to the unaffected part of the shaft.

Green Sheep.

Sheep with a green fleece are a novelty, but they are to be seen in Germany near some copper works. They live in the dust and fumes and drink water contaminated by copper.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Kind of a Boy the World Wants.

Boys are always in demand because they are the material out of which men are made, and as first class material is always at a premium in every line of trade so the boys who give promise of making first class men are most eagerly sought after.

The boy the world wants today is the one who can be trusted to handle money without any of it sticking to his fingers or finding its way into his pockets. He will take as much interest in the affairs of his employer as if they were his own and will stay fifteen minutes without being asked to finish a piece of work after the whistle blows and the rest of the men have quit work. He will be able to write a business letter and spell the words correctly and to add up a column of figures promptly and accurately. He will lift his cap as readily to his sister when he meets her on the street as he would were she the sister of some other boy, and he will not be ashamed to walk to church with his mother, show her into her own pew and sit beside her during the service. He will be careful in making a promise and just as careful about keeping it. He will have sufficient moral backbone to say "No" to those who would lead him astray, and he will have enough courage to own that he is striving to make a man of himself.

This is the kind of boy so many are on the lookout for.—Selected.

Story of the Toy Cats.

It was night in the nursery. Jack lay in his crib, rosy and sweet, all ready for a dream.

On Jack's toy table stood Mother Spot, the china cat, and her two kittens, Speck and Dot. They had real cat natures hidden under their hard exteriors, and no one but Jack had ever found it out.

"Speck and Dot," said Mother Spot, 'Jack had an awful scare today. His uncle brought him a tin mouse."

"Meow!" cried Speck and Dot, and it sounded exactly as if they were cracking "mouse, meow!"

"I know where that mouse is!" said Spot.

"Tell us," cried the kittens.

"Under the bed. And if you have the least spark of your ancertors' spirit go for it."

Down from Jack's table leaped those three china cats and straight for the tin mouse, who was so frightened he simply stared and without a word awaited his fate.

They fell upon him, those three china cats. They tore him to pieces, and then, covered with glory and brown paint, they crept back to Jack's table and waited.

In the morning nurse found the remnants of the mouse under the bed, and she said sadly:

"Jack, it was naughty of you to break the mouse even if you didn't like him."

And Jack wondered what made nurse so silly.

One Boy's Loyalty.

He was at school in Canada, and it was his first day in class. The geography lesson was called, and it was his turn to answer.

"Which is the largest city in the world?" asked the teacher.

"New York," unhesitatingly came the answer.

"I mean the largest city in the world," said the teacher.

And promptly came the reply, "New York."

"But," expostulated the teacher, "I did not say the largest city in the United States, but the largest city in the world."

"New York," unhesitatingly and emphatically said the boy.

"London has a larger population than New York," said the teacher. "If I do not have the correct answer this time, I shall have to punish you. Come, now," coaxingly, "tell me the name of the largest city in the world."

"New York."

"Stay in during recess and write me fifty lines."

He wrote the fifty lines, and every line read, "The biggest city in the world is New York."

Nut and Popcorn Games.

Chestnuts with initials cut in the side with a sharp knife are set to roast. The company is numbered. The first nut that pops belongs to No. 1 and is examined to see what initials it has marked on it. The initials reveal the future fate of No. 1. The second nut which pops reveals the fate of No. 2, and so on. The nuts will have to be watched very closely, for sometimes they pop very close together.

Popcorn can be tried later. Each one puts into the popper as many kernels as there are years in her life—that is, if Mary is fifteen she puts fifteen kernels in the popper and holds it for two minutes over the fire. Then she removes the popper and takes out the kernels. Then some one else tries it. The number of white popped kernels in each one's popper tells in how many years a happy marriage awaits her.—Journal Junior.

Economical Edward.

The lunch bell was ringing. "Come, Edward," said they;
"It's time to come in! You must leave off your play.
Your hands require washing." He answered, "I'll run,
And under the tap I will wash only one."

"But, Edward," they murmured, "your hair is so rough;
Your attention to neatness is hardly enough."
"All right," he replied; "yet I think it will do
To brush but the side that is nearest to you."

They heard him with sorrow. "Oh, Edward, for shame!
In thinking such thoughts you are greatly to blame;
But if to do half of each task you will try
You should sleep all the night, sir, with only one eye."

A Letter to Sandy Claws.

The Sunday school teacher was telling Tommy Tuffun about Santa Claus and his big department store up at the north pole and about the great free distribution of presents to good little boys and girls.

"An' does de Sandy Claws guy give 'em away free gratis fer nuttin'?" asked Tommy.

"Certainly," said the teacher.

"Gee! He mus' be easy!" cried Tommy. "What a puddin'! But, say, teacher, has yer gotter be good boys to be let in on de ground floor uv de graft?"

"Yes, you must be good," was the reply.

"Gee! Den dat lets me out! I'm good—nit. Sandy Claws'll trun me down hard, sure, an' me wantin' a jackknife de woist kind!"

"But you're a good boy, Tommy," remonstrated the teacher. "All the boys in the class are going to write a letter to Santa Claus telling him what they want for Christmas, and you must write too."

Tommy agreed to do so, and after half an hour of hard work with a pencil he handed the teacher the following letter:

Deer Sandy Claws—I want a jackknife fer Crissmuss, see? I ain't a good boy, see? But if youse don't gimme de jackknife fer Crissmuss de nex' time me an' de kids ketches yer in Cherry Hill we won't do a t'ing to yer! See?

Too Much For Her.



Mrs. Pinchacent—I had a terrible dream last night, Hiram. I dreamed you did something that made me drop dead.

Mr. Pinchacent—What was it I did, Maria?

Mrs. Pinchacent—You gave me a present for Christmas.

A Story of Bunsen.

Sir Henry Roscoe in a privately printed book of lectures tells a story of Bunsen, remembered from the time when he and the German scientist were traveling together in England. They met a lady who mistook Bunsen for his cousin, the Chevalier Bunsen.

"Have you finished your book, 'God In History,' yet?" she asked him.

"No, madame," he replied. "I regret that my untimely death has prevented by doing so."

Some Christmas "Nevers."

Never "mark down" a pricemark on a Christmas present. If the mark doesn't indicate that you are properly extravagant, rub it out or, still better, mark it up.

Never give your dear wife a cord of wood or a ton of coal for Christmas just to show her that you have money to burn.

Never tell your little boy that there isn't any Santa Claus. The older boys will do it for you all too soon.

Never buy more Christmas presents than you can afford. This is very good advice, and, of course, you won't follow it.

Never give a minister a pair of slippers if there is a small boy in his family, for small boys ought to be happy on Christmas.

Never ask a girl for a kiss when she's under the mistletoe bough. Take it.

Never try to give your wife a $500 sealskin sack if you are somebody's cashier on an income of $7 a week.

Never give your husband a box of cigars. Give him a big box of Schuyler's bonbons, and some of it may come your way.

Never get mixed and give Mrs. Jones the present she sent you last year. She may recognize it.

Never warn a woman that she is standing under the mistletoe. If she's homely, she will be your enemy for life; if she's pretty, she'll think, not without reason, perhaps, that you're a fool.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

At East Liverpool, in the state of Ohio, at the close of business, December 19th 1901.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts		$ 540,216 43
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		1,056 35
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Stocks, securities, etc		46,000 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		30,000 00
Other real estate owned		6,233 07
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)		11,034 00
Due from state Banks and Bankers		7,139 14
Due from approved reserve agents		53,729 74
Internal Revenue Stamps		246 78
Checks and other cash items		5,114 67
Notes of other National Banks		2,563 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		128 64
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	$20,813 55	
Legal tender notes	38,500 00	
		68,313 55
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent of circulation)		2,500 00
Total		$824,275 37

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	100,000 00
Surplus fund	100,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	20,186 47
National bank notes outstanding	50,000 00
Due to other National Banks	10,238 76
Individual deposits subject to check	493,299 10
Demand certificates of deposit	50,551 04
Total	$824,275 37

State of Ohio, county of Columbiana, ss:
I, N. G. Macrum, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
N. G. MACRUM, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of December, 1901.
WILLIAM H. VODREY, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
DAVID BOYCE,
J. M. KELLY,
JOHN C. THOMPSON, } Directors

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

At East Liverpool, in the State of Ohio, at the close of business, Dec. 10th, 1901.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts		$263,743 99
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Stocks, Securities, etc		5,000 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		25,000 00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)		235 87
Due from approved reserve agents		62,434 73
Internal Revenue Stamps		45 00
Checks and other cash items		951 11
Notes of other National Banks		1,740 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		217 26
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	$11,007 70	
Legal-tender notes	26,128 00	
		37,135 70
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5% of circulation)		2,500 00
Total		449,003 66

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in	$100,000 00
Surplus fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	3,418 61
National Bank notes outstanding	49,050 00
Dividends unpaid	786 00
Individual deposits subject to check	245,131 96
Demand certificates of deposit	20,617 09
Total	$449,003 66

State of Ohio, County of Columbiana, ss.
I, H. H. Blythe, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. H. BLYTHE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of December, 1901.
A. E. BOWDLER, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
ROBERT HALL,
JNO. W. VODREY } Directors.
JOSEPH G. LEE,

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE POTTERS' NATIONAL BANK

At East Liverpool, in the state of Ohio, at the close of business, Dec. 10th, 1901.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	$269,947 86
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	450 00
Stocks, securities, etc	20,951 81
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	49,900 00
Due from National Banks, (not Reserve Agents)	2,712 43
Due from State Banks and Bankers	28,501 77
Due from approved reserve agent	91,521 99
Internal Revenue Stamps	105 87
Checks and other cash items	9,364 70
Notes of other National Banks	12,155 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	88 39
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	$13,661 50
Legal tender notes	33,941 00
	47,602 50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent of circulation)	1,250 00
Total	$659,552 52

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	100,000 00
Surplus fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	8,083 98
National bank notes outstanding	25,000 00
Due to other National Banks	18,917 25
Individual deposits subject to check	446,549 12
Demand certificates of deposit	31,001 97
Total	$659,552 32

State of Ohio, county of Columbiana, ss.
I, R. W. Patterson, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowlege and belief.
R. W. Patterson, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of December, 1901.
JNO. J. PURINTON, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
WM. BRUNT,
W. W. HARKER, } Directors
N. A. FREDERICK,

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Free samples of home made Opera Carmels Saturday evening only.

Peanut and Cocoanut Brittle, Strong Horehound Candy, Saturday only..... 7c lb.

GRAND OPENING OF HOLIDAY CANDIES. GIVE US A CALL.

GEM CANDY KITCHEN, 200 Market St.

TWO WEEKS ONLY

Everything in our Fall Line of

Millinery

at cost. NO FAKE.

Mrs. E. M. Leasure,
146 Fifth Street,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

SANTA CLAUS Will Not Forget You

If you buy your

Boots, Shoes and Fine Slippers

—At—

251 West Market St. A. PETERSON.

Valuable Christmas Present! ....WHAT?....

A Life Scholarship

In the

Business or Shorthand and typewriting departments of the

Ohio Valley Business College.

DAY and NIGHT SESSIONS.

Common Branches. Arrange to enter January 2, 1902. For full information call at College office before December 25.

Col. Co. Phone 170. F. T. WEAVER, B. C. S., Sec'y. and Bus. M'gr.
Bell Phone 169-2. J. H. WEAVER, M. S., Pres.

The Workmanship and low prices of the—

20th CENTURY DENTAL PARLORS

The Workmanship and low prices of the—

ARE RECORD BREAKERS.

Some of Their Prices.

Gold Crowns (22 K) for only $4.50

Bridge Work (per tooth) $4.00

The best in the city.

Plates (the best) $7.00

Gold Fillings $1.00 and up.

Silver 50c

Crowns natural color $3.00

PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH

By application to the gums or by the use of Nitros Oxide, more commonly known as "Laughing Gas."

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

20th Century Dental Parlors,

A. C. Pfouts, D. D. S., Prop.

2nd Floor Grand Building, Cor. 6th and Washington
Open Evenings.

FREE! FREE!

One Bottle of Wine and a Handsome Glass Goblet with every quart of Diamond Club Pure Rye Whiskey bought from us from now until January 1st, 1902.

G. W. MEREDITH & CO., 177 MARKET STREET.

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Legal tender notes 38,500 00	
	68,313 55
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent of circulation)	2,500 00
Total	$824,275 37

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	100,000 00
Surplus fund	100,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	20,186 47
National bank notes outstanding	50,000 00
Due to other National Banks	10,238 76
Individual deposits subject to check	493,299 10
Demand certificates of deposit	50,551 04
Total	$824,275 37

State of Ohio, county of Columbiana, ss:
I, N. G. Macrum, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
N. G. MACRUM, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of December, 1901.
WILLIAM H. VODREY, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
DAVID BOYCE,
J. M. KELLY,
JOHN C. THOMPSON, } Directors

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

At East Liverpool, in the State of Ohio, at the close of business, Dec. 10th, 1901.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	$263,743 99
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
Stocks, Securities, etc	5,000 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	25,000 00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	235 87
Due from approved reserve agents	62,434 73
Internal Revenue Stamps	45 00
Checks and other cash items	951 11
Notes of other National Banks	1,740 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	217 26
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie $11,007 70	
Legal-tender notes 26,128 00	
	37,135 70
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5% of circulation)	2,500 00
Total	449,003 66

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in	$100,000 00
Surplus fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	3,418 61
National Bank notes outstanding	49,050 00
Dividends unpaid	786 00
Individual deposits subject to check	245,131 96
Demand certificates of deposit	20,617 09
Total	$449,003 66

State of Ohio, County of Columbiana, ss.
I, H. H. Blythe, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. H. BLYTHE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of December, 1901.
A. E. BOWDLER, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
ROBERT HALL,
JNO. W. VODREY
JOSEPH G. LEE, } Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE POTTERS' NATIONAL BANK

At East Liverpool, in the state of Ohio, at the close of business, Dec. 10th, 1901.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	$369,947 86
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	450 00
Stocks, securities, etc	20,951 81
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	49,900 00
Due from National Banks, (not Reserve Agen s)	2,712 43
Due from State Banks and Bankers	28,501 77
Due from approved reserve agent	91,521 99
Internal Revenue Stamps	105 87
Checks and other cash items	9,364 70
Notes of other National Banks	12,155 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	88 39
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie $13,661 50	
Legal tender notes 33,941 00	
	47,602 50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent of circulation)	1,250 00
Total	$659,552 32

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	100,000 00
Surplus fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	8,083 98
National bank notes outstanding	25,000 00
Due to other National Banks	18,917 25
Individual deposits subject to check	446,549 12
Demand certificates of deposit	31,001 97
Total	$659,552 32

State of Ohio, county of Columbiana, ss.
I, R. W. Patterson, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowlege and belief.
R. W. Patterson, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of December, 1901.
JNO. J. PURINTON, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
WM. BRUNT,
W. W. HARKER,
N. A. FREDERICK, } Directors

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J. H. WEAVER, M. S.. Pres.

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ARE RECORD BREAKERS.

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Gold Crowns (22 K) for only $4.50

Bridge Work (per tooth) $4.00

The best in the city.

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Crowns natural color $3.00

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